★ May 11, 1940

THE NEW YORKER

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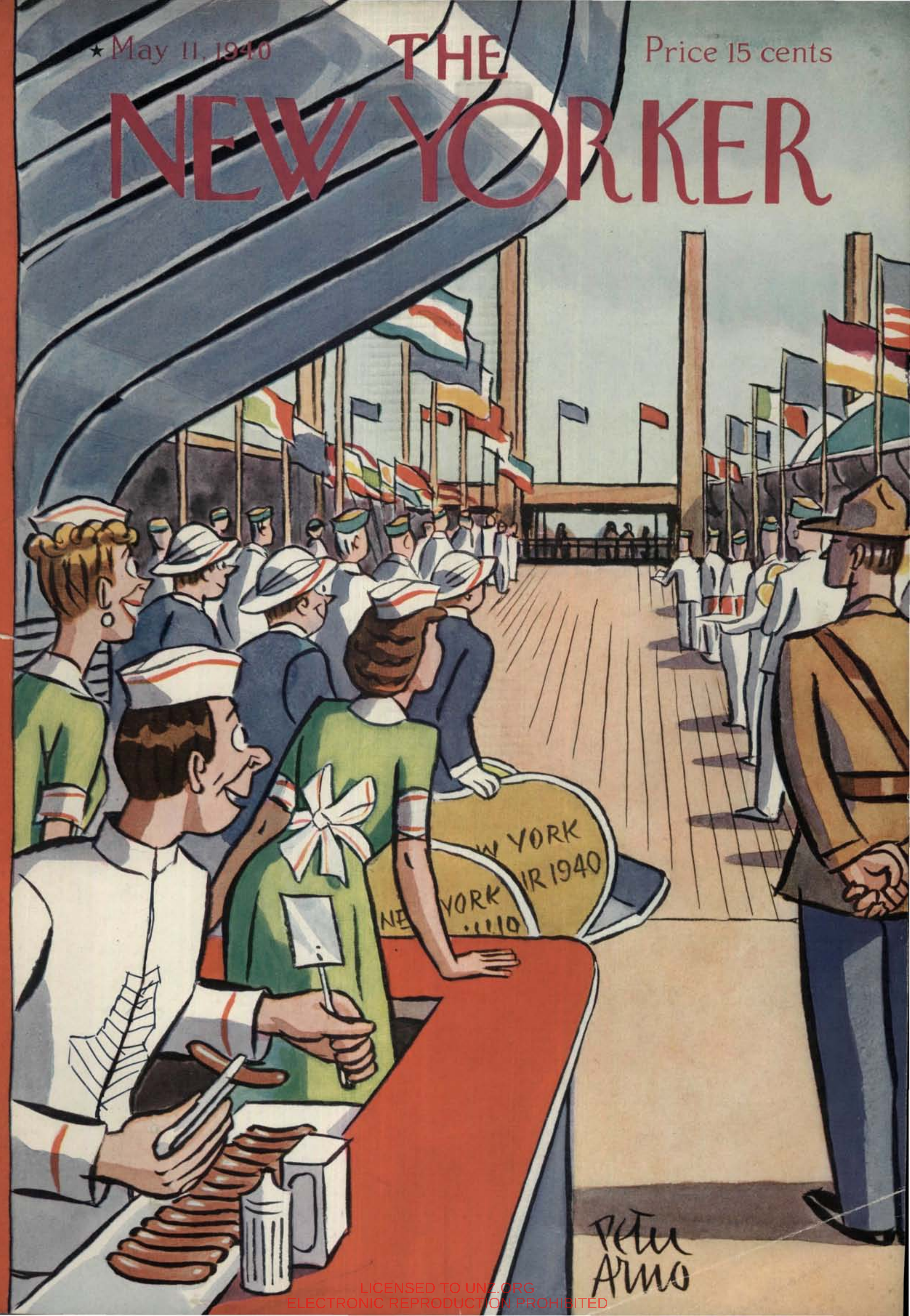

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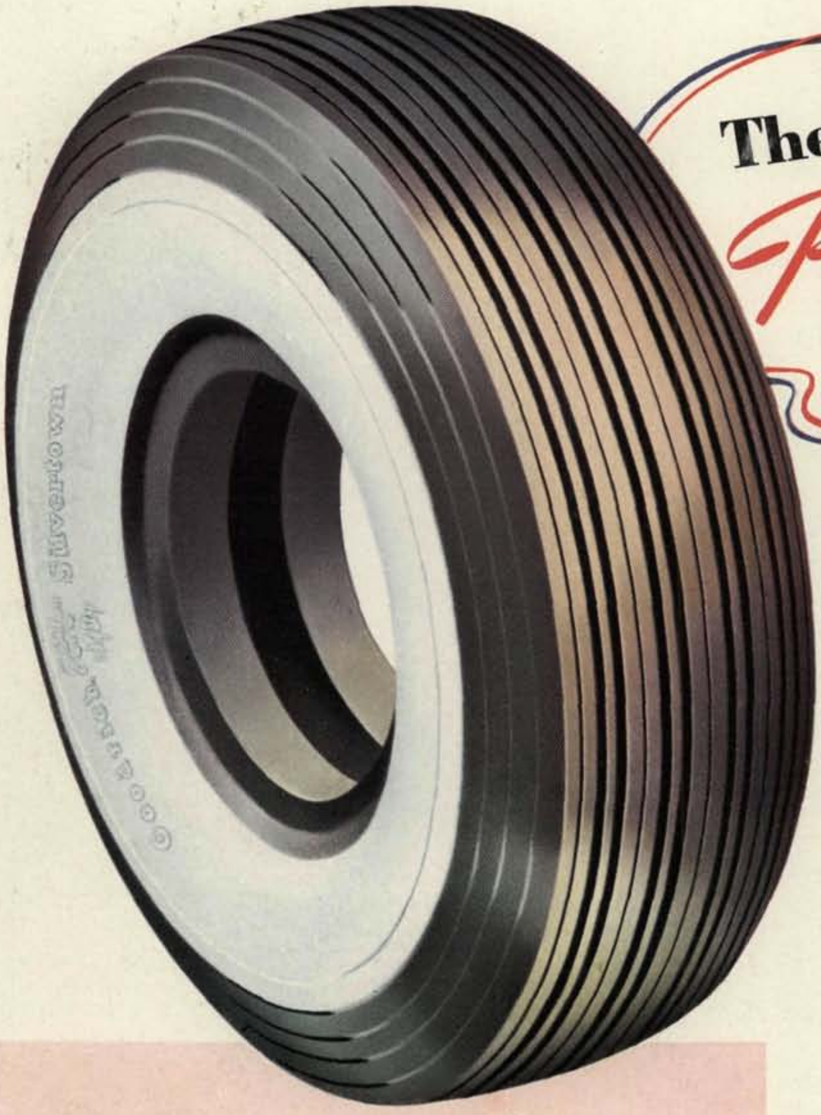

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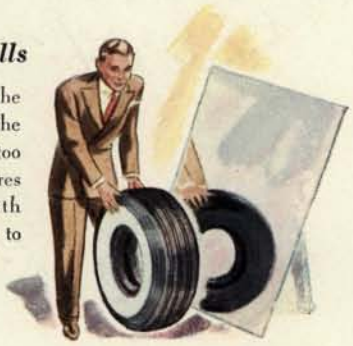

FONSSAGRIVES

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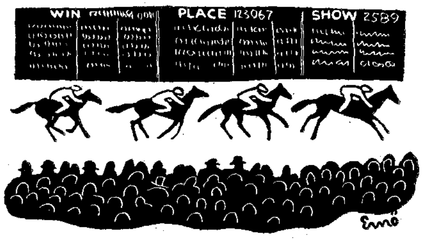

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 9, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 18. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Fifth Column—Benjamin Glazer and the Theatre Guild have purified the Hemingway heroine and done a few other odd things, but this story of the struggle against Fascism is still honest and moving. Franchot Tone gives a remarkable performance, with a lot of assistance from Lee J. Cobb, Katherine Locke, Lenore Ulric, Arnold Moss, and Emile Boreo. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Closes Sat., May 18.)

Ladies in Retirement—Miss Fiske objects to having her guests track up her house with dead birds and driftwood and winds up in her own oven. One of the best English melodramas in years, with Flora Robson, Estelle Winwood, Jessamine Newcombe, and Isobel Elsom. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Lady in Waiting—Margery Sharp's comedy about a lively American woman who puts the British aristocracy in its place. Gladys George is responsible for whatever gaiety there is in it. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—How things were on Madison Avenue in the eighteen-eighties. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother in this very attractive dramatization of the late Clarence Day's book. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Liliom—Burgess Meredith heading a superior cast in Vinton Freedley's revival of the Molnár fantasy. Ingrid Bergman and Elia Kazan are among those who assist. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Love's Old Sweet Song—William Saroyan's new fantasy is a little more rational than "The Time of Your Life," but not much. Walter Huston and Jessie Royce Landis head a very fine cast, and Eddie Dowling's direction is superb. Good fun all around. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat.)

The Male Animal—A human comedy about a young professor who tries to analyze too many people and, at the same time, maintain his integrity. James Thurber's being co-author assures a certain light touch. The excellent cast is headed by the other author, Elliott Nugent. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—This is the play about Mr. Woollcott, and very funny it is, too. George Kaufman and Moss Hart did the writing and Monty Woolley plays the great man. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Margin for Error—Any one of six people might have liquidated the German consul, but it won't be the one you think. Otto Preminger and Sam Levene are in the cast of Clare Boothe's fairly exciting melodrama. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Wed. and Sat.)

Medicine Show—The Living Newspaper technique used to present a violent indictment of the American Medical Association. Instructive rather than entertaining. (New Yorker, 54, W. CI 6-2737. 8:50. Mat. 2:50, Sat. Closes Sat., May 11.)

Morning Star—Molly Picon in the story of twenty crowded but not especially exciting years in the life of a Jewish family. Miss Picon and Joseph Buloff, however, are splendid. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Dear Children—John Barrymore in a comedy that would be nothing at all if he weren't around to kid it and isn't so terribly much anyway. Elaine Barrie, Philip Reed, Patricia Waters, and Tala Birell are also in it. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Skylark—There isn't a great deal to this comedy about love and the advertising business except Gertrude Lawrence, but she is probably enough. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. 8:40. No performance Mon. Eves. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

There Shall Be No Night—Robert E. Sherwood's impressive and passionate indictment of isolation. The Theatre Guild and the Playwrights' Company have given it a beautiful production, and the Lunts are practically perfect. The cast includes Richard Whorf, Sydney Greenstreet, Montgomery Clift, and Elisabeth Fraser. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Strangler Fig—A mystery by Edith Meiser, based on John Stephen Strange's novel of the same name, with Miss Meiser and Eddie Nugent. (Lyceum, 45, E. BR 9-0546. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Du Barry Was a Lady—Bawdy in an expensive way but also very funny, thanks to Bert Lahr and Ethel Merman. Cole Porter music. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Higher and Higher—This comedy deals with an attempt to turn a chambermaid into a Brenda Frazier, but you'd better forget about the plot and just listen to the Rodgers and Hart score and look at the girls. Jack Haley, Shirley Ross, and Marta Eggert head the cast. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

New Hellz-a-Poppin—Not so new, except for a few numbers, but still good and rowdy madhouse. With Olsen and Johnson. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

New Pins and Needles—Certain changes in the international situation have caused these smart showmen to bring their revue up to date in its excellent satire and tuneful kidding. (Windsor, 48, E. BR 9-3824. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Too Many Girls—George Abbott, with the assistance of Rodgers and Hart, gives us a very fine musical comedy about college football. With Marcy Wescott, Mary Jane Walsh, and Hal LeRoy. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 5-7783. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Two for the Show—A sequel to last year's "One for the Money," and a good one. Nancy Hamilton wrote the sketches but unfortunately doesn't appear herself. However, Brenda Forbes, Eve Arden, Richard Haydn, and all the rest very nearly make up for it. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Romeo and Juliet—Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier, and Dame May Whitty in the Shakespeare tragedy. Staged and produced by Mr. Olivier. Opens Thurs., May 9. (51st Street, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. 8 o'clock. Mats. at 2, Wed. and Sat.)

The Return of the Vagabond—A new play by George M. Cohan. He's also the producer and plays the lead. Opens Mon., May 13. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

No Time for Comedy—Katharine Cornell and Francis Lederer winding up a road tour of the play they presented on Broadway earlier this season; through Sat., May 11. (Majestic Theatre, Fulton St., near Rockwell Place, Brooklyn. NE 8-2720. 8:30. Mat. 2:30, Sat.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—This pleasant spot has just opened for the summer. Larry Siry's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Sleepy Hall and his orchestra are in the comfortable Bowman Room.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—An inviting retreat to try if you want to have a casual good time. The Tisdale Trio and Nicki Raymond's and Donn Marton's orchestras are on hand to help you.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Times have changed—the customers now share the dance floor with the gifted De Marcos. The music is by Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

Féfé's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—A big and handsome setting for de-luxe outings, and, to make things even better, the Hartmans are dancing there now. Ted Straeter's and Ray Morton's orchestras.

La Martinique, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757)—A downstairs Latin spot, with Val Olman's orchestra and a not too South American show.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Plenty of room to dance in pleasantly subdued surroundings. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Montparnasse, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—A favorite of uptowners, and downtowners who make the trip seem to like it too. A quintet plays for dancing.

Nine o'Clock Club, 125 E. 54 (EL 5-2922)—Conceived as an antidote for the worries of campus life, and thus apt to be full of young folk. Charlie Murray's and Don de Vodi's orchestras.

Park Lane, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Dinner dancing in the commodious Tapestry Room to music by Joe Marinaro's orchestra.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Eddy Duchin is on duty in the Persian Room, watching over such gifted entertainers as Jane Pickens, Paul Haakon (to be replaced by Paul Draper on Fri., May 10), and, of course, his own band. Must dress if you're going to dance after 10.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—Eddie Le Baron's band and the present show will be replaced on Wed., May 15, by Ben Cutler's orchestra, a magician, and some ballet dancers. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra and Marlynn and Michael perform in the informal Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Roof is now open, with Hal Saunders' orchestra and a show. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde will replace Dwight Fiske in the Café Lounge on Fri., May 10. Emile Petti's orchestra plays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The hardy perennial for hardy people. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Johnny Rodriguez's rumba band. Dress preferred.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Harry Richman is singing in this big East Side place. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Bonnie Baker will be singing and Orrin Tucker playing on the Starlight Roof through Wed., May 15, with Mischa Borr's orchestra also on hand during the supper hour. On the next night, Xavier Cugat's orchestra will take the place of Tucker and Miss Baker. Borr's orchestra stays on. . . . Nat Brandwynne's orchestra plays for supper dancing in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Billie Haywood,

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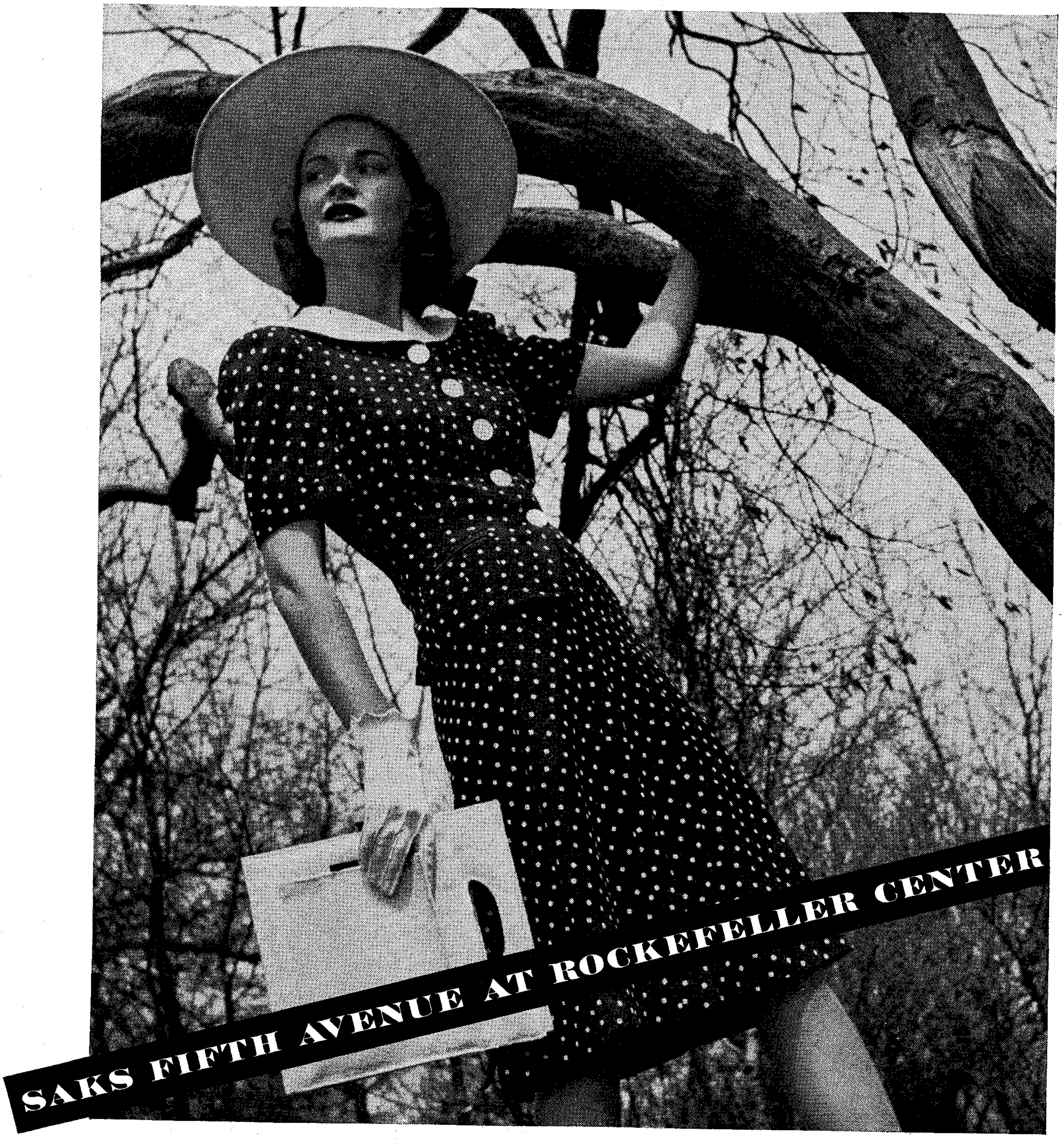

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 9, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 18. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.

Cliff Allen, and Elsie Houston will be here through Tues., May 14, when their places will be taken by another group of entertainers. . . . **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): an excellent guitarist and an attractive young couple who play two-piano numbers. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway, with soft music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below.

Miscellaneous—At **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Adelaide Moffett, Frank Mandella's orchestra, *not much floor space, and nice and cozy all around.* . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Nicholas Matthey's orchestra and lots of Old Russian atmosphere. . . . **POLISH RESTAURANT**, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816): a refugee venture and a good one, with a Polish orchestra that plays for dancing. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): William Scotti's *orchestra and a mite of a dance floor.* . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Larry Clinton's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra will be replaced by Bob Chester's on Fri., May 17. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ**, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 46 (MU 6-9200): Frankie Masters' orchestra. . . . **GLASS HAT**, 130 E. 50 (WI 2-1200): Basil Fomeen's orchestra. . . . **KIT KAT CLUB**, 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543): Connie McLean's band and other Negro folk entertaining late stayer-uppers. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): another lively late spot for the sturdy.

•

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Billy Rose's new show, with Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge. . . . **BEACHCOMBER**, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): a not too languorous South Seas setting and Sonny Kendis's orchestra. . . . **HURRICANE**, B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): a new one, half Broadway, half tropical, with Eddie Bush's orchestra. . . . **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Nano Rodrigo's orchestra and South American entertainment. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't any too delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. . . . **COTTON CLUB**, B'way at 48 (CI 7-1000): Buck and Bubbles and Andy Kirk's orchestra head the new colored show.

Pure Swing—At the **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): John Kirby's orchestra playing for customers who'd rather listen than dance. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Joe Sullivan's band, Joe Turner, Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson and Ammons. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar nook, with Clarence Profit's Trio and some Calypso singers.

Harlem—A couple of places where the antics of the natives almost make the trip uptown worth while are: **SAVOY BALLROOM**, Lenox at 140 (ED 4-0271), with Ella Fitzgerald's band; and **GOLDEN GATE BALLROOM**, Lenox at 142 (ED 4-3380), with Benny Carter's band. (Either one may be taken over by private parties for an evening, so you'd better call before you go.)

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY**, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

Three Viennese places started by refugees, who carry on with lots of spirit, especially at the supper hour: **ALT WIEN**, 323 E. 79 (RH 4-8966); **CAFÉ DE L'EUROPE**, B'way at 77 (TR 4-6711); and **WIENER FIAKER**, 223 W. 80 (TR 4-9245).

ART

Campbell and Pavlov—Campbell shows effectively imaginative water colors (through May 18); Pavlov leans agreeably on van Gogh for inspiration in his flower paintings (through May 11): Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Dehn—Coast-to-coast water-color impressions, with the broader Western views responding as readily as the Eastern ones to the artist's crisp style: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 18.

Derain—A kind of rich Dutch heartiness seems to be his present mood, and it shows up best in several big, food-laden still lifes. A benefit for the American Friends of France: Matisse, 51 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 11.

Dove—New oils and water colors, done with more than usual compactness and integration of design: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 25.

Epstein—His huge, controversial "Adam," and a group of strongly stylized portrait heads: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through May 25.

French Groups—At the **DURAND-RUEL**, 12 E. 57: a brilliantly painted Monet landscape and some nice Pissarros among other Impressionist pieces. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 11. . . . **GUY MAYER**, 41 E. 57: small paintings by post-Impressionists and other moderns, including a fine tiny Dufy. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 18.

Groups—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 113 W. 13: good pieces by Davis, Guglielmi, Levi, and Spencer in this gallery's annual review of the season. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 11. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: Taubes, Shulkin, Doris Rosenthal, and others in a generally representative collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 30.

Hordyk—Paintings by a modern Dutch artist, full of stylistic borrowings from the French but clean and bright in color: Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through May 23.

Independents—The big annual get-together, with everything from the painfullest Sunday painting to the usual few "discoveries": Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Sat., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through May 12.

Italian—Filippino Lippi, Timoteo Vite, and others in a well-presented showing of the lesser masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries: Acquavella, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 22.

Jarvis—Centennial show of portraits by a New York artist who painted almost everyone of consequence in his era. Interesting historically: New York Historical Society, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 2.

Mitchell—Water colors and gouaches in a first one-man show of more than usual maturity of style: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 11.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—An exhibition of Mexican art during the past 2,000 years will open on Wed., May 15. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 10 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

Persian Art—Sixty centuries and some $10,000,000 worth of it—rugs, ceramics, sculptures, paintings, and just about everything else. The rugs in particular are something to see: 1 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through June 22.

Powell—Water colors, done with considerable sharpness and clarity: Morgan, 37 W. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 11.

Rouault—At the **BIGNOU**, 32 E. 57: a ten-year retrospective (1928 to 1938), including a number of his religious paintings. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 1. . . . **BUCHHOLZ**, 32 E. 57: a selective showing of lithographs and etchings. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 25.

Rubin—Attractive, lightly Impressionistic oils, principally of Palestinian subjects: Milch, 108 W. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 18.

Soutine—Small, well-selected retrospective (1916 to 1939), presenting some of the best examples of this crudely powerful Expressionist painter's work to be seen here in a long time: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 11.

Strater—Western scenes, high in key and bold in outline: Montross, 785 5 Ave., at 60. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 11.

Three Spaniards—Paintings by Picasso, Miró, and Gris, including some lively Middle Period pieces by the first: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 11.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Selected American works from the Museum's permanent collection. Paintings, sculptures, water colors, and prints are shown, and the range in dates is from the early nineteenth century to the present. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 31.

Here and There—At the **HARRIMAN**, 63 E. 57: recent paintings by Suzanne Eisendieck. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 1. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS'**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: oils by Jacques Zucker. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 20. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57: sculpture by John Rood. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 18. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57: sporting paintings from the Thieriot collection. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 1. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 38 W. 57: paintings by Stephen Csoka. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through May 25. . . . **JULIEN LEVY**, 15 E. 57: paintings by Ben Shahn and Theodore Lux. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 25. . . . **LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57: paintings by modern American and European artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 18. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt, at 43: exhibition of works by Jonas Lie. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 25. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: exhibition of modern French paintings. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 1.

STREET CLOSED

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

Doctors' Orchestral Society—Waghalter conducting: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., May 10, at 8:30.

New York Orchestra—Zaslawsky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., May 10, at 8:30.

University Women's Chorus—Watkins conducting: Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, Fri. Eve., May 10, at 8:45.

New York City Symphony—Marx conducting the Music Project orchestra in one of a series of programs sponsored by Mayor LaGuardia: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., May 12, at 8:45.

Schelling Memorial Concert—Lily Pons, Rudolf Serkin, and the Philharmonic-Symphony, Stock conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., May 14, at 8:45.

People's Chorus—Camilieri conducting: Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000), Thurs. Eve., May 16, at 8:45.

United Choristers of New York—Presenting "Cavalleria Rusticana" in concert form, Morgan conducting: Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, Fri. Eve., May 17, at 8:45.

Note—Carlos Chavez will conduct a special orchestra in programs of Mexican music at the Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53 (CI 5-8900), Thurs. through Sat. Eves., May 16-18, at 8:30, and Fri. and Sat. Afts., May 17-18, at 2:30.

OPERA

Center Theatre, 6 Ave. at 49—The San Carlo Opera Company presenting "Rigoletto," Thurs. Eve., May 9; "Carmen," Fri. Eve., May 10, and Sat. Eve., May 18; "Madama Butterfly," Sat. Aft., May 11; "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., May 11; "La Bohème," Sun. Eve., May 12; "Aïda," Mon. Eve., May 13; "La Traviata," Tues. Eve., May 14; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Wed. Eve., May 15; "Lohengrin," Thurs. Eve., May 16; "Faust," Fri. Eve., May 17; "Martha" and ballet numbers, Sat. Aft., May 18. (CO 5-5474. Eves. at 8:20; Mats. at 2:30.)

Mecca Auditorium, 133 W. 55—The Salmaggi company presenting "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat. Eve., May 11; "Aïda," Sun. Eve., May 12; at 8:20. (CI 5-9757.)

Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58—The Gotham Opera Company presenting the chamber operas "Portrait de Manon" and "Matrimonial Exchange," Wed. Eve., May 15, at 8:15. (CI 7-7000.)

DANCE RECITALS

Katherine Dunham—In her final program of the season: Windsor Theatre, 48, E. of B'way (BR 9-3824), Sun. Eve., May 12, at 8:35.

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thurs. Aft., May 9, at 3:15; Yankees vs. Boston, Fri. Aft., May 10, at 3:15, and Sat. and Sun. Afts., May 11-12, at 3. . . . **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Tues. through Thurs. Afts., May 14-16, at 3:15; Giants vs. Chicago, Fri. Aft., May 17, at 3:15, and Sat. Aft., May 18, at 3. . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Giants, Fri. Aft., May 10, at 3; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Sat. and Sun. Afts., May 11-12, at 2:30, and Mon. Aft., May 13, at 3; Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Tues. through Thurs. Afts., May 14-16, at 3; Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Fri. Aft., May 17, at 3, and Sat. Aft., May 18, at 2:30.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Lou Ambers vs. Lew Jenkins, for the lightweight title, Fri. Eve., May 10; preliminaries at 8:30; main match (15 rounds) at about 10. . . . Al Davis vs. Tony Marteliano, Thurs. Eve., May 16; preliminaries at 8:30; main match (10 rounds) at about 10.

Crew—Sat. Aft., May 11—Childs Cup, Columbia-Penn-Princeton, at Philadelphia: freshman at 4:30, junior varsity at 5, varsity at 5:30. . . . At Derby: Yale-Harvard-Princeton, 150-lb. crews at 5:30; also, Yale-Syracuse-M.I.T., freshman at 6, junior varsity at 6:30, varsity at 7.

Sat. Aft., May 18—Adams Cup, Navy-Harvard-Penn, at Philadelphia: freshman at 5, junior varsity at 5:30, varsity at 6. . . . Carnegie Cup, Yale-Cornell-Princeton, at Derby: freshman at 5:30, junior varsity at 6, varsity at 6:30. . . . At Cambridge: American Henley Regatta, Joe Wright Cup Race, at 5 (other races from 10:30 A.M. on).

Dog Show—Ladies' Kennel Association, Garden City, L.I., Sat., May 18, at 9 A.M.

Horse Shows—Newark, Essex Troop Armory, 120

Roseville Ave., Newark: Thurs. through Sat. Eves., May 9-11, at 7:15, and Sat. Aft., May 11, at 1:30. . . . Harrison, N.Y., Sun., May 12, at 9 A.M. . . . Watchung Riding and Driving Club, Summit, N.J., Sat., May 18, at 9 A.M., and Sun., May 19, at 1 P.M. . . . Vassar, Poughkeepsie, Sat., May 18, at 9:30 A.M., and Sun., May 19, at 1:30 P.M.

Hunt Races—Radnor Hunt, Berwyn, Pa., Sat. Aft., May 11, at 3. . . . Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, Media, Pa., Wed. and Sat. Afts., May 15 and 18, at 3.

Racing—Daily at Jamaica, at 2:15 P.M.; through Sat., May 11. Excelsior Handicap, May 11. (Special trains leave Penn. Station frequently between 12:30 and 1:40 P.M. on Thurs. and Fri., and between 12:20 and 1:40 P.M. on Sat.) . . . The Preakness, Pimlico, Sat. Aft., May 11. . . . Belmont Park opens Mon., May 13; races weekdays at 2:15 P.M. Fashion Stakes and Toboggan Handicap, May 13; Withers and Jockey Club Plate, Sat., May 18. (Special trains will leave Penn. Station frequently between 12:15 and 1:35 P.M. on Sat., and between 12:45 and 1:35 P.M. on other weekdays.)

Fencing—National Championships—Epées, Thurs. Eve., May 9, at 8: Salle Santelli, 24 University Place. . . . Sabres, Fri. Eve., May 10, at 7:30: N.Y.A.C., 180 Central Pk. S.

Motorboats—Annual Albany-New York Marathon, Hudson River, Sun., May 12. Starts from Albany at 7 A.M.; finishes at Dyckman St. about 11 A.M.

Golf—Goodall Tournament, Fresh Meadow C.C., Flushing, Thurs., May 16, at 2 P.M., and Fri. through Sun., May 17-19, at 10 A.M.

Track—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Championships, Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island, Sat. Aft., May 11, at 2. . . . Heptagonal games, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, Sat. Aft., May 18, at 2.

OTHER EVENTS

Planetarium—"The Earth and Its Motions" is the topic of the May lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81: Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M., 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. and holidays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

Garden Exhibitions—The gardens of Miss Anne Morgan and the late Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Old Bedford Road, Mt. Kisco: Sat. Aft., May 11, from 2 to 6. The Larchmont gardens of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Hegeman, Dogwood Lane; Mr. and Mrs. Anton L. Trunk, Dogwood Lane; and Mr. and Mrs. Earl A. Ross, Pryor Manor Road: Wed. Aft., May 15, from 2 to 6. Old-fashioned garden of Mrs. Giles Whiting, Scarborough Rd., Scarborough: Sat. Aft., May 18, from 2 to 6. (Tickets: Westchester County Children's Association, 8 Church St., White Plains. White Plains 9098.) . . . Gardens of George A. Brownell, 119 E. 78, and Mrs. R. Keith Kane, 121 E. 78; and penthouse gardens of Mr. and Mrs. William L. Burton II, 129 E. 69, and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Loewy, 580 5 Ave., at 47: Tues. Aft., May 14, from 2:30 to 5:30. (Tickets: Mrs. Howard S. Cullman, 161 Front St. WH 3-1085.)

Industrial Art—A survey of contemporary developments, mainly on the flossier side: Gallery D 6, Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

Orchid Sale—Several thousand plants will be sold at Greystone, the Yonkers estate of the late Samuel Untermyer, on Sat., May 18, at 10 A.M.

Benefits and Public Balls—French Fashion Fete, a benefit for French refugees: Ritz-Carlton, Thurs. Eve., May 9, at 9. . . . Allied Relief Ball: Astor, Fri. Eve., May 10, at 10:30.

Children's Costumes—Some two hundred costumes and accessories worn during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, together with books and toys of the period: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Weekdays, except Tues., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 1.

Auctions—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—Selections from the libraries of the late Samuel Untermyer and Harold Palmer; also pearls, diamonds, and other jewels, belonging to the estate of the late Mrs. Lilla Brokaw Dugmore and others: Thurs. Aft., May 9, at 2. . . . Mr. Untermyer's collection of paintings, tapestries, textiles, furniture, sculptures, and other art works: Fri. Eve., May 10, at 8:15, and Sat. Aft., May 11, at 2. (Other furnishings and art objects will be sold at Greystone, the Untermyer estate in Yonkers: Thurs. through Sat., May 16-18, at 10:15 A.M. and 2 P.M.)

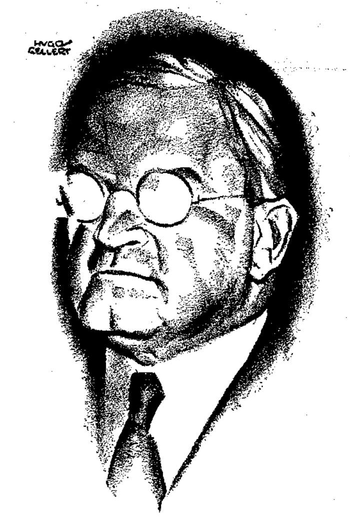
KENDE GALLERIES, 730 5 Ave., at 56—English and American furniture and silver and French art objects, belonging to Mrs. Cortland F. Bishop: Thurs. Aft., May 9, at 2. . . . English and Continental silver, eighteenth-century French furniture and art objects, Chinese porcelains and paintings, and Oriental rugs, from the collections of Baron Albert R. Rothschild and others: Wed. and Thurs. Afts., May 15-16, at 2.

ON THE AIR

San Carlo Opera—"Rigoletto": Thurs. Eve., May 9, at 8:30, WNYC.

Racing—The Preakness, at Pimlico: Sat. Aft., May 11, at 5:45, WEAF.

News Commentators—Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 6:05, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 6:45, WJZ. . . . H. V. Kaltenborn, Sat. Eves., at 7:45, and Sun. Afts., at 3:45, WEAF. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 10, WOR.



HARVEY DOW GIBSON,

who will be a busy man this Saturday. As chairman of the board of the World's Fair, he will dedicate, welcome, felicitate, and parade, wearing a neat business suit and no gardenia. He's superstitious about personal publicity; feels that the less there is of it, the better.

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Television—Opening-day ceremonies at the Fair: Sat. Aft., May 11, at 2:30, W2XBS. . . . Racing: opening day at Belmont Park, Mon. Aft., May 13, at 2, W2XBS.

Some Weekly Features—(Times are P.M. unless otherwise noted.)

THURSDAY—Bing Crosby, 10, WEAF. . . . Glenn Miller, 10, WABC (also Tues. and Wed. at the same hour).

FRIDAY—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 8:30, WOR. . . . Herzer and Zayde, 9:30, WQXR (also Mon. and Wed. at the same hour).

SATURDAY—Gilbert and Sullivan operas, 7, WQXR. . . . "Your Hit Parade," 9, WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Black conducting, 9:30, WEAF (also Wed. at 10, WJZ).

SUNDAY—Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, Barlow conducting, 3, WABC. . . . John Kirby, 5:30, WABC. . . . Jack Benny, 7, WEAF. . . . "Adventures of Ellery Queen," 7:30, WABC. . . . Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF. . . . Raymond Scott, 8, WABC.

MONDAY—André Kostelanetz, 8, WABC. . . . Alec Templeton, 9:30, WEAF. . . . WOR Symphony, Sodero conducting, 9:30, WOR. . . . Guy Lombardo, 10, WABC.

TUESDAY—Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, 8, WOR. . . . "Information Please," 8:30, WJZ. . . . Bob Hope, 10, WEAF.

WEDNESDAY—Burns and Allen, 7:30, WABC. . . . Fred Allen, 9, WEAF.

MOTION PICTURES

Abe Lincoln in Illinois—The extremely able screen version of the Sherwood play, with Raymond Massey in his original rôle. Ruth Gordon is Mrs. Lincoln. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., May 14-15.)

The Baker's Wife—A Rabelaisian and droll French film of peasant life. With Raimu. (World, 153 W. 49.)

The Earl of Chicago—Robert Montgomery's latest experiment with more formidable types. About a racketeer and the British feudal system. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., May 9. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., May 11-13.)

The Fight for Life—Paul de Kruif's chapters on maternal welfare presented on the screen by the shrewd and experienced talent of Pare Lorentz. (Belmont, 125 W. 48.)

Gone with the Wind—It has its moments. With Clark Gable, Olivia de Havilland, Vivien Leigh, and some thousand others. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Fri., May 10; daily at 10:15 A.M., and 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.)

The Grapes of Wrath—The superb film of the year. Steinbeck's novel of the Okies magnificently adjusted to the screen. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., May 10. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs. through Sun., May 9-12. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., May 14-15. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., May 14-16.)

His Girl Friday—A brisk and comic adaptation of the classic old "Front Page," with Cary Grant, Ralph Bellamy, and Rosalind Russell. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., May 9.)

The Mayor's Dilemma—Another delightful French film of village life, this time of a village near Château-Thierry during the last war. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

My Little Chickadee—An old-fashioned Western that started just like the others, but Mae West and W. C. Fields got loose in it and so it's quite different. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Rio, B'way at 160; Thurs., May 9. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. and Fri., May 9-10. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs. through Sun., May 9-12. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; Thurs. through Mon., May 9-13.)

Of Mice and Men—The Steinbeck story of the two ranch hands superbly translated to the screen. With Betty Field, Burgess Meredith, and Lon Chaney, Jr. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., May 11-14. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Mon. through Wed., May 13-15. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., May 14-15. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Sat., May 14-18.)

Primrose Path—Ginger Rogers, Marjorie Rambeau, and Joel McCrea in a lively version of Victoria Lincoln's "February Hill." Unconventional, perhaps. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Thurs. through Mon., May 9-13.)

The Shop Around the Corner—Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan in the mildest snack of whimsy ever done, but it has a spark of life in it at that. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs. and Fri., May 9-10. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., May 11. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs. through Sun., May 9-12. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., May 15-16. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; starting Fri., May 17.)

Sidewalks of London—A British product, and a somewhat minor one, released for those who are beside themselves with excitement over Vivien Leigh. Laughton is in it, too. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., May 11. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., May 11-13. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Thurs., May 14-16. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; starting Sat., May 18.)

The Story of Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet—Of the discovery of salvarsan and the man who made it, with Edward G. Robinson at his best as the great doctor. Maria Ouspenskaya and Ruth Gordon are also in it. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Fri., May 14-17.)

REVIVALS

The Adventures of Chico (1938)—Central American wild life. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., May 12-13.)

Bachelor Mother (1939)—Ginger Rogers and David Niven. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., May 10-13.)

Bluebeard's Eighth Wife (1938)—Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Mon., May 11-13. . . . 5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. and Sat., May 17-18.)

Cavalcade (1933)—Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Mon. through Wed., May 13-15.)

Escape Me Never (1935)—With Elisabeth Bergner. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., May 9.)

The Mikado (1939)—Kenny Baker and Martyn Green. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Mon. through Wed., May 13-15.)

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (1939)—Jean Arthur and James Stewart. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. through Sun., May 10-12.)

The River (1938)—Pare Lorentz film. (Belmont, 125 W. 48.)

Stand-In (1937)—Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., May 12-13.)

True Confession (1937)—Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave at 12; Wed. and Thurs., May 15-16.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following Douglas Fairbanks films weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: "The Mark of Zorro," Thurs., May 9, and Fri., May 17. "The Three Musketeers," Fri., May 10, and Sat., May 18. "The Thief of Bagdad," Sat., May 11. "The Black Pirate," Sun., May 12. "Around the World in Eighty Minutes," Mon., May 13. Excerpts from "The Lamb," "The Mollycoddle," "Say Young Fellow," "Knickerbocker Buckaroo," "A Modern Musketeer," "Don Q.," and "The Taming of the Shrew," Tues., May 14. "Manhattan Madness" and "Wild and Woolly," Wed., May 15. "When the Clouds Roll By" and "The Nut," Thurs., May 16.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

SOUVENIRS
CHECK HERE
CHECK HERE

THIS YEAR, AGAIN, VISITORS TO THE FAIR SHOULD BE PREPARED FOR SOME SHORTCOMINGS AND CONFUSION DURING THE FIRST FORTNIGHT OR SO. BECAUSE LAST-MINUTE CHANGES IN PLANS ARE INEVITABLE, THIS LISTING DOES NOT PRETEND TO BE COMPLETE OR THOROUGHLY RELIABLE. A CODE LETTER, CORRESPONDING TO ONE ON THE MAP, INDICATES THE SECTION IN WHICH EACH PLACE MENTIONED IS TO BE FOUND. TIME GIVEN IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.

GENERAL INFORMATION

The Fair reopens Sat., May 11, at 10 A.M. Gates open daily at 9 A.M. after that. Admission: adults 50 cents; children, 25 cents at all times. Most shows in the exhibit, transportation, and foreign-federal areas will open at 10 A.M. and close at 10 P.M., but some restaurants and bars there will probably stay open later if trade warrants. Amusement area will close at 2 A.M.... Fountain and fireworks displays nightly on the Lagoon at 9, on Liberty Lake (formerly Fountain Lake) at 10 (9:45 on opening night).... The places you want most to see are almost sure to be crowded, at least in good weather.

TRANSPORTATION

By Rail—The **L.I.R.R.**: the fastest way to get there. Daily shuttle service to exhibit-area gate. Trains every 10 or 15 minutes, 9 A.M. to 9:45 P.M., from Tracks 15 and 16, Penn. Sta. (L.I. side). From the Fair, trains every 15 or 20 minutes until midnight or later, depending on business. A 10- or 15-minute run. ... **INDEPENDENT SUBWAY**: best for amusement area. Take Queens train marked "E-169 Street" to Continental Ave. station, cross platform, board train marked "GG-World's Fair." A half-hour trip from Times Square.

By Auto—Cars not admitted to Fair. Parking lots, a short bus ride from gates, 25 cents a day. Triborough Bridge is pleasantest route from midtown Manhattan.

At the Fair—Roller and motor chairs with guides may be hired. Buses and tractor-pulled trains of open coaches have regular routes about the grounds.

SPECIAL EVENTS

(Some high spots on the program for the first few days.)

Governor Lehman and Mayor LaGuardia—Speaking at opening-day ceremonies: Court of Peace, Sat. Aft., May 11, at 2:45.

Midway Carnival—Mayor LaGuardia and Harvey D. Gibson turning on the amusement area's fancy new lighting system as the climax of a parade through the area: "American Jubilee" (K), Sat. Eve., May 11, at 9:30.

Ruth St. Denis—Reviving her "Masque of Mary" and "Sarah, Mother of Nations," with a company of a hundred dancers and the chorus of the Schola Cantorum, directed by Hugh Ross: American Common (B), Sun. Aft., May 12, at 3:30.

Lily Pons and Lawrence Tibbett—Soloists with the Metropolitan Opera orchestra, Pelletier conducting: Court of Peace, Mon. Aft., May 13, at 2:30.

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(A necessarily fragmentary listing of places which look as though they would be open at the start. Programs and schedules should be regarded as tentative.)

MORE OR LESS SERIOUS

Ford (G)—There's a new theatre here, where, once an hour, some Ballet Caravan dancers will perform "A Thousand Times Neigh"—a horse's-eye view of mass production. Ferde Grofé's Novachord ensemble will be playing in the garden again.

Gardens on Parade (A)—If the weather coöperates, the opening exhibit will be one of pansies, tulips, and Japanese cherry trees. Admission, 25 cents.

General Motors (F)—Last year's big hit, the Futurama, will be about the same as ever, including the endless queues of people waiting to get in. It's going to open at 9 A.M. this season.

House of Jewels (C)—Millions and millions of dollars' worth of precious stones, with what is believed to be the largest pearl in the world among them.

Railroads (F)—Last year's pageant of railroading won't be put on until May 25, but there's plenty of exciting rolling stock already on hand. "Railroads in Action," a model-train layout, will be open from the start. A continuous show daily from 10:30 A.M. to 8 P.M. Admission, 10 cents.

Telephone (C)—Visitors will be calling up the folks back home again while the rest of the crowd listens in. The Voder, the machine with a human voice, has increased its vocabulary.

Trylon and Perisphere—Something to see—both inside and out. Admission, 25 cents. Opens at 9 A.M.

Others Worth Seeing—At **BORDEN'S** (D): modern cows revolving on the Rotolactor.... **CHRYSLER** (F): a coy car that blushes, winks, and answers questions.... **CONSOLIDATED EDISON** (D): a diorama of New York, and the world's largest water color—an airplane view of the city.... **DU PONT** (D): the accent this year is naturally on nylon.... **ELECTRIC UTILITIES** (E): lighting the city of the past and present.... **ELECTRIFIED FARM** (A): just what it sounds like.... **FIRESTONE** (G): turning out tires right before your eyes, and there's a small zoo, too.... **GENERAL ELECTRIC** (E): back again with its man-made bolt of lightning, which seems terrifyingly real.... **GLASS CENTER** (D): glass-blowers at work.... **GOODRICH** (F): daredevil driving again, with two lady chauffeurs added to the cast; shows weekdays at 11 A.M., noon, and 2, 4, 6, and 7 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. every hour from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. ... **KODAK** (D): a new display of color photographs flashed on eleven screens at once.... **R.C.A.** (C): the latest in television.... **STAMP EXHIBIT**, in the British Bldg. (A): among many other rarities is a one-penny British Guiana stamp, said to be worth $50,000 and the most valuable stamp in the world; admission, 25 cents.... **WESTINGHOUSE** (E): the robot man will have a robot dog this year.... **ZOOLOGICAL WONDERS** (H): a flock of penguins, plus last year's panda and electric eel.

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Foreign Buildings—All are in the foreign-federal area (A and B) unless otherwise noted. There are fewer of them this year, but the showy ones of Great Britain, France, Italy, Poland, Brazil, and Belgium, among others, remain. The pavilions of the embattled or conquered countries—Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, Finland, and Norway—are no longer government sponsored, but run by sympathetic private groups. So is the Swedish Building (D). As before, many of the buildings will have restful gardens and attractive bars.

THAT GREAT WHITE WAY

(The amusement area, never the Fair's most stable feature, may be expected to undergo a number of revisions before it really gets under way. Below are listed some of the more dependable presentations, but even these may strike snags and have to alter their schedules.)

American Jubilee (K)—The Fair's own big historical pageant, staged by Leon Leonidoff, making its début in a new amphitheatre, with Lucy Monroe, Ray Middleton, and Paul Haakon heading a cast of 350. Songs by Oscar Hammerstein and Arthur Schwartz. Daily at 3:30, 5:30 (except opening day), 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Aquacade (I)—A fresh version of the Billy Rose water spectacle that did so well last year. Eleanor Holm is back, and among the newcomers are Buster Crabbe, Donald Novis, and Vincent Lopez's orchestra. Daily at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M., except in heavy rain.

Barbary Coast (J)—Billy Rose again—this time with a night club to which he is bringing much of the show that has been running at his Diamond Horseshoe on Broadway for over a year. Fritzi Scheff and Tom Patricola are in it and Abe Lyman's orchestra plays. Floor shows nightly at 6:30, 8:30, and 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.

Dancing Campus (I)—Michael Todd has turned the old Merrie England into an outdoor dance floor with room for 4,000 couples and plenty of bars and eating places all around. Ben Bernie's and Johnny Green's orchestras will play for the opening, Bernie and Clyde Lucas will play Sun., May 12, and Lucas will stay on through Thurs., May 16.

Gay New Orleans (H)—One of those villages with a stage surrounded by cafés and bars. It's another Michael Todd venture, presenting an almost continuous round of revues staged by Hassard Short. The Albertina Rasch dancers and Louis Armstrong are among the entertainers.

Streets of Paris (H)—Still another of Michael Todd's. A shortened production, in the Fair's big Music Hall, of last year's Broadway revue. Gypsy Rose Lee and Abbott and Costello are in it. Daily at 5, 8:30, and 10:30 P.M.

Winter Wonderland (J)—A show on skates, skis, and toboggans in last summer's Sun Valley. Frequent performances from 3:30 P.M. on.

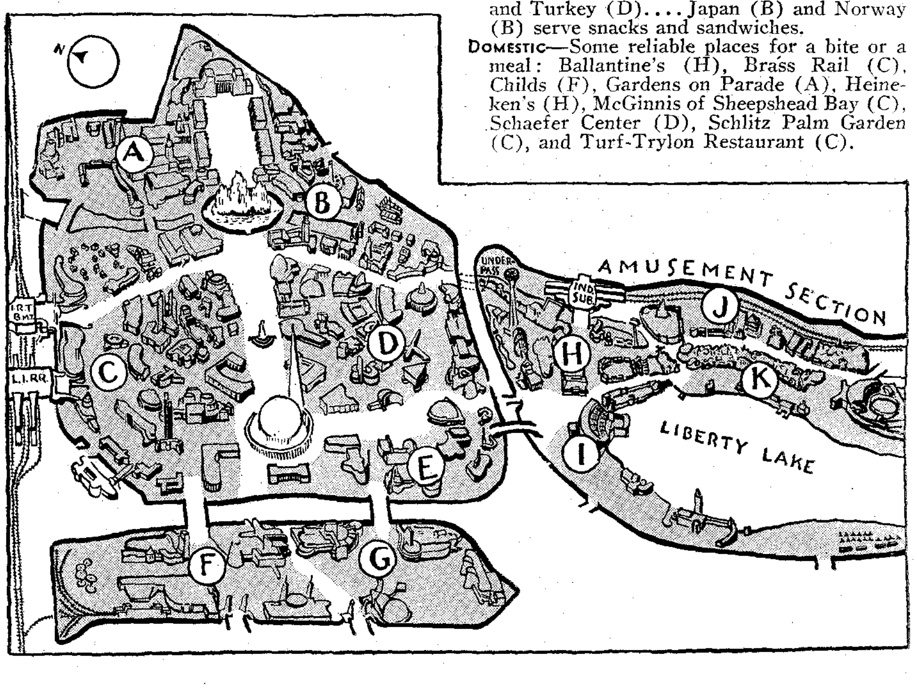
Some Other Good Ones—The **PARACHUTE JUMP** (H): still a twenty-story drop to the ground and moved to a more accessible location.... **JUNGLELAND** (J): Frank Buck has added new animals and acts to his circus and more monkeys to the swarm on his mountain.... **ODDITORIUM** (K): Ripley's "Believe It or Not" collection of strange people, an offshoot of the one on Broadway.... **MIDGET TOWN** (H): Morris Gest's troupe of small folk in a miniature village.

RESTAURANTS

(Don't expect too much in the way of service and food until these places get back into their stride.)

Foreign—The following buildings and pavilions are equipped to serve complete meals: Belgium (B), Brazil (A), Czecho-Slovakia (B), Finland (A), France (A), Hungary (A), Iceland (B), Iraq (A), Italy (A), Palestine (C), Poland (A), Sweden (D), Switzerland (A), and Turkey (D).... Japan (B) and Norway (B) serve snacks and sandwiches.

Domestic—Some reliable places for a bite or a meal: Ballantine's (H), Brass Rail (C), Childs (F), Gardens on Parade (A), Heineken's (H), McGinnis of Sheepshead Bay (C), Schaefer Center (D), Schlitz Palm Garden (C), and Turf-Trylon Restaurant (C).



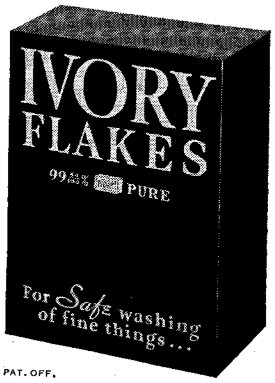
FASHION TIES UP *Apron Strings* WITH IVORY FLAKES

PHOTOGRAPHED IN WIGGINS OLD TAVERN, NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS

You'll tie a man to *these* apron strings for fair! They make a play-suit pretty—and turn a dinner dress into a party dress! So they make your wardrobe do double duty. And your budget, too—because they're all Ivory-washable! You can do them up in a jiff and chortle over the money you save on upkeep! Sizes 12 to 18.

ABOVE: Red or Blue candystripe piqué dinner dress plus eyelet-edged apron. Complete, $19.95. Apron alone, $3.95. Misses' dresses, 4th floor.

LEFT: White piqué play pinafore plus candystripe piqué shirt. Complete, $7.95. Sport Shop, 3rd floor.



Franklin Simon's
NEW YORK GREENWICH EAST ORANGE

ADVISES YOU TO WASH ITS APRON FASHIONS IN IVORY FLAKES . . . 99 44/100 % PURE

PROCTER & GAMBLE • TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

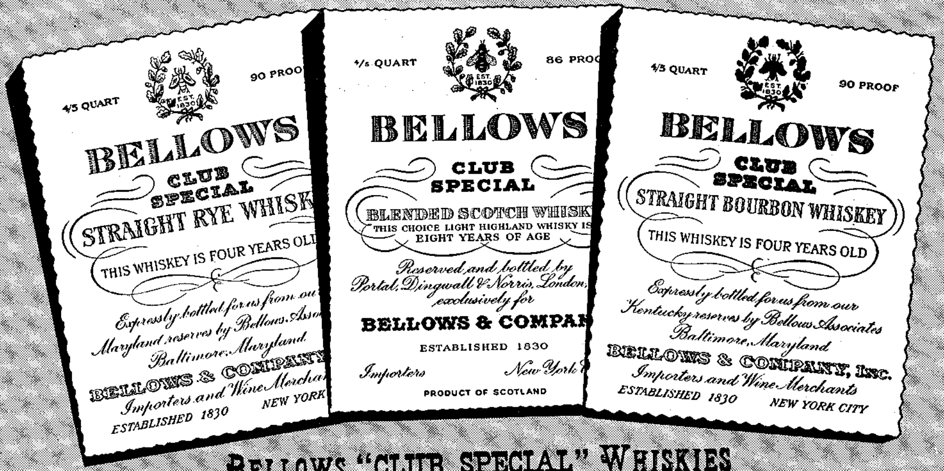
BELLOWS & COMPANY

The Best Then

Importers and Dealers in Fine Wines
Brandies, Whiskies and other Spirits

The Best Now

BUSINESS ESTABLISHED 1830

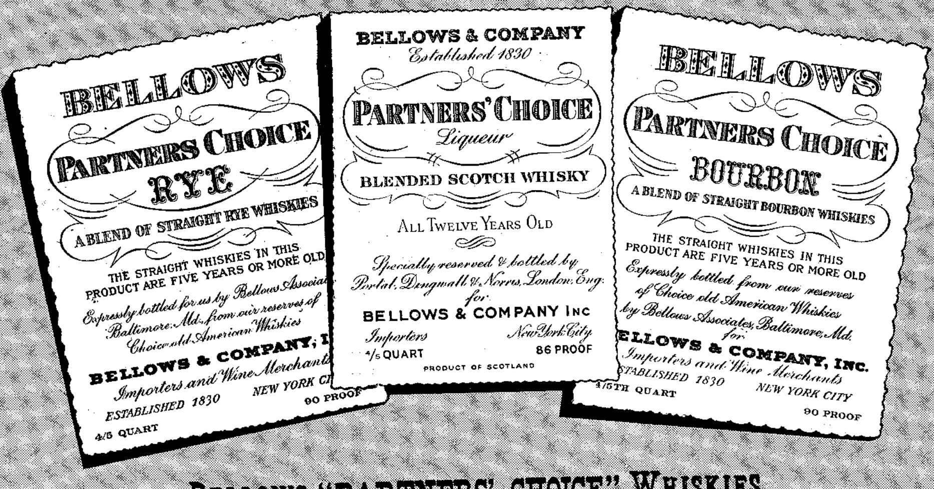


4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
EST 1830
BELLOWS
CLUB SPECIAL
STRAIGHT RYE WHISK
THIS WHISKEY IS FOUR YEARS OLD
Expressly bottled for us from ou
Maryland reserves by Bellows Asso
Baltimore, Maryland
BELLOWS & COMPANY
Importers and Wine Merchan
ESTABLISHED 1830
NEW YORK
4/5 QUART
86 PROO
BELLOWS
CLUB SPECIAL
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISK
THIS CHOICE LIGHT HIGHLAND WHISKY IS EIGHT YEARS OF AGE
Reserved and bottled by Portal, Dingwall & Norris, London, exclusively for
BELLOWS & COMPAN
ESTABLISHED 1830
Importers
New York
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
BELLOWS
CLUB SPECIAL
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
THIS WHISKEY IS FOUR YEARS OLD
Expressly bottled for us from our Kentucky reserves by Bellows Associates
Baltimore, Maryland
BELLOWS & COMPANY, Inc.
Importers and Wine Merchants
ESTABLISHED 1830
NEW YORK CITY

BELLOWS "CLUB SPECIAL" WHISKIES

The ivy covered clubs of Louisville are properly expected to hold the choicest Bourbon, Baltimore clubs the best of Rye, and, of course, the ancient clubs of London the finest Scotch.

Our three "Club Specials" have long been widely used by such discriminating clubs as their fine private whiskey. Produced in limited quantities by traditional hand methods, each represents, we feel, the choicest general service whiskey available.



BELLOWS
PARTNERS CHOICE
RYE
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT RYE WHISKIES
THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE FIVE YEARS OR MORE OLD
Expressly bottled for us by Bellows Associa
Baltimore, Md. from our reserves of Choice old American Whiskies
BELLOWS & COMPANY, I
Importers and Wine Merchants
ESTABLISHED 1830
NEW YORK CI
90 PROOF
4/5 QUART
BELLOWS & COMPANY
Established 1830
PARTNERS' CHOICE
Liqueur
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
ALL TWELVE YEARS OLD
Specially reserved & bottled by Portal, Dingwall & Norris, London, Eng. for
BELLOWS & COMPANY INC
Importers
New York City
4/5 QUART
86 PROOF
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
BELLOWS
PARTNERS CHOICE
BOURBON
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES
THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE FIVE YEARS OR MORE OLD
Expressly bottled from our reserves of Choice old American Whiskies by Bellows Associates, Baltimore, Md. for
ELLOWS & COMPANY, INC.
Importers and Wine Merchants
STABLISHED 1830
NEW YORK CITY
4/5TH QUART
90 PROOF

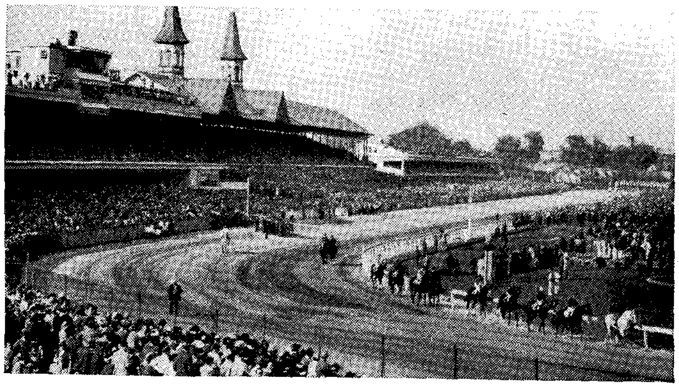
BELLOWS "PARTNERS' CHOICE" WHISKIES

The title of these three great whiskies, "Partners' Choice", originated by their selection as superlative private stocks for the homes of our partners and good friends, here and abroad.

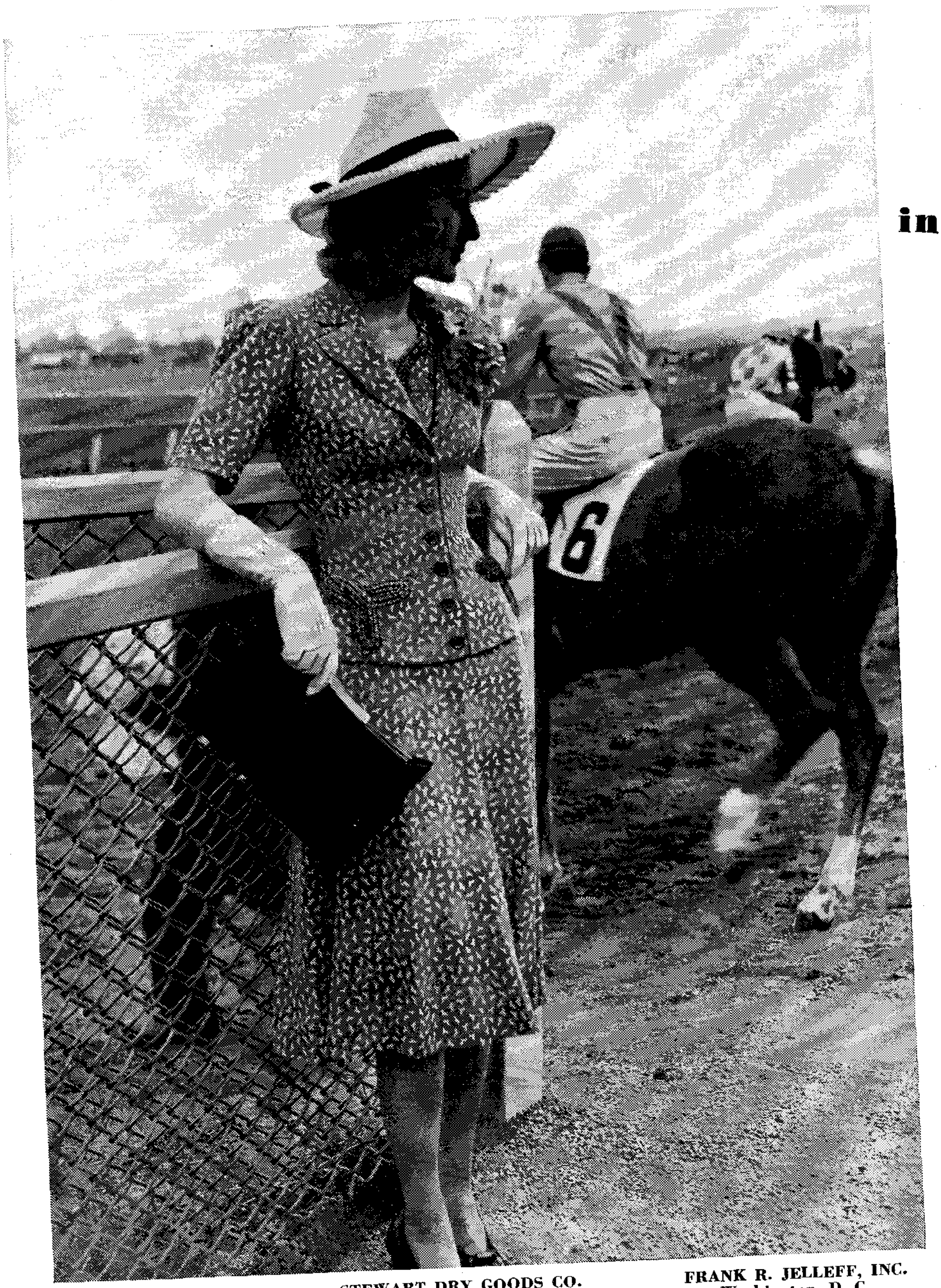
We have offered exactly these types of whiskies as our finest products throughout America for over a century and have again selected them, after exhaustive comparisons, as the best today.

NEW YORK CHICAGO COLORADO SPRINGS BEVERLY HILLS

for Derby Day



Churchill Downs, scene of the Kentucky Derby
. . . photo by Caufield & Shook

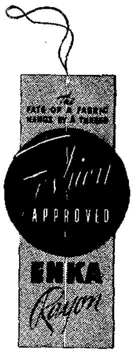


FRANKLIN SIMON
New York

STEWART DRY GOODS CO.
Louisville

FRANK R. JELLEFF, INC.
Washington, D. C.

jacket ensemble in Fashion Approved Enka Rayon


The fate of a fabric hangs by a thread
Fashion
APPROVED
ENKA
Rayon

This Enka Fashion Approved Tag is the symbol of verified quality and approved fashion.

The Kentucky Derby each year brings to Churchill Downs an influx of smartly dressed women from all over America. Favored for this historic race were softly tailored costumes...gay in spirit...distinguished as to fabric. A perfect choice, this dress and jacket in a conventional print on Foreman's Mellocharm, woven with Enka Rayon. . . $25

ENKA RAYON
THE FASHION NAME IN RAYON • STANDARD OF SUPERFINE YARNS
206 Madison Avenue, New York

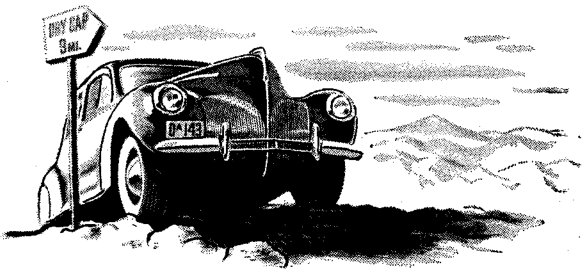
Comfort—to match its 12-cylinder smoothness

COMFORT is a relative word.

There are degrees of comfort just as there are degrees of engine performance.

Being a 12-cylinder car, the Lincoln-Zephyr naturally has exceptional smoothness combined with great power.

And it has riding-comfort and luxury quite in keeping with the standard of performance of the Lincoln-designed, Lincoln-built 12-cylinder engine.



The Lincoln-Zephyr is different because it was designed to be different.

Chair-high seats and the contour of seats and cushions did not just happen; Lincoln engineers set out to make this car as comfortable as a car could possibly be.

They studied months to devise seats that carry your body naturally, as an easy chair does—back slightly reclining, knees straight, feet flat on floor.

They designed a car so low to the ground that you step easily from curb to carpet.

They placed all passengers forward of the rear axle, toward the center, where riding is best.

The unit-body-and-frame in closed types—a unique contribution of Lincoln engineers—is cradled on long, soft springs. This combination of design and balance, you discover, gives unusual flexibility over highway irregularities.

The Lincoln-Zephyr, with this new luxury and all its 12-cylinder character, is far less expensive to own and operate than you would expect. The added smoothness of added cylinders is no extravagance. This twelve is one of the most economical engines in the medium-price field!

Even though you may be well satisfied with the comfort of your present car, compare it with the Lincoln-Zephyr! Put the two against each other, ride for ride on any road you choose. Only then will you realize how advanced design can give a wholly new conception of comfort! Lincoln Motor Company, Division of Ford Motor Company.

THE LINCOLN ZEPHYR V-12

Designed by Lincoln engineers and built in the Lincoln plant to Lincoln standards of precision.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE World's Fair reopens on Saturday and we wish it well. Everything, we hear, is going to be more thoughtfully adjusted to the common man—more emphasis on hoopla, less on uplift. Grover Whalen and his gardenia are to be in partial eclipse; a greeter called Elmer, with an American flag in his buttonhole and his hat on the back of his head, will be in the ascendant. A theme song has been written for him, beginning:

Blow me down, look-it who's in town,
Pull up a chair, there's one over there,
How've you been? How's the next of kin?
Fellas, look who just blew in!

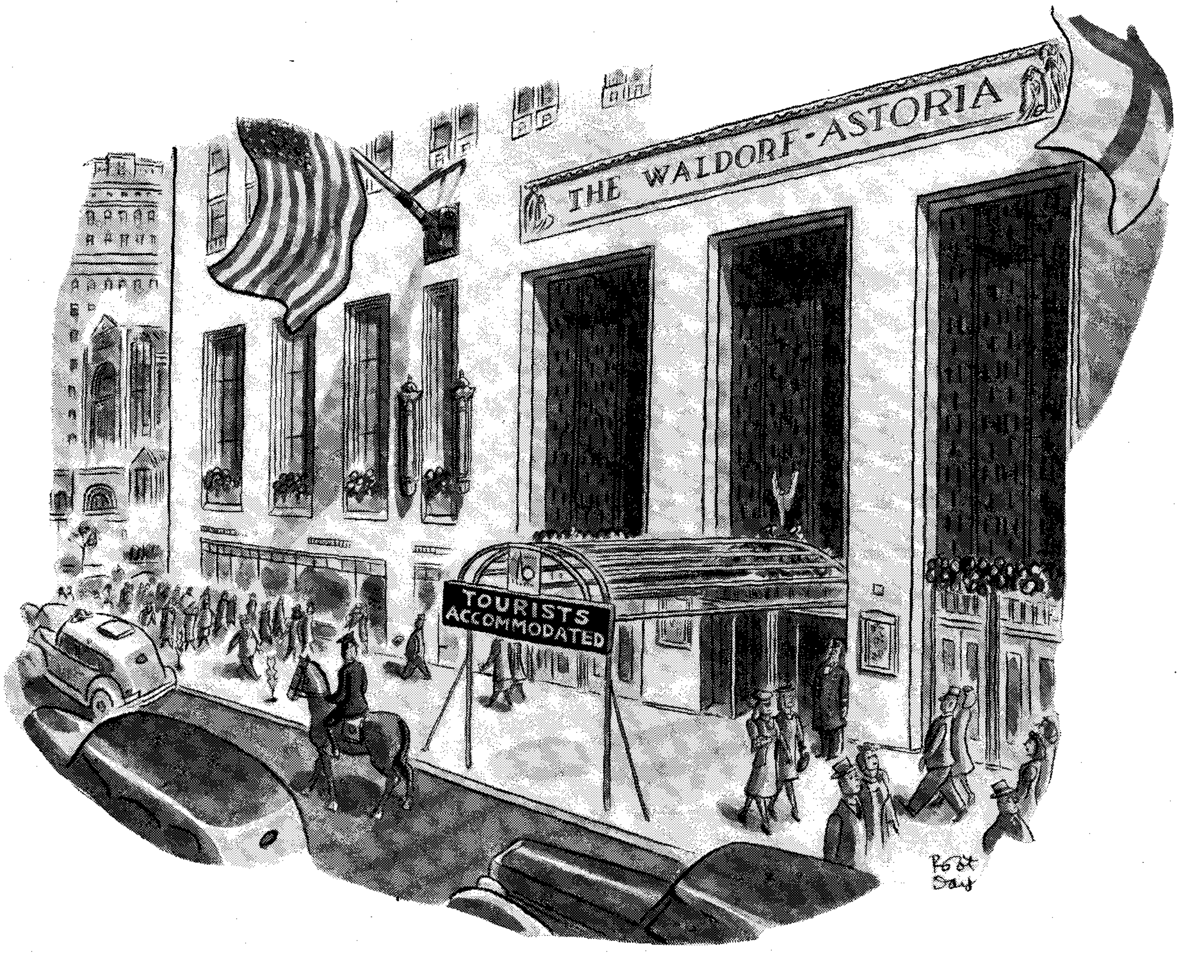
Maybe this is all for the best. Maybe the guest will see everything a little more clearly this year, not blinded by too much sudden beauty, not confused by too much formality. We hope so, but we have our doubts. New York trying to be a good fellow has a strained and implausible air, like the late Calvin Coolidge hobnobbing with the Indians. The visitor, always irritably suspicious of the metropolis, is only too likely to get the idea that he is being patronized, and no one can tell what might happen then. A Fair that is too austere and magnificent may easily be a financial disaster; one that deliberately and arrogantly sets out to find the common level may just as easily set off the ancient, smoldering feud between Manhattan and America. One of these nights it's possible that Elmer will find himself splashing around in the Lagoon of Nations, fretfully tossed there by a bunch of the boys he has been employed to parody.

MRS. ROOSEVELT has renewed her contract, agreeing to write "My Day" for five years more. Her column, for us, has always had something of the maddening fascination of the letters we used to get from our girl when we were in school. Its author, that is, obviously knows the answers to all the questions that plague us most; just as obviously she has no intention of revealing them except by the most delicate hints and indirections. We read the *World-Telegram* every evening with the helpless feeling that everything would be clear—the administration's real attitude toward the third term, the budget, relief, even the prospect of peace in our time—if we only had some simple key; if we only knew what lay behind that well-turned compliment to the weather, that gentle reprimand to a train for being late. Even with five years more practice, we suspect that we will still be in the dark. We will certainly still be envious. When we touch on our day in this department, the reader seldom bothers his head about any secondary meanings. He just skips over and begins to look at the pictures.

THE trade names given to baby clothes are among the most gruesome achievements of the advertising profession, and they often set up curious blocks in parents' minds. An aunt of ours sent one of these garments, something called a Snuggle Bunny, to a young mother she knows. Bewildered and alarmed, she showed us the letter of acknowledgment she got back. "Thank you so much," the young woman had written all unconsciously, "for the lovely Dixie Davis."

THE time is very near when the hopeful graduates will come down on the town like locusts. Everywhere we go, we will meet Most Popular, Most Brilliant, Most Likely to Succeed ready to take their places on the larger campus, ready to remold the scheme of things a little closer to the ideal of Hasty Pudding and Skull and Bones. We will watch their young surprise at finding the affairs of the world almost wholly administered by the aged and incompetent. Over the cocktails, we will meet their speculative eyes, noting our thinning hair, our bifocals, our tendency to dwell too lovingly on prehistoric times. We will try to preserve a wise, sympathetic, and parental attitude, but it will be uphill work. We're going to feel that they're thinking of taking up the matter of our pension with the dean.

WE have just run across a thesis written some years ago by Miss Emily Foulkrod, who at that time was struggling for a Ph.D. at the University of Pennsylvania. It is a strange work, being based on all the possible compound forms of the word "horse," covering the Sanskrit, Avestan, Old Persian, Greek, Latin, German, Anglo-Saxon, and English. We have been harassed from time to time in our life by the possession of special information which refused to work itself gracefully into a casual conversation at dinner, but we have never been up against anything like the problem Miss Foulkrod must have encountered, or may still be encountering, for all we



know. We can picture her sitting there, the greatest living expert on a recondite theme, with the lovely syllables trembling on her lips—*hippophagistical*, *Pferdemagenbremsefliege*, *aśvavṛndāraka*, *horse-gog* (not, of course, to be confused with *horse blob* or *Caltha palustris*)—while the silly talk touched on this and that, but approached the sacred subject only obliquely, in references to such bastard compounds as *Seabiscuit* and *Swimalong*. It is the sort of experience that often leads to a stubborn neurosis. It wouldn't surprise us at all to learn that she had wound up *Pferdenärrin*, a *hippopathological* case.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Hotel Algonquin Supper Club had a "Gala Closing" on May 7th. Black tie, dancing in the lounge, $2.50 minimum.

A swimming instructor in Hollywood advertises "Swimming Taught Privately in Your Own Home."

In Oklahoma City, the registry of births is under the jurisdiction of the garbage department.

91 Rooms and Turkish Bath

WE went around to the Iranian Institute's "Six Thousand Years of Persian Art" exhibit in the old Union Club building at 1 East Fifty-first to see how a forty-year-old clubhouse adapts itself to six-thousand-year-old art. Mr. John Ellingston, who is in charge of the exhibit, led us down a narrow, curved, marble stairway to the barbershop, where three barber chairs are still intact after seven years without a haircut. The club moved out in 1933 and the only intermediate lessee was the Grand Central Art Galleries, which vacated last June. The Institute was repainting part of the interior when we were there and the barbershop was currently the paint shop, with cans of pigment cluttering up the old shaving-mug cabinet. A locker room adjoining was being used by the painters as a changing room, right in the face of a sign on one of the lockers saying, "The House Committee reserves the right to cancel the rental of this locker if objectionable articles are stored herein." Near the locker room are a couple of Turkish baths, an enormous engine room, and a service bar. Mr. Ellingston told us that the building contains ninety-one rooms and twenty-five marble staircases, most of them small ones built for use by the help. "It's without doubt the most inefficient building ever put up," he said. "Just a lot of conspicuous waste."

Ascending to the first floor, we saw the old humidor room, containing one hundred and seventy-five cabinets, all empty. The exhibition rooms on this floor, now full of jugs, bowls, carpets, tapestries, sculptures, and painted tiles, include the West Sitting Room, the East Sitting Room, the South Sitting Room, and a few other sitting rooms formerly animated by Union Club men. The late J. P. Morgan's favorite chair stood at the north end of the West Sitting Room, looking out on Fifth Avenue and the Vanderbilt house. We have been told that when Mr. Morgan entered the club with an expression which meant he wanted to sit down, a bellboy rushed to this lounge to tip off one of the attendants. If anyone was occupying the Morgan chair, the attendant would approach the offending party and tell him he was wanted on the phone. By the time he got back, Morgan would be seated.

We took a small elevator, with mirrors on three sides and a dome, to the next floor, where the two chief exhibition rooms are the former library and billiard room, each about seventy-five by forty-five feet. The library bookcases are full of pottery, and ten cue-rack cabinets in the billiard room are heavy with Persian bowls, incense burners, turban boxes, etc. We counted twenty-seven bell buttons in this room, and at that much of the wall space was concealed by Persian carpets which had been hung around. No Union member ever had to move from his chair to ring for a Scotch-and-soda. We rang one of the bells, but no one came. The second-floor periodical room is appropriately devoted to "the Art of the Book," with manuscripts from the tenth century on. Climbing a marble staircase to the third floor, we found that the main dining room and half a dozen smaller private dining rooms have been given over to Achaemenid, Parthian, and Sassanian sculpture, jewelry, and seals. This floor has a hallway with a tiled mosaic floor and enormous brown-and-black pillars, and we found it rather creepy under the circumstances. The Iranian people haven't touched the fourth and fifth floors, where we saw what used to be the laundry, the kitchens, pantries, employees' locker room, the resident club manager's suite, several huge refrigerators, a small greenhouse, a room for hanging game, and a roof garden with a glass roof and twenty or more slender iron columns, most of them equipped with bell buttons. No furniture remained, and the general atmosphere was one of sturdy desolation.

Before leaving, we went back to the engine room to see Mr. J. P. McArdle, who has lived in the building for the last seven years, acting as superintendent. He told us that the engine room, which has tile walls and a marble staircase leading to the fireroom, was once the best in town and still could generate enough steam to heat the whole block, easily. Mr. McArdle lives with his family in the treasurer's office and has become a modest collector of Union Club memorabilia. He showed us several club yearbooks, from 1884 on; an old menu, with terrapin listed at $3.50; an old wine list, mentioning two hundred and ninety-two alcoholic items; an old letter, addressed by a member to the Governing Committee, endorsing a candidate as "a gentleman through and through;" an old list of nominations; and an old Union Club fork. All these he found in a safe in his living quarters when he moved in. He had us meet his granddaughter, Miss Judith Lee Boodley, who is six months old. "Only child ever born in the Union Club," said Mr. McArdle. He told us that the week after the club moved three members died of broken hearts, and that on the last night at Fifty-first Street a number of them kissed the steps before going home.

No Compromise

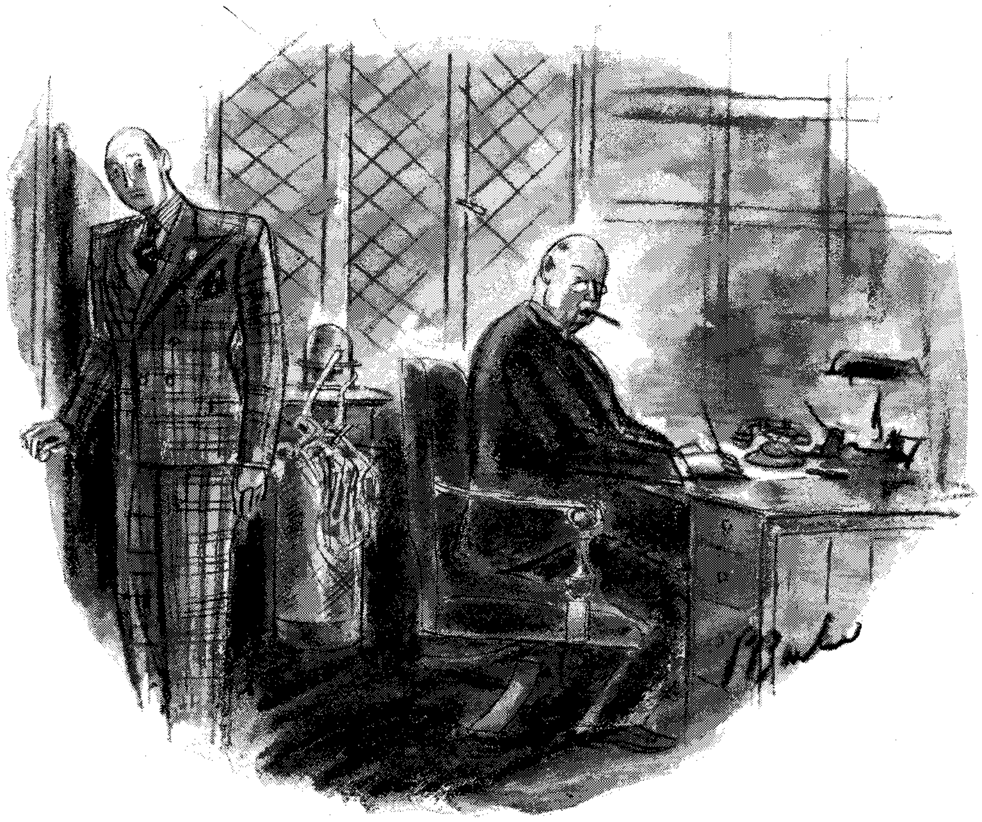
RECENTLY, the Reverend John P. Boland, chairman of the New York State Labor Relations Board, arbitrated an upstate strike and got the men increased wages. At the conclusion of the conference he said that it might be a good idea if the raise were made retroactive. The union leader objected to this. He thumped the table with his fist and said, "Nothing doing! We want that dough *now*."

Plenty

THE rainfall in March and April was considerably more than the average for these parts, and the Department of Water Supply is no longer seriously concerned about the possibility of a water shortage. On March 3rd, the four reservoirs which supply the city—Schoharie, Ashokan, Kensico, and Croton—held only 108,000,000,000 gallons, a hundred and thirty-nine days' supply at the normal rate of consumption. At the end of April they held 247,931,000,000, enough to keep us going for three hundred and seventeen days. On the eighteenth of April, the crisis was officially declared to be less tense when Commissioner Goodman of the Department of Water Supply told the Department of Sanitation that it could go back to using city water to flush the streets. Since late in the fall, when the drought became threatening, the street-flushers had been filled with river water purified with chlorine, and flushing was confined to the market districts and a few other places where it was absolutely necessary. Not a drop of water was used for snow removal this winter. Water could have been used only once anyway, after the mid-February storm; too cold the other times. The Department of Sanitation figures out that the extra cost of having its men do it the hard way, with shovels, will come to $400,000. This expenditure was in the form of extra vacations promised them later as a reward for working overtime.

The intensive campaign to teach the public to save water has slacked off, naturally: reminders broadcast over local radio stations, both foreign-speaking and English; plans to have Mayor LaGuardia and Commissioner Goodman again pose for the newsreels, in worried consultation; notices in hotel rooms, asking guests to go easy on the water; distribution of a pamphlet, "Conserve Your Water Supply," to public and private schools, business and civic institutions, clubs, and settlement houses throughout the city; posters and billboards warning that "A Leaking Tap Can Drain a River Off the Map." The city engineers would like to see the people go right on trying to save water, just in case there's another drought, but realize the difficulty of teaching thrift in the midst of plenty. "You can't get them to save water when the press says the reservoirs are nearly full," one of them told us.

A citywide premise-to-premise canvass of plumbing conditions, started during the drought, will be completed. Thirty young men, National Youth Administration workers lent by the federal government, are assisting the regular staff of water inspectors in warning owners of buildings about leaky fixtures; if repairs aren't made promptly, the department levies a fine of $3 a day in the form of a lien against the offending property until the condition is corrected. This summer the Sanitation Department will be limited to 4,500 tankloads of water a day for street-flushing—about half of what it could use. If the temperature gets up over ninety, street-



"Better wear something conservative tomorrow, Thompson. Mrs. Featherstone is coming in to discuss her account."

flushing will be discontinued, on the theory that the population will be using up a lot of water taking showers. Air-conditioning systems, which consume enormous quantities of water, have not yet been rationed, but all the authorities agree that they're a problem which will have to be faced someday.

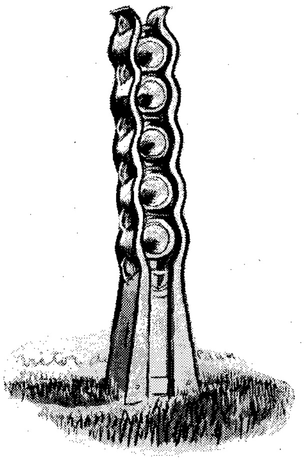
Warpath

ONE night, a householder of Lyme, Connecticut, was alone in his library, reading and waiting for his wife to come home from an evening of bridge, when an arrow whizzed through an open window and stuck in the side of his armchair. He dashed outdoors and searched the grounds, but could find nobody. The arrow, when he came to look at it, was peculiar—not at all the varnished, streamlined New York product he had seen his archery-loving friends use for target shooting. Finally, after a good deal of worry, he showed it to an anthropologist he knows, an authority on the North American Indian. The expert identified it immediately. "Sioux," he said. The householder has asked the local carpenter to give him an estimate on a twelve-foot stockade.

Jake Greenberg

WHEN the writers of our "Where Are They Now?" piece about Henry Ford's Peace Ship said that Irving Caesar, the writer of popular songs, was a stowaway on the voyage, they stuck their necks out. Right away came a letter from Caesar, who was more grieved than angry, but pretty angry just the same. Far from being a stowaway, said Caesar, he was a secretary-and-stenographer, signed on by Mme. Rosika Schwimmer, the brains of the enterprise, at a salary of $50 a week plus expenses. The stowaway, he added, was a Western Union messenger named Jake Greenberg. "I'm not asking you to tell the world that Jake Greenberg *did* stow away, but please tell them I *didn't*," his letter concluded. This note of ours is by way of making things right with Caesar and Greenberg, both of whom we have wronged.

Jake Greenberg is now living in Brooklyn, at 286 Hopkinson Avenue, with his aged mother and his sister, we found when we looked him up last week. Things haven't been going well with them lately, and the family is on relief. He's almost a hundred dollars in debt, and afflicted with severe sinus trouble, but his feeling for peace is undimmed, and he occasionally calls on Mme. Schwimmer in her West Side apartment for a chat about the great voyage. "A brilliant woman, who has been unjustly hounded and maligned," he says of her, and of the Peace Ship, "It was a sincere effort for peace, but the world laughed at it. The real peace was made at Versailles, and now look!" Jake was born fifty-one years ago, on the lower East Side, of Russian Jewish parents. His father was a deep student of the Talmud, and young Jake was raised in an intellectual atmosphere. He got through high school and six months of C.C.N.Y. before the state of the family finances forced him to go to work. He was a messenger boy, clerk, and bank runner, and was with Western Union when he stowed away. One of the last things Ford said, before walking out on the delegates in Norway, was that he would see to it that there was "a ticket home for Jake, and a job in my factory." Jake thinks it must have slipped Ford's mind, because he had to work his way back as a cabin boy on a liner, and the job has never materialized. It would come in handy now; the hundred dollars he owes weighs on his mind.



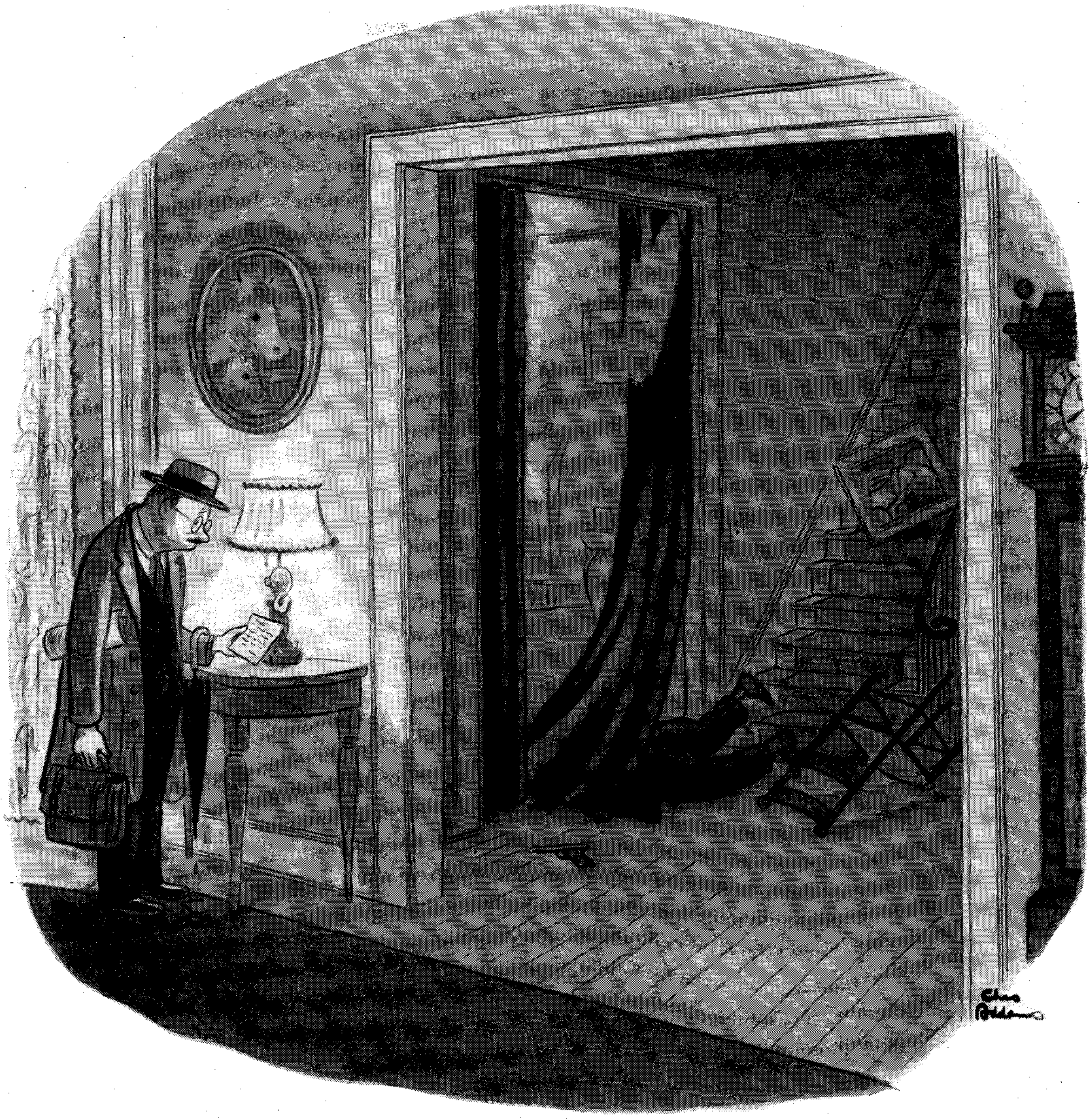
Jake made it plain to us that he tried to join the peace party legally, offering his services as a clerk, but was turned down because there was already a full complement. Western Union had just promoted him from the messenger service to an office job, and when he hatched his plan for stowing away he had to ask to be demoted to uniform again. Western Union, though puzzled, obliged. Jake then typed out, on an ordinary sender's blank, a telegram addressed to one of the peace party, Inez Mulholland, a feminist whom he had often heard speak at Cooper Union. It read "BEST WISHES FOR THE SUCCESS OF THIS NOBLE VOYAGE" and was signed "YOUR FRIENDS OF COOPER UNION." This was simply to display in case he was challenged. He walked aboard the Oscar II unchallenged and hid in a lavatory on the top deck until the ship was four hours at sea. Then he tossed his telegram overboard and sought out Henry Ford, whom he found in the second-class dining salon, which was doing duty as a press room. "I stowed away," he told Ford. Ford looked at him a moment and said, "You're the boy," a remark which Jake has never, in twenty-five years, been able to figure out. "It was so cryptic that it brought matters to an immediate impasse," he told us. Ford then told him not to worry, that he'd be taken care of. The next day, after the newspaper photographers had complied with an immemorial journalistic convention by taking pictures of him peeling potatoes in the ship's galley, he was put to work carrying messages between Ford's office and the press room. Of the disintegration of the party, once it had landed, Jake has little to say, except that it didn't seem to be any one person's fault. He does remember, and vividly, the sensation that his return caused among his neighbors on the lower East Side. "I held court for three days in a Turkish bath," he told us. Since 1915 he has worked in a Jersey shipyard and a local post office, and has sold Christmas trees. That's about all there is to the life of Jake Greenberg.

Shortage

THE Pullman Company has a man in these parts assigned solely to investigating complaints from patrons. One of his recent cases was that of a traveller who wrote in reporting that he'd been made a fool of by a colored steward in a club car. The patron had ordered a bottle of Poland Water and the steward had dusted off to get it. Presently he dusted back again with the report that he was out of Poland Water. What with all the trouble in Europe, he said, there had been difficulty, of course, in getting some things through. He hoped the gentleman would understand, etc.

Première

LAST week, the cinema critic had a heavy schedule, so we volunteered to attend the world première of the Republican campaign movie, "A New Tomorrow," held at the Town Hall in Islip, Long Island. To allay suspense, we'll say right off that we found it a strangely stirring picture, worth one bell by Jimmy Fidler. Islip was selected for the première, we read on the train going out, because it is a community regarded by the United Republican Finance Committee as "most typically American." Right away, after getting off the train, we were worried about this. A typical resident whom we asked for directions offered to give us a lift uptown in a sleek, black Packard and on the way said, "We're all good Yankees out here," and added that the Supervisor of the Census was about the only Democrat in town. Having arrived at the Town Hall a little early, we went for a stroll, dropping in at Phelan's Package Store, where we learned the names of a few representative villagers and typical Americans, such as Mr. Horace Havemeyer and Mr. William K. Dick, president of the Dick Securities Corporation.



"Dear Artie: Have gone to Mother's. Sorry you find things in mess. Don't worry. Cold ham in icebox. In haste, Maudie."

Instead of two bands and a torchlight parade, as advertised by Republican headquarters, all we saw when we got back to Town Hall were a few members of the Sayville Military Band, who were turning out a rather dispirited rendition of "The Matinée," a two-step. They carried on while the audience (250, *Times*; 400, *Tribune*) waited, with typical American patience, for Mr. W. Kingsland Macy, Suffolk County Republican Chairman, who was dining with a party at the nearby Timber Point Club. Mr. Macy, wearing a Hoover collar and high shoes, showed up and opened the meeting ("The important thing is to keep government in a fluid state"). He was followed by Mr. F. Trubee Davison, Chairman of the Republican Finance Committee ("We are on the verge of a great battle to preserve the American system of free enterprise"), who was followed by the movie. This begins with an unsteady Republican Congressman named Dave bumping his head on a corner of his desk. He hears voices talking to him, particularly Abraham Lincoln's. All this sets Dave to thinking. When he goes back home, he makes a speech to his constituents on "Government." Government is personified in the movie as a foxy fellow who keeps his back to the audience, has a charming voice, and rides around the country on a black horse, ordering people to kill their pigs and plough under their crops, meanwhile slipping them some cash out of a big bag which he carries for that purpose. This fellow, as you may have suspected, finally gets the boot. "A New Tomorrow" must be seen to be appreciated.

After the movie we listened to a few more speeches, by Mrs. William Henry Hays, President of the Women's National Republican Club ("There is no one who can run who can beat the Republican Party next November"), Mr. Davison again ("We don't want big contributions. What we want is just millions of one-dollar bills"), and Congressman Leonard W. Hall ("I say to you, the Democrats have no answer to this trouble we're in"). On our way to the station we stopped for a beer at the Orowoc Hotel, where there's a parrot, so help us, that keeps croaking "Turn the rascals out," followed by "Good morning, Daddy" in three languages. Quite a bird.

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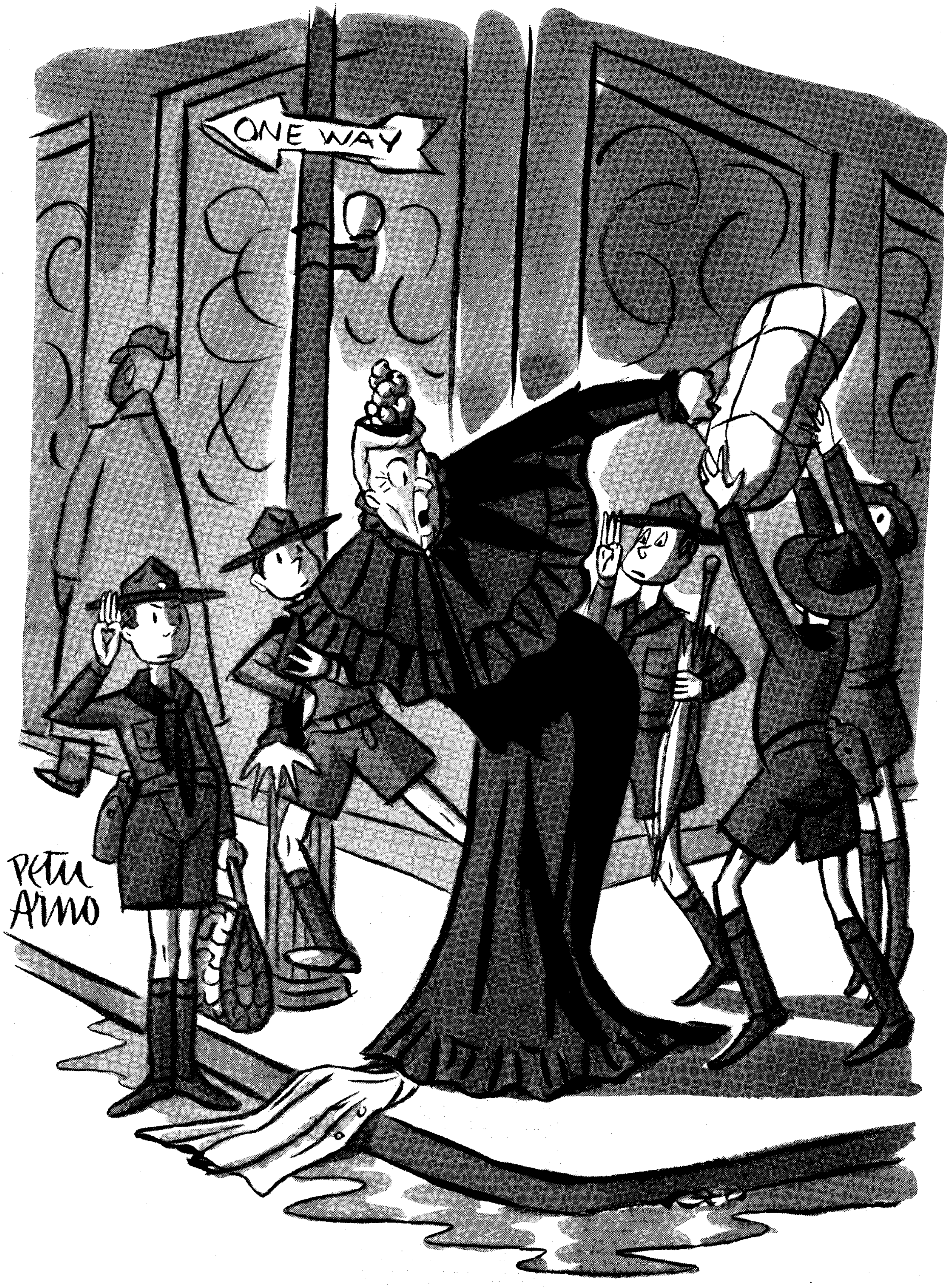
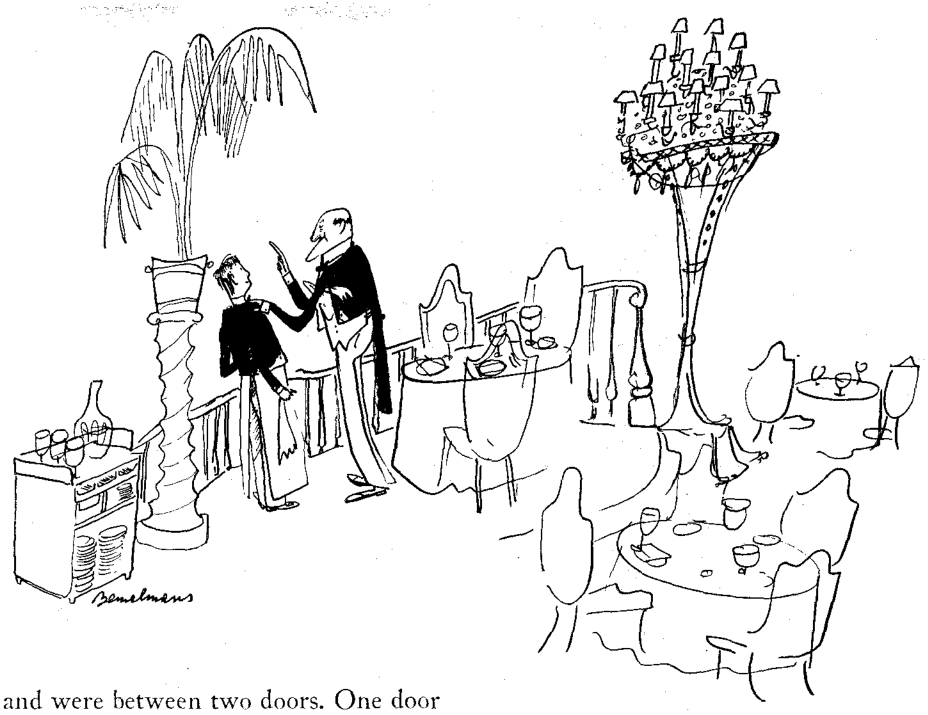
Parlez d'Amour

A GIRL who is on pretty good terms with a young Frenchman got a letter from him the other day. Well, maybe not a letter from *him*, but a note from an official of the French *censure* saying that the young man was well, thought of her often, and so on. "With great regret, we had to suppress the letter of M. L—— because he showed himself too much preoccupied with matters which do not concern him directly," the note explained. "When you write him again, be good enough, Mademoiselle, to advise him, in the future, to write love letters." It's spring in Paris, too.


ONE WAY
Peter Arno

"One at a time, dammit, one at a time!"

MESPOULETS OF THE SPLENDIDE



"WHEN I say *'Le chien est utile,'* there is one proposition. When I say *'Je crois que le chien est utile,'* there are two. When I say *'Je crois que le chien est utile quand il garde la maison,'* how many propositions are there?"

"Three."

"Very good."

Mespoulets, the waiter whose bus boy I was, nodded gravely in approval. At that moment Monsieur Victor, the maître d'hôtel, walked through our section of tables, and the other waiters nearby stopped talking to each other, straightened a tablecloth here, moved a chair there, arranged their side towels smoothly over their arms, tugged at their jackets, and pulled their bow ties. Only Mespoulets was indifferent. He walked slowly toward the pantry, past Monsieur Victor, holding my arm. I walked with him and he continued the instruction.

" *'L'abeille fait du miel.'* The verb *'fait'* in this sentence in itself is insufficient. It does not say what the bee does, therefore we round out the idea by adding the words *'du miel.'* These words are called *'un complément.'* The sentence *'L'abeille fait du miel'* contains then what?"

"It contains one verb, one subject, and one complement."

"Very good, excellent. Now run down and get the Camembert, the *salade escarole*, the hard water crackers, and the demitasse for Mr. Frank Munsey on Table Eighty-six."

THE day was one of the rare ones when Mespoulets and I had a guest at our tables. Our station was on the low rear balcony of the main dining room of a hotel I shall call the Splendide, a vast and luxurious structure which, I regret to say, gave up its unequal struggle with economics not long after the boom days and has since been converted into an office building.

Before coming to America I had worked a short while in a hotel in the Tyrol that belonged to my uncle. German was my native language and I knew enough English to get along in New York City, but my French was extremely bad. The French language in all its aspects was a passion with Mespoulets, and he had plenty of time to teach it to me. Our tables—Nos. 81, 82, and 86—were in a noisy, drafty corner of the balcony. They stood facing the stairs from the dining room and were between two doors. One door led to the pantry and was hung on whining hinges. On wet days it sounded like an angry cat and it was continually kicked by the boots of waiters rushing in and out with trays in their hands. The other door led to a linen closet.

The waiters and bus boys squeezed by our tables, carrying trays. The ones with trays full of food carried them high over their heads; the ones with dirty dishes carried them low, extended in front. They frequently bumped into each other and there would be a crash of silver, glasses, and china, and cream trickling over the edges of the trays in thin streams. When this happened, Monsieur Victor would race to our section, followed by his captains, to direct the cleaning up of the mess and pacify the guests. It was a common sight to see people standing in our section, napkins in hand, complaining and brushing themselves off and waving their arms angrily in the air.

Monsieur Victor used our tables as a kind of penal colony to which he sent guests who were notorious cranks, people who had forgotten to tip him over a long period of time and needed a reminder, undesirables who looked out of place in better sections of the dining room, and guests who were known to linger for hours over an order of hors-d'œuvres and a glass of milk while well-paying guests had to stand at the door waiting for a table.

Mespoulets was the ideal man for Monsieur Victor's purposes. He complemented Monsieur Victor's plan of punishment. He was probably the worst waiter in the world and I had become his bus boy after I fell down the stairs into the main part of the dining room with twelve pheasants *à la Souvaroff.* When I was sent to him to take up my duties as his assistant, he introduced himself by saying, "My name is easy to remember. Just think of 'my chickens'—*'mes poulets'*—Mespoulets."

He was a kind man and I suppose that is one reason he was never fired for his magnificent incompetence. In a hotel conducted in the European tradition, as the Splendide was, an employee's personal virtues were justly weighed against his professional shortcomings, and men who might have been better at their jobs were kept on because they were good fathers or because they played an interesting game of chess. Mespoulets, besides being kind, was a talented penman. It was he who wrote the menus for private parties, he who, with beautiful flourishes, made out the cards for banquets.

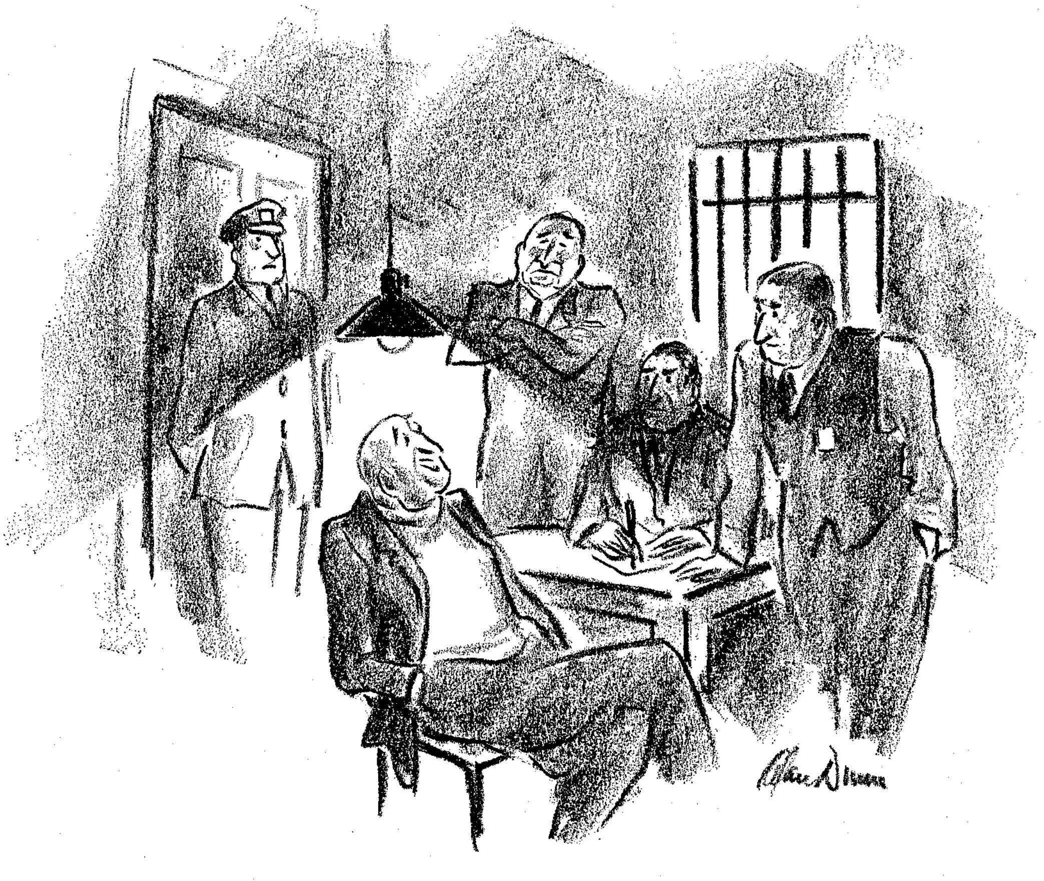
Rarely did any guest who was seated at one of our tables leave the hotel with a desire to come back again. If there was any broken glass around the dining room, it was always in our spinach. The occupants of Tables Nos. 81, 82, and 86 shifted in their chairs, stared at the pantry door, looked around and made signs of distress at other waiters and captains while they waited for their food. When the food finally came, it was cold and was often not what had been ordered. While Mespoulets explained what the unordered food was, telling in detail how it was made and what the ingredients were, and offered hollow excuses, he dribbled mayonnaise, soup, or mint sauce over the guests, upset the coffee, and sometimes even managed to break a plate or two. I helped him as best I could.

At the end of a meal, Mespoulets usually presented the guest with somebody else's check, or it turned out that he had neglected to adjust the difference in price between what the guest had ordered and what he had got. By then the guest just held out his hand and cried, "Never mind, never mind, give it to me, just give it to me! I'll pay just to get out of here! Give it to me, for God's sake!" Then the guest would pay and go. He would stop on the way out at the maître d'hôtel's desk and show Monsieur Victor and his captains the spots on his clothes, bang on the desk, and swear he would never come back again. Monsieur Victor and his captains would listen, make faces of compassion, say "Oh!" and "Ah!," and look darkly toward us across the room and promise that we would be fired the same day. But the next day we would still be there.

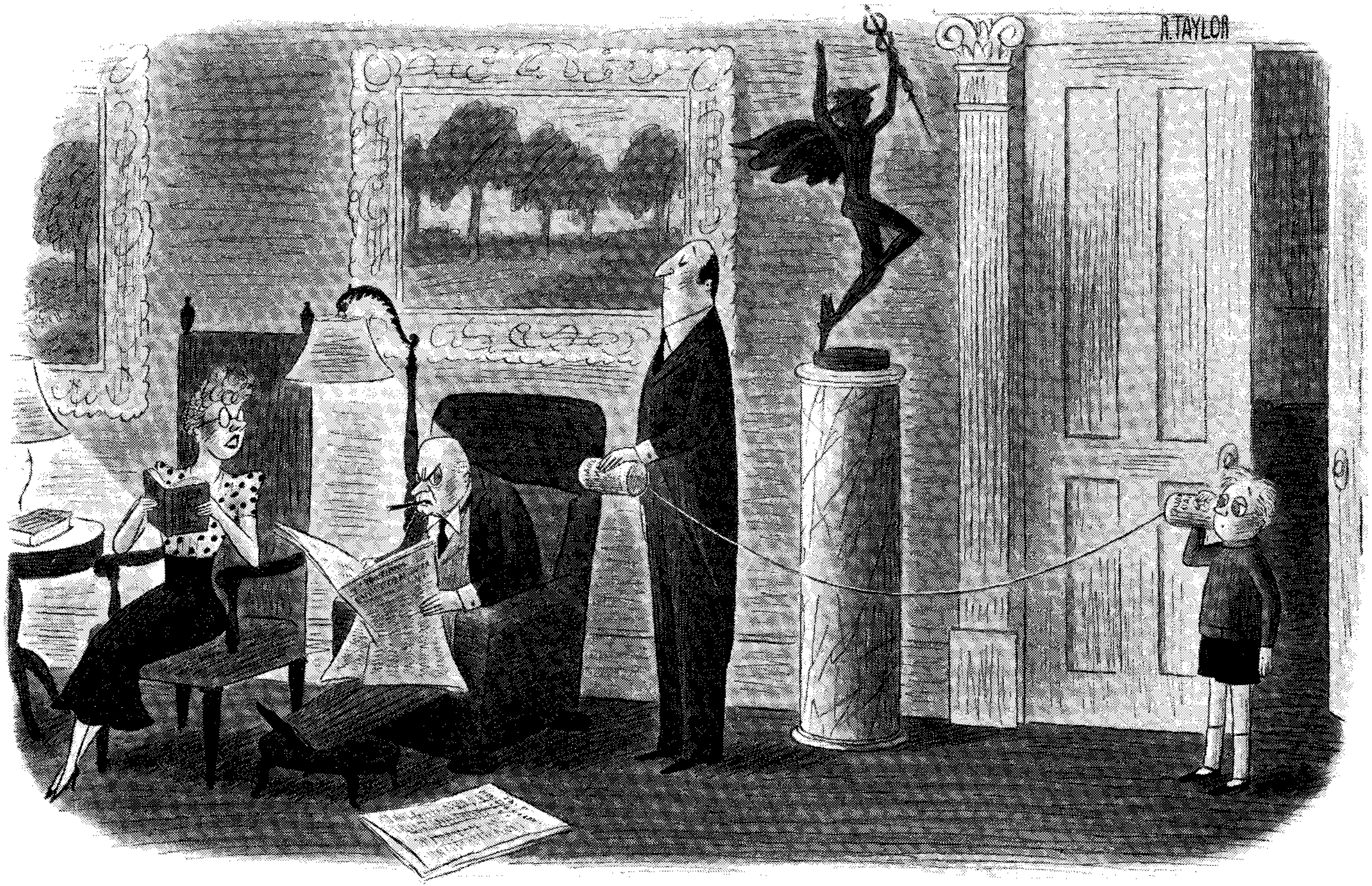
IN the hours between meals, while the other waiters were occupied filling salt and pepper shakers, oil and vinegar bottles, and mustard pots, and counting the dirty linen and dusting the chairs, Mespoulets would walk to a table near the entrance, right next to Monsieur Victor's own desk, overlooking the lounge of the hotel. There he adjusted a special reading lamp which he had demanded and obtained from the management, spread a piece of billiard cloth over the table, and arranged on top of this a large blotter and a small one, an inkstand, and half a dozen penholders. Then he drew up a chair and seated himself. He had a large assortment of fine copper pen points of various sizes, and he sharpened them on a piece of sandpaper. He would select the pen point and the holder he wanted and begin to make circles in the air. Then, drawing toward him a gilt-edged place card or a crested one, on which menus were written, he would go to work. When he had finished, he arranged the cards all over the table to let them dry, and sat there at ease, only a step or two from Monsieur Victor's desk, in a sector invaded by other waiters only when they were to be called down or to be discharged, waiters who came with nervous hands and frightened eyes to face Monsieur Victor. Mespoulet's special talent set him apart, and he was further distinguished by the fact that he was permitted to wear glasses, a privilege denied all other waiters no matter how nearsighted or astigmatic. He was permitted to wear glasses, of course, because he was a penman.

It was said of Mespoulets variously that he was the father, the uncle, or the brother of Monsieur Victor. It was also said of him that he had once been the director of a lycée in Paris. The truth was that he had never known Monsieur Victor on the other side, and I do not think there was any secret between them, only an understanding, a subtle sympathy of some kind. I got to know Mespoulets intimately. I learned that at one time he had been a tutor to a family in which there was a very beautiful daughter and that this was something he did not like to talk about. He loved animals almost as dearly as he loved the French language. He had taken it upon himself to watch over the fish which were in an aquarium in the outer lobby of the hotel, he fed the pigeons in the courtyard, and he extended his interest to the birds and beasts and crustaceans that came alive to the kitchen. He begged the cooks to deal quickly, as painlessly as could be, with lobsters and terrapins. If a guest brought a dog to our section, Mespoulets was mostly under the table with the dog. It got well fed and it left with a bone between its teeth, trailing happily after its master, who usually was fuming.

AT mealtime, while we waited for the few guests who came our way, Mespoulets sat out in the linen closet on a small box where he could keep an eye on our tables through the partly open door. He leaned comfortably against a pile of tablecloths and napkins. At his side was an ancient "Grammaire Française," and while his hands were folded in his lap, the palms up, the thumbs cruising over them in small, silent circles, he made me repeat exercises, simple, compact, and easy to remember. He knew them all by heart and soon I did, too. He made me go over and over them until my pronunciation was right. All of them were about animals. There were: "The Sage Salmon," "The Cat and the Old Woman," "The Society of Beavers," "The Bear in the Swiss Mountains," "The Intelligence of the Partridge," "The Lion of Florence," and "The Bird in a Cage."



"Well, I hardly know where to begin."



"Oh, don't be such a pill, Father—say 'hello' to the child!"

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We started with "The Sage Salmon" in January that year and were at the end of "The Bear in the Swiss Mountains" when the summer garden opened in May. At that season business fell off for dinner, and all during the summer we were busy only at luncheon. Mespoulets had time to go home in the afternoons and he suggested that I continue studying there.

He lived in the house of a relative on West Twenty-fourth Street. On the sidewalk in front of the house next door stood a large wooden horse, painted red, the sign of a saddlemaker. Across the street was a place where horses were auctioned off, and up the block was an Italian poultry market with a picture of a chicken painted on its front. Hens and roosters crowded the market every morning.

Mespoulets occupied a room and bath on the second floor rear. The room was papered green and over an old couch hung a print of van Gogh's "Bridge at Arles," which was not a common picture then. There were bookshelves, a desk covered with papers, and over the desk a large bird cage hanging from the ceiling.

In this cage, shaded with a piece of the hotel's billiard cloth, lived a miserable old canary. It was bald-headed, its eyes were like peppercorns, its feet were no longer able to cling to the roost, and it sat in the sand, in a corner, looking like a withered chrysanthemum that had been thrown away. On summer afternoons, near the bird, we studied "The Intelligence of the Partridge" and "The Lion of Florence."

Late in August, on a chilly day that seemed like fall, Mespoulets and I began "The Bird in the Cage." The lesson was:

L'OISEAU EN CAGE

Voilà sur ma fenêtre un oiseau qui vient visiter le mien. Il a peur, il s'en va, et le pauvre prisonnier s'attriste, s'agite comme pour s'échapper. Je ferais comme lui, si j'étais à sa place, et cependant je le retiens. Vais-je lui ouvrir? Il irait voler, chanter, faire son nid; il serait heureux; mais je ne l'aurais plus, et je l'aime, et je veux l'avoir. Je le garde. Pauvre petit, tu seras toujours prisonnier; je jouis de toi aux dépens de ta liberté, je te plains, et je te garde. Voilà comme le plaisir l'emporte sur la justice.

Mespoulets looked up at the bird and said to me, "Find some adjective to use with '*fenêtre*,' '*oiseau*,' '*peur*,' '*nid*,' '*liberté*,' '*plaisir*,' and '*justice*,' " and while I searched for them in our dictionary, he went to a shelf and took from it a cigar box. There was one cigar in it. He took this out, wiped off the box with his handkerchief, and then went to a drawer and got a large penknife, which he opened. He felt the blade. Then he went to the cage, took the bird out, laid it on the closed cigar box, and quickly cut off its head. A little pond of transparent, oily blood appeared on the cigar box. One claw opened slowly and the bird and its head lay still.

Mespoulets washed his hands, rolled the box, the bird, and knife into a newspaper, put it under his arm, and took his hat from a stand. We went out and walked up Eighth Avenue. At Thirty-fourth Street he stopped at a trash can and put his bundle into it. "I don't think he wanted to live any more," he said. —LUDWIG BEMELMANS

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Miss Leigh and Olivier plan to be married after they take "Romeo and Juliet" on tour (and after their divorces become final).—*Providence Evening Bulletin.*

These pesky afterthoughts!

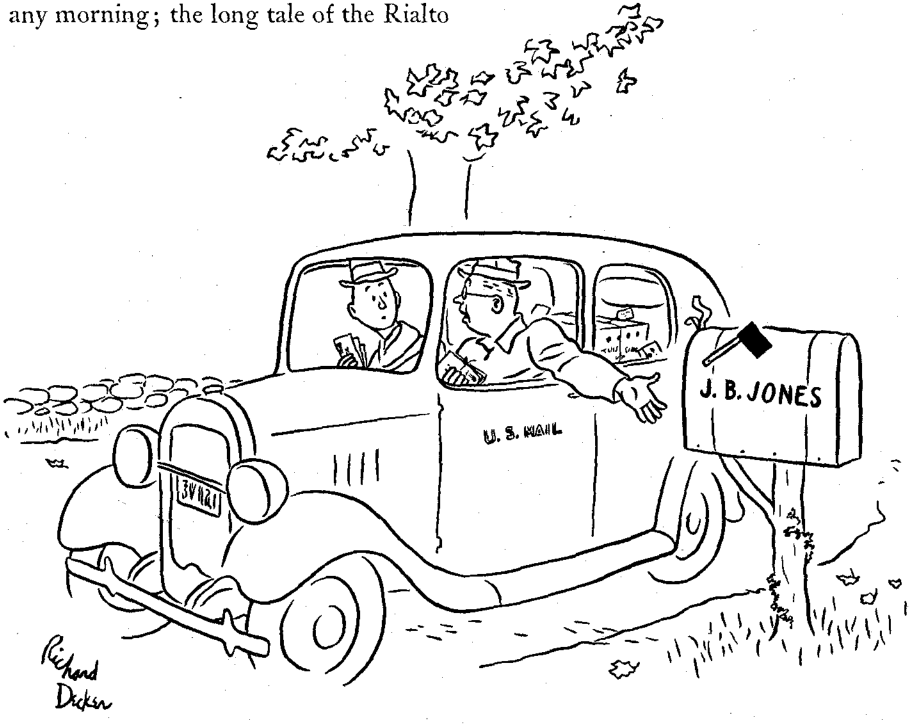
NICE NEWS IF YOU CAN GET IT

THE reason the *Times* is my favorite newspaper is that it's not afraid to tackle anything. This quality pervades the whole newspaper, but is best exemplified, to my way of thinking, in "News of the Stage," a gallant little department which appears daily on the *Times* dramatic page. While Brooks Atkinson deals only with *faits accomplis*, the plays which actually get produced, "News of the Stage" is concerned with dramatic projects so nebulous that sometimes they're no more than a twinkle in Lee Shubert's eye. I read this column every day not because of any unusual interest in the stage but because it is, to borrow a phrase from Walter Winchell, superb reportage. It gives me a vivid, clear-cut picture of a moment in time, unrelated to the past or the future. It tells not what this town's producers, actors, and playwrights have done, or what they're going to do, but what they think they're doing at the hour the *Times* goes to press. "News of the Stage" is in this respect comparable only to those photographs obtained by rigging up a camera and flashlight beside a forest water hole in such a way that the animals, coming there at night to drink, touch them off by stepping on a concealed wire. You don't know where the creatures have come from, or where they're going, but there they are, unposed and altogether appealing.

If you're not familiar with "News of the Stage," you can start from scratch any morning; the long tale of the Rialto has no beginning and no end. I find that it makes excellent early-morning reading, serving as a transition between dreamland and the world of reality.

As an old "News of the Stage" *aficionado*, I would advise the novice to single out one strand of the bright, tangled skein, beginning with, say, a loose end like this: "T. D. Zimmerman having allowed his option on Everard Rosser's unnamed comedy to lapse, it has been acquired by the firm of Tilden and Wannup, who plan an early production, with Rountree Pratt in a leading role." Remember this, and wait a few days. Sure enough, there will be another mention in "News of the Stage": "Rountree Pratt arrives today from the West Coast to discuss the possibility of appearing under the aegis of Mark Gomling in a comedy tentatively entitled 'Good Humor.' This would be the Everard Rosser play previously held by the firm of Tilden and Wannup."

Two days later: "From the office of Tilden and Wannup comes word that the play Rountree Pratt is discussing with Mark Gomling is not the Everard Rosser play mentioned in this connection. The firm has not despaired of securing Rountree's services for their production. . . . Mark Gomling has been unable to sign Rountree Pratt for his forthcoming production of the comedy 'Good Humor' because of the actor's previous commitments on the Coast."



"You'll get the hang of it. For instance, everything addressed to J. B. Jones goes here."

A week later: "Mark Gomling has tentatively set Jackson Collop for the play previously intended for Rountree Pratt. The author is Clinton Petrie, and not, as previously announced, Everard Rosser. Petrie wishes it understood that the play is not a comedy, nor is it entitled 'Good Humor.' It is said to be a tragedy about a Good Humor man."

Next day: "Jackson Collop left for California yesterday at noon, to step into a role left vacant by Christopher Doon's sudden departure for New York. . . . Mark Gomling has abandoned plans for a production of Clinton Petrie's tragedy, and T. D. Zimmerman is understood to be interested, provided he can secure the services of June Tillip."

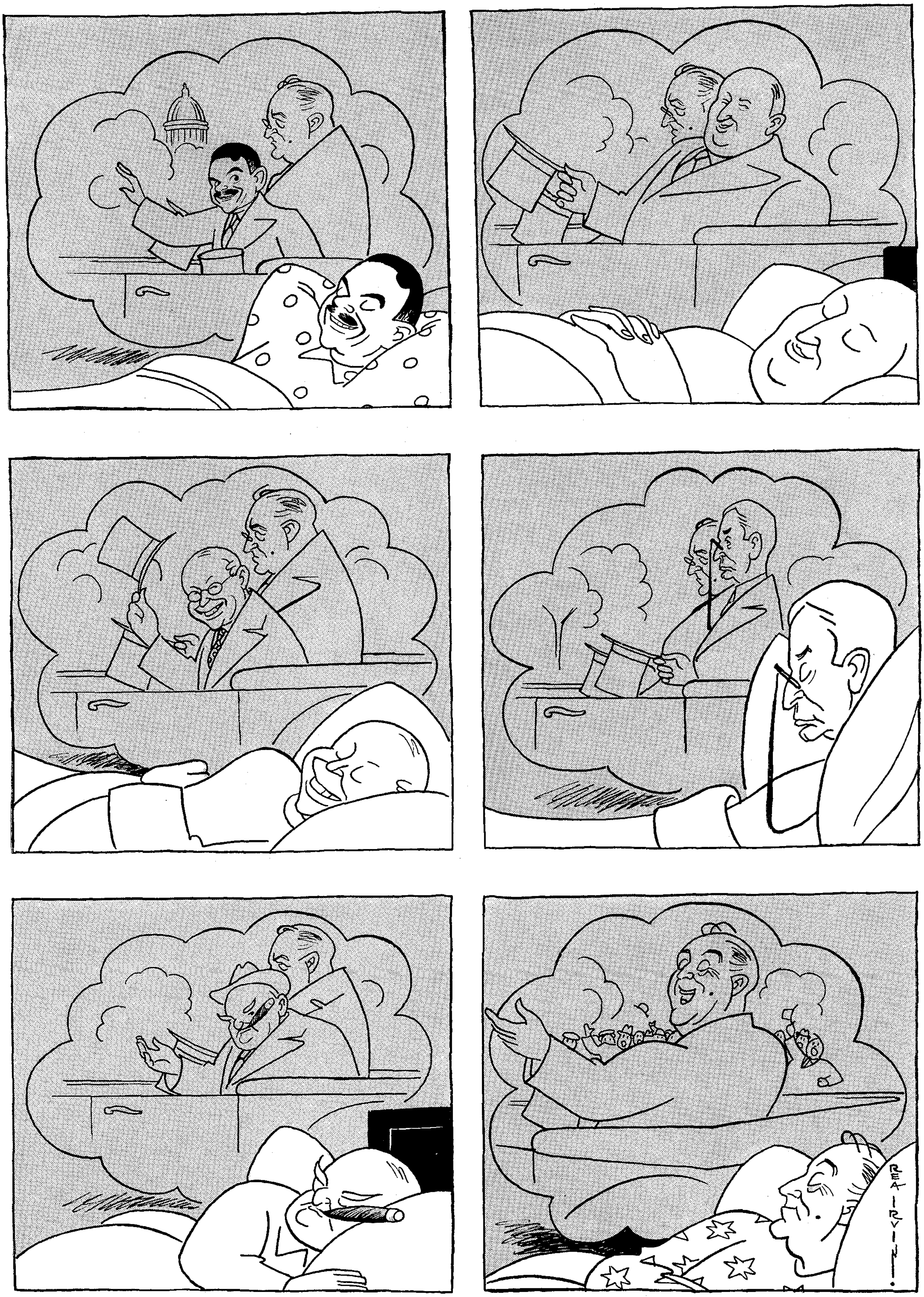
Twelve days later: "Christopher Doon and June Tillip are understood to have signed with Tilden and Wannup for an appearance this season in Everard Rosser's comedy, 'Buy Me That.' "

Next day: "Everard Rosser wishes it understood that Tilden and Wannup, in spite of previous announcements, have no interest in his new comedy. It is now being considered by T. D. Zimmerman as a vehicle for Rountree Pratt."

Four days later: "T. D. Zimmerman, Mark Gomling, and B. Z. Tilden are all in Florida. John Wannup is recuperating from a nervous upset in Doctors' Hospital."

By this time it is summer, and everybody goes to work in a little theatre.

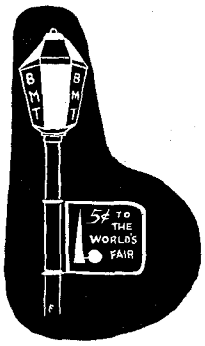
I SUPPOSE it's too much to ask that the *Times* should report all non-theatrical commercial activity this thoroughly, but it's a nice idea. On the real-estate page, for example, instead of the editor waiting until he was able to print a bald announcement that such-and-such an apartment had been rented to such-and-such a party, it would be nice if he could keep us abreast of the negotiations, thus: "Mr. and Mrs. Walter Flamm are considering apartment 5E at 666 East Fifty-fourth Street. It is understood that the only obstacle is the size of the closets. Tishman's are offering a month's concession on the rent, and their agent is lunching with the Flamms tomorrow, to see if they can come to terms." Or, among the social notes, "Mrs. Esterbrook Farrish has temporarily reached a halt in her plans for her daughter Jane's coming-out party. Mr. Farrish is understood to have said that as long as that fellow is in the White House there's no chance of giving a party at the Ritz." I simply pass this along to the *Times* as an idea, with all my love. —RUSSELL MALONEY


REA IRVIN

THE WILSONS

MOTHER'S DAY

THE May sunlight came into Chester Wilson's room through an open window and fell on a cellophane box, heightening the colors of the twelve powder puffs within it. Of them all, Chester Wilson liked least the pure-white one on top and was fondest of the deep-coral puff that ended the scale of color. He had been to every drugstore in the downtown part of Providence before he had found this box. On the floor beside him now was a piece of cerise paper with bluebirds printed on it and a roll of acid-green ribbon an inch wide and decorated with pink dwarfs. He looked at the paper and at the cellophane box. He picked up the ribbon and unrolled a yard of it, the better to examine the dwarfs. Then he sighed and let the ribbon fall to the floor, where it lay in curves complicated by the white paper ribbon that had lined it. It was *so* hard to decide! The box with the puffs was beautiful. The paper and the ribbon were more beautiful. Yet it might be better not to wrap the box but just put the card on it, "For Mother with love from Chester," and give it to her like that. He snapped his forefinger against the box; it made a nice, sharp noise, but it didn't help him to solve his problem.



It was at this point that his sister, Hilda, came into the room. She was fifteen—five years older than Chester. She walked on the paper before she saw it, and the paper crackled.

"Hey!" said Chester. "Look out, will you!"

"I'm sorry," said Hilda. "I didn't mean to, did I?"

"Well, look out, that's all." Chester picked up the paper and looked at it. It was undamaged.

Hilda sat on a day bed that was covered with cushions and a bright-yellow flowered spread. "What's that you got?" she asked.

"Gee," said Chester, "if you'd spoiled that paper!" In his mind there was no longer any uncertainty; the box had to be wrapped up, and it was a mercy Hilda hadn't spoiled the wrapping paper.

"Did I hurt it?" Hilda asked rhetorically. "Did I?"

"It's just lucky you didn't," he said.

"Well, what is it? What have you got powder puffs for?"

"Just something."

"Whose birthday is it? It's not mine, or Mother's, or Miss Friederichs'."

"No."

"It's not Pop's. You couldn't give powder puffs to Pop, anyway."

Chester said nothing, but placed the box on the centre of the paper and began to fold the paper around it.

"No," Hilda said to him. "You'll spoil it. That's not the way."

"It's the way I do it," said Chester.

"It's not right," she said. "You're making an awful mess. Here, let me do it."

"All right." Chester got up from the floor and sat on the edge of a table. Hilda knelt in his place. She swiftly and deftly wrapped the paper about the box.

"Golly!" she said. "Where did you ever find such awful paper and ribbon?"

"They're not awful," said Chester. "I like them. I bought them at Woolworth's myself."

"Do you really *like* them?"

"Sure," he said. "They're good. The dwarfs are good, too. They're all different till they begin again."

"Well!" said Hilda. She shut her mouth firmly and took the ribbon and tied up the box, finishing with a fine double bowknot. "There!" she said. "Isn't that nice?"

"Yeah," said Chester, "that's neat."

"You might say thank you," she said, fifteen instructing ten.

"O.K.," he said. "Thanks. But you asked to do it."

"I did it to be kind. Have you got a label?"

"Yes."

"Let's have it, and I'll put it on correctly." She smiled slyly.

"No. I'll put on the label." Chester thrust his hand in his pocket and pulled out a purple card on which he had already written his inscription. At the top of the card was the pink face of a gray-haired woman with steel-rimmed glasses, and under it was printed in gold letters, "We never forget you, Mother dear! For all the days of the whole year!" Chester kept this side toward him and exposed only the back to Hilda.

"You're mean not to tell me who it's for," Hilda said, "after I did it up for you. You're just plain mean." She rose from her knees and returned to the day bed.

"Well, it's a surprise," said Chester.

"For me?"

"Naw!" he said. "It's for Mother."

"Oh. But why for Mother now?"

"Ha! Ha! Ha! You forgot! It's Mother's Day."

"Oh!" said Hilda.

"Yah," he cried, "you forgot!"

"Mother's Day! My God!" said Hilda.

"You hadn't ought to say 'My God,' " he said. "Mother says so, and anyway, why do you say 'My God' like that for?"

"Mother's Day!" said Hilda. "I never heard of such a thing! Mother's Day!"

"Whatsa matter with Mother's Day?"

"My God!" she said. "Mother's Day! Why, you poor little child, don't you know that that's just a—a—device, yes, a *device*, of the people who have shops to make people buy things?"

"That's not so!" he declared. "Who told you so?"

"Oh, *all* the girls at school know *that!*"

"That old Tisdale School!" he said. "When you went to high school you used to give Mother things on Mother's Day."

"I did not!"

"You did so. It's just that old Tisdale School."

"It's a fine, good, beautiful, *private* school," she said, "and they know more there than they know in forty high schools. If Mother had her way, *you'd* be in a private school, too. It's only Pop that keeps you in a grade school. All the girls at *my* school just laugh at Mother's Day. They know it's a device. Just a device. A sort of panacea."

"A what?"

"It's a sort of a thing that makes things better when they're bad."

"Well, I don't care," he said. He had by now tied on his card. He lifted his parcel carefully and went to the door. "I don't care. Mother's Day is O.K., and I'm going to give my present to her now, and I bet you're sorry you haven't got one when I'm giving her one."

"I wouldn't dream of it," she said.

"You just forgot it."

"I did not. It's just I wouldn't *dream* of giving presents on such a thing as *Mother's Day.*"

"Aw nuts!" he said, and left the room.

HILDA let Chester get well ahead of her and then rose and very quietly followed him down the stairs. She stopped at the door to the living room and peeked in. Chester was just giving the parcel to Mother, who was sitting by the window. Neither of them saw her.

"For *me!*" Mother exclaimed. "Why, Chester, how darling of you! I'm so excited! What can it be?"

"You hafta open it," he said. "Just open it."

"Oh," she cried, "I can hardly wait!" She undid the bow, slipped off the ribbon, looked at the card, and tucked the ribbon down in the chair beside her. "Aren't you glad I haven't got gray hair, darling?" she said. Then she unwrapped the parcel. "Oh," she cried again, "powder puffs! How lovely! I need them so badly—how did you ever guess? And all different colors. Darling! And on Mother's Day, too. You didn't forget!" She leaned forward and kissed him.

"You like them?" Chester asked.

"They're lovely," she said. "And so *beautifully* done up. I didn't think you could do up a parcel so neatly."

Hilda stirred slightly and drew back further from the doorway.

"I didn't do it," Chester said. "Hilda done it up."

"Did it up."

"Yes."

"How nice of Hilda!"

"But she said it was dopey to give you things on Mother's Day. She said Mother's Day was a device and a sort of a panatrope of people to make me buy things. She said all the girls in her old Tisdale School said it was a device, and she laughed at me."

"Did she? I wonder where she picked up—well, never mind. I *love* my powder puffs, and I'm so glad you gave me a present!"

"It's O.K.," Chester said. "Is it O.K. if I go out now for a while?"

"Yes. Where are you going?"

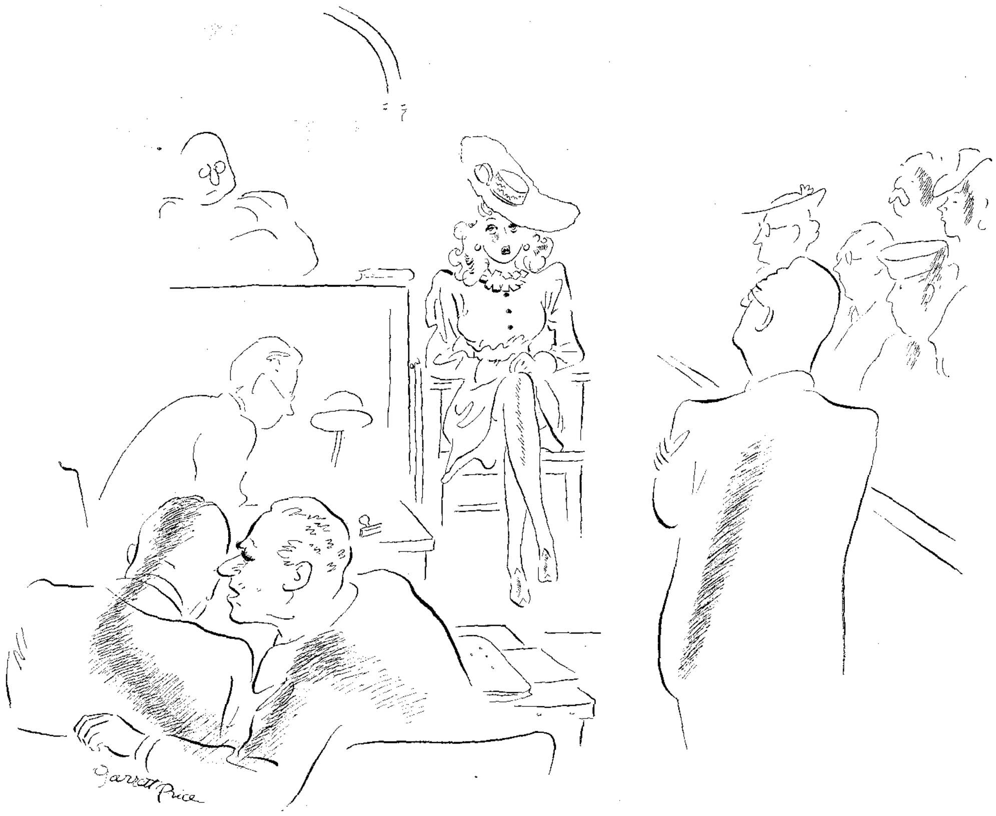
"I've got to see Hector," he said. "He ought to be in the garage, maybe fixing the new car."

"But don't bother him, will you? Chauffeurs don't like to be bothered, darling. Particularly on Sundays."

"No," Chester said, "I won't. I just got to see him about something pretty important." He turned and left her, going out of the room by the glass door that gave on the side yard. As soon as the door had closed behind him, Hilda came into the room.

"Hello, Mother," she said.

"Well, Hilda," her mother said. "It was sweet of you to do up Chester's cunning present."



"I thought we were just going to offer her as Exhibit A, and not put her on the stand at all."

"He was just ruining the paper," said Hilda. "Mother, do you think Mother's Day is a good idea?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"Because . . ." said Hilda. "Why, all the girls at Tisdale say it's just a device of the shopkeepers to get people to buy more. They say only common people pay any attention to Mother's Day. Isn't that true?"

"Well," said her mother, "people who are—well, sophisticated, like us, don't go in for it much any more, of course."

"But Chester and I *used* to give you things on Mother's Day, and you didn't tell us not to," Hilda said. "Just last year we gave you something."

"Oh, well," her mother said, "I didn't want to hurt your feelings. You were younger then. Now that you see what it's all about, that makes it different, doesn't it? But there's no *harm* in Mother's Day. What girls told you, darling?"

"Janice," Hilda said, "and lots of others. Luli Desmond, for instance. And Ellen Medford said it was all nonsense and vulgar, and sort of commercial, sort of."

"Oh. Yes, it is. In a way. But Chester is so *young*, Hilda."

"Well, you didn't mind my not giving you something this year, did you, Mother?"

"Mind? Certainly not! I'd expect you to be too grown-up now. My big daughter, fifteen! Imagine! Of course I don't mind. Why should I when I think the whole business is rather cheap and ordinary—except, you see, for little Chester, who can't know better yet?"

"Yes," said Hilda. "Well . . ." She turned away and walked slowly upstairs. She went to her room and sat at her desk and stared out the window, feeling blank. A funny feeling. But at least Mother wouldn't know she had forgotten. She took out her diary and leafed over the pages from May 12. June. June 10. June 14. June 16, Father's Day. I bet Chester won't remember *that* one, she thought. Pop was so sweet! She made a note on the page of June 15: "Pop. Father's Day tomorrow." Just in case.

—Christopher La Farge

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From a story by Vivian Connell in Story Magazine]

And, as she ate into the pink flesh of a strawberry, Anthony knew all at once what he had wanted to know, that she was a virgin.

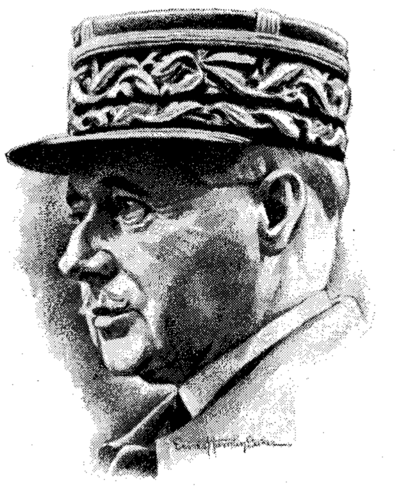
PROFILES

GENERALISSIMO—I

SINCE September 1, 1939, Maurice-Gustave Gamelin, Generalissimo of the Allied Armies, has been in the intellectual position, slightly disappointing to the lay observer, of a mathematical marvel who maintains that two and two make four. He sits on the Western Front, on the theory that if an army has no flanks, they cannot be turned, and that if an enemy is fortified behind enough concrete, one cannot advance without such a preponderance of heavy artillery as neither Germany nor the Allies have attained. "You can't get out of the concrete," he said last fall, regretfully. "There isn't enough heavy artillery in the world to get out of the concrete." For a general, this was an advanced and unorthodox admission; it showed that Gamelin had sufficient imagination to understand that there are differences as well as analogies between wars. This quality distinguishes him from the German generals who once thought that 1914 had to be a repetition of 1870, and from those of his own compatriots who were sure that 1939 would be a rehash of 1914. "The last war developed a stage of stagnation after the fall of 1914," he recently said. "This one begins with stagnation. The other then developed a stage of attrition, with the Allies trying to kill two Germans for every Allied casualty. This has been a war of accumulation, with us building two planes for every one the Germans can build. The object is the same—to reach a definite superiority."

In a sixty-seven-year-old general who started the last war as a forty-two-year-old major imbued with the doctrine of headlong attack, this realistic statement illustrates what one of Gamelin's old comrades calls the Generalissimo's "luminosity of mind." Marshal Philippe Pétain, a military thinker of the same realistic school, has written, "Before winning a war you must make sure not to lose it," and also, somewhat more explicitly, "It is a sordid thing to mention, but a human being cannot advance when, caught in barbed wire, he has been hit in the head or the spinal marrow by a metal projectile from a machine gun he never had any chance of seeing. No patriotic enthusiasm, no moral ardor, can affect this fact." Both Marshal Pétain and General Gamelin began their careers in the infantry, and it is the infantry that gets caught in the barbed wire, a consideration that has doubtless affected their point of view. Neither man prefers stagnation. Gamelin has almost a passion for what is known among military men as the "war of movement." As recently as 1931 he believed that the game to decide the rubber between France and Germany—like all of his colleagues, he thought that another war was inevitable—would be an epic of maneuver, with relatively small, highly mechanized German units dashing about on a front of five hundred kilometres (he took it for granted they would invade Belgium again) and somewhat larger but less specialized French columns trying to pin them down. Hans von Seeckt, the general who created the postwar Reichswehr, did his best to popularize the idea of the "war of movement" in Germany, but failed. In 1935, universal military service was restored in the Reich, and the French knew then that they would again have to fight a war of numbers, with none of the pretty touches that appeal to the professional military man.

Whatever form this war ultimately takes, and wherever the arena, it will not be necessary for the French to improvise a plan of combat. Before the war began, they had plans for fighting any possible combination of powers on any possible terrain. "Like a timetable," Gamelin explains. "Trains in all directions." Until he knows which page of the timetable to consult, he will go tranquilly about his business. After all, in the last war he was the officer nearest the heart of his old chief, Joffre, the good general who never skipped one course of a dinner, even during the first battle of the Marne. Some Frenchmen, astonished by Gamelin's calm, attribute it to the fact that his ancestors came from Flanders and Lorraine, in the northeast of France. They forget that Joffre came from the extreme south of the country and, according to the same regional doctrine, should have been as peppery as a Basque sausage.



General Gamelin

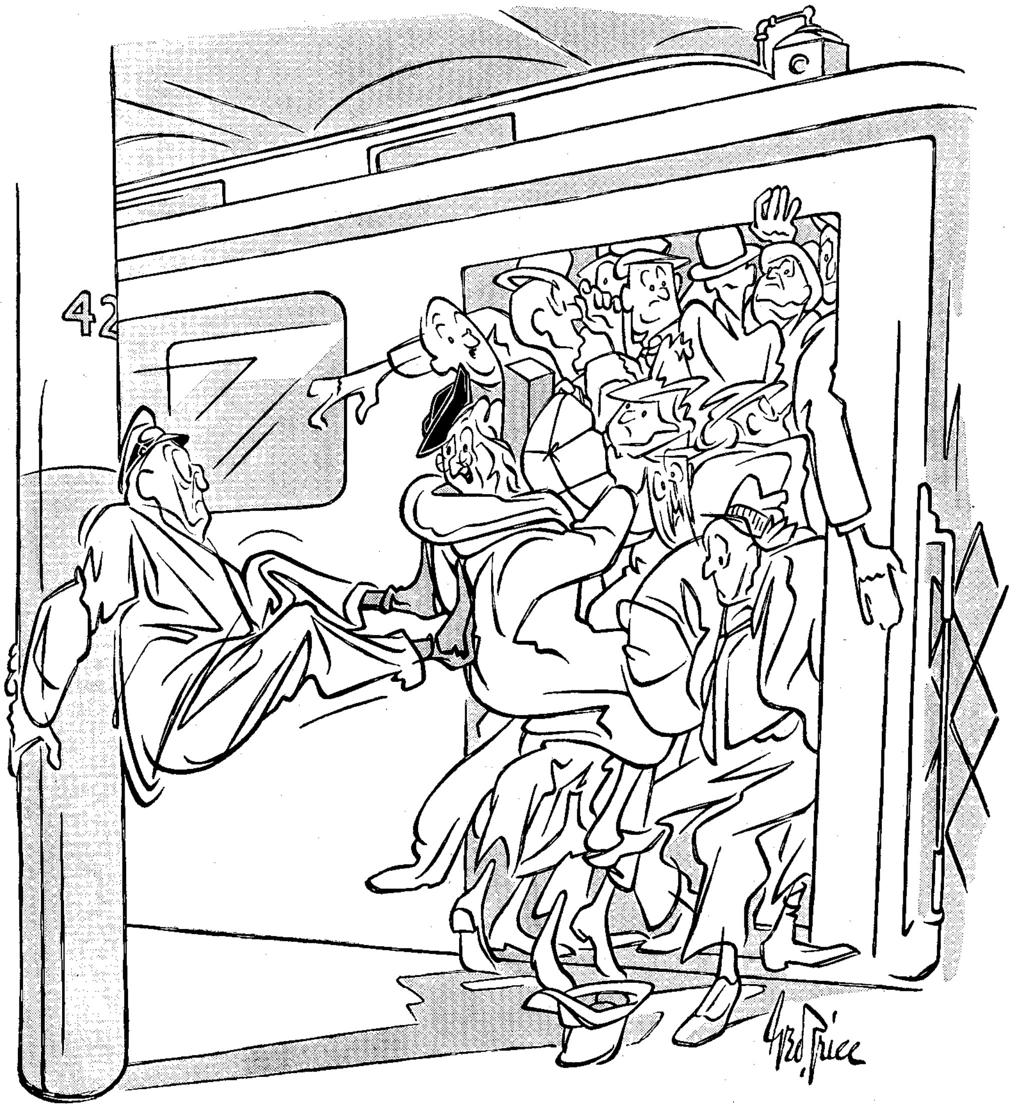
WHEN Gamelin is in Paris, he uses as his study a panelled Louis XV room at the Ecole Militaire which for years served as Joffre's study. The square on which the Ecole stands was renamed the Place Maréchal-Joffre after the first World War, and an equestrian statue of the Marshal, who rode regularly and grimly to keep his weight down, stands in the centre. The ivory-tinted walls, still decorated with crowns and fleurs-de-lis in gold, display large paintings of the battles of Fontenoy and Lawfeld, eighteenth-century victories of the French Army. On a cold day the room is heated by a small gas fire. In the anterooms are steel engravings of difficult Alpine defiles captured by the French in 1800. The entire place is reminiscent of an ancient, successful business house which knows how to adapt itself to new conditions without descending to brashness. Cultivated, unpretentious, a man who for all his flexibility respects tradition, Gamelin fits perfectly into this somewhat Dickensian setting. The Generalissimo is five feet four inches tall, which is not conspicuously short for a Frenchman. He has a good, round Flemish head, his hair is blond and parted in the middle, his cheeks are rosy pink, and he wears a sandy mustache, which has recently taken an optimistic, upward curl. The Generalissimo has the face of a skeptical but indulgent Dutch uncle in a Frans Hals painting, although in newspaper photographs he often appears grim and strained, owing to the discomfort he feels before a camera.

Publicity has become one of the most irritating burdens of his life, because it takes up so much of his time and because he is rarely able to satisfy his interviewers, being compelled to speak in only the most discreet generalities. To a man of Gamelin's sensitiveness, it is painful to disappoint anybody. The sensitiveness is not merely something that people read into his facial expressions. Once, chatting casually with an American newspaper correspondent after the new war had started, he asked where the man's family came from. The American said Austria, and Gamelin, thinking that his visitor might be embarrassed since Austria is part of an enemy country, said, "I have relatives in Austria, too. Some of my mother's ancestors went there with Francis, the Duke of Lorraine who married Maria Theresa." Almost everybody in Paris has heard the story of a needy woman who wrote to Mme. Gamelin last fall asking for some sort of help and received a letter from the Generalissimo beginning, "I am sorry that my wife is too busy to answer your request."

Gamelin's costume, even on an off day, is likely to be colorful from the waist up, since protocol appears to demand that a generalissimo wear at least part of every decoration conferred on him by a foreign power. He wears about twenty ribbons. However, his feet and legs are comfortable, as an infantryman's should be. Sometimes he wears canvas leggings and brogues, at others the sort of laced boots a Maine guide uses. When Gamelin was a young officer he walked all over France, much as a careful jockey tramps a course before a race. Infantrymen may be transported in camions nowadays, but it will always take good legs to make a general.

In Gamelin's manner there is something of Marshal de Turenne, the great seventeenth-century soldier whom a contemporary described as "modest personally but proud of his rank." He would rather be a generalissimo than anything else in the world, but it would seem curious to him to go about impersonating a generalissimo, because he is one. In this Gamelin is representative of the French *officiers de carrière*, whom he calls "a tribe apart." In the course of years, the German and English armies have formed officer types so traditionalized that even the young lieutenants whom Kipling called "sons of small clothiers and large grocers" become *ersatz Junkers* or brummagem squires before they arrive at a captaincy. The French, when they hear of generals who are steeplechase riders or seven-goal polo players, pretend to be delighted but are slightly dismayed; such accomplishments strike them as extraneous to war, like the late General von Fritsch's monocle or Hindenburg's *Mensur* scar. Courage is taken for granted in the profession; aspirants who lack it drop out early, like medical students who can't stand cadavers. Except for this common quality, French generals tend to vary as greatly as professors or lawyers. There was a time, however, when French officers affected a more standardized manner. Gamelin is fond of telling a story about a great-grandfather on his mother's side who commanded the fortified town of Phalsbourg when the Germans and Russians invaded France in 1814. This old gentleman has acquired a kind of immortality in a boys' book called "The Blockade," which is as standard reading in France as "The Deerslayer" in the United States. He wore a purple silk nightcap when he wasn't fighting, always kept a demijohn of rum on the mantel, and once, when he was summoned to surrender his city, said he would surrender only if a shell set fire to the handkerchief in his breast pocket. Fashions in officers change, like fashions in warfare; the only tradition which has to be preserved, the French think, is that of winning.

As a career officer, Gamelin has had as little as possible to do with civil politics, although he is known as a good Army politician. Officers too strongly tinged with any brand of civil politics are sure to run into trouble in a country whose government oscillates incessantly between Right and Left. The General is neither a militant Catholic nor an anticlerical, being what his friends call "a believer but not a strict observer." He thinks that by refraining from politics he may shame the politicians into leaving the Army alone. In France, where all of a Deputy's constituents are reservists or fathers of soldiers, many of the favors asked of Deputies, even in time of peace, pertain to the Army. A constituent feels that he or his son has been the object of discrimination, or would like a transfer to a garrison in a different department, or wants a chance to display an unsus-



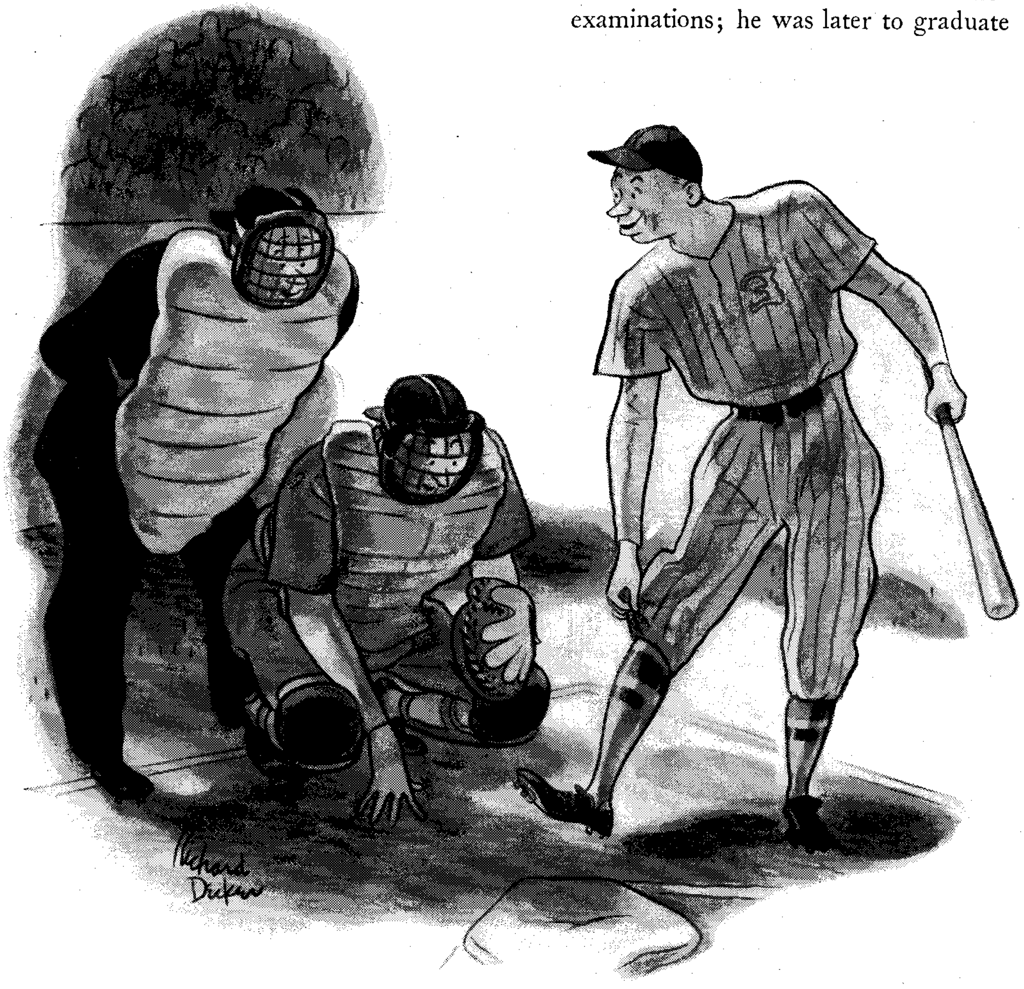
"Gently, sir. It's Mother's Day."

pected talent for flying an airplane. He goes to his Deputy as an American might go to a congressman. The art of turning away statesmen without hurting their feelings is a necessary talent in a commander in chief, particularly between wars. The most effective formula is a mixture of courtesy and unspoken reproach, so that the Deputy will feel like a dog for having wanted to meddle with sacred things. One of the few occasions on which Gamelin has showed anger occurred in 1934, when politicians tried to make him Minister of War. He refused the proffered portfolio almost as if he had been insulted, and stayed with the Army.

He has carried his political impartiality into the international field. Like most French generals, he thinks of the class struggle as something invented by the Germans to undermine the morale of the French Army, but for military reasons he was for years a sincere advocate of the Russian alliance. "Obviously," he says now, "the Russian Army in 1936 presented a certain interest as a collaborator. They had some tanks and planes which were not bad." The late Russian Marshal Tukachevsky was a fairly frequent caller at Gamelin's office in those days, and the Generalissimo speaks of his death with regret and a touch of military humor. "They should not have shot all the officers," he says. "From the point of view of organization, it was a mistake." Marshal Badoglio of Italy is another old acquaintance. The only general staff on which Gamelin has never had any friends is the German. His feelings about Germans, if he were to define them, would probably resemble the attitude of a United States Department of Agriculture chemist toward potato bugs. Once, in a technical paper about a battle, Gamelin wrote, "The Germans knew their business, too," but he seemed annoyed about it.

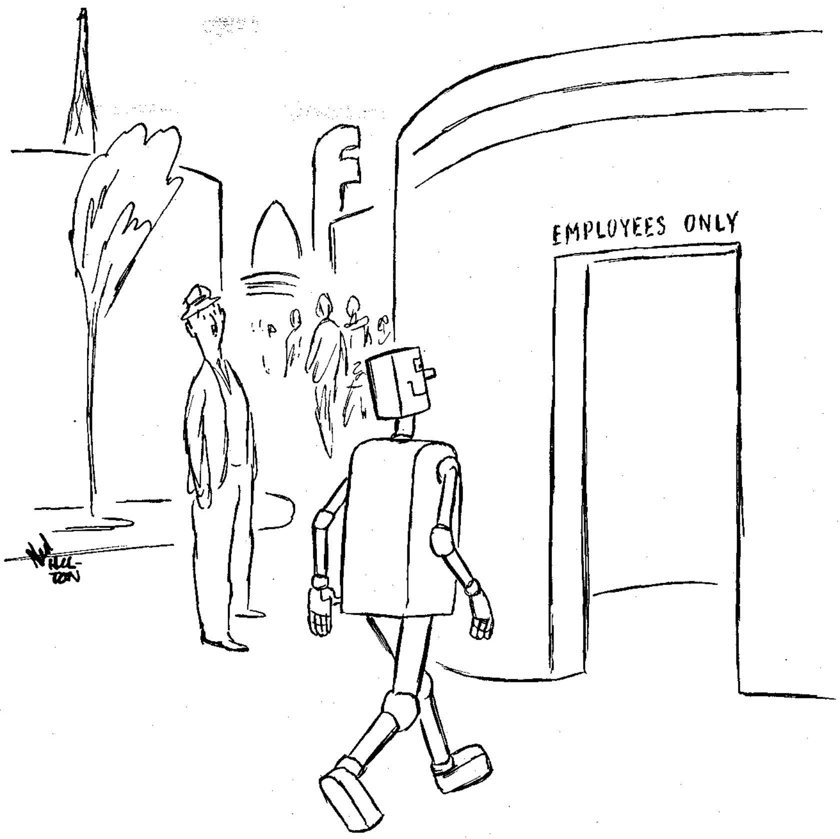
THE late Marshal Lyautey once said that the one mistake he had made all through life was to underestimate himself. It is unlikely that Gamelin, although a soft-spoken man, has ever made this error. On the day in 1891 when he arrived at St. Cyr, the French training school for infantry officers, he was already self-confident and, while affable, slightly aloof from his comrades. He stood second in the entrance examinations; he was later to graduate first in his class. Gamelin's father had been Controller General of the French Army—a wound received at Solferino had removed him from the fighting services—and both his paternal and maternal families for four generations had produced numerous officers, although none of Gamelin's ancestors had risen as high in the Army as he was destined to.

French officers speak of their *promotion*, instead of class, the *promotion* dating from the year of matriculation, not of graduation. The St. Cyriens of the *promotion* of 1891 were not on the whole a solemn lot. Ever since the time of Napoleon, an artillerist, the more serious type of young military man had favored the Ecole Polytechnique, which turns out gunners and engineers. Both Foch and Joffre were Polytechnicians. Lectures at St. Cyr were held early in the morning or after dinner, which left the best part of the day open for field exercises. At the evening lectures the cadets made a practice of sleeping, which they tried to do as unobtrusively as possible. When a cadet was caught sleeping, he was marched off to an institution known as "the dungeon" to be incarcerated for four days on a diet of bread and water. One retired general of Gamelin's *promotion* says that the future Generalissimo was the only member of the *promotion* who never fell asleep. This was taken to indicate remarkable physical endurance as well as a scholarly turn of mind. Gamelin's comrades at St. Cyr have not been surprised by his success. They have always felt that something like this would happen to him. Gamelin is the only '91 man still in service. Twenty-eight per cent of the *promotion* were killed in the last war; the others have been retired.



"Nylon!"

IN the nineties, most young French soldiers thought of war with Germany as inevitable in the indefinite future. Africa, though, offered immediate adventure, so a great number of the budding officers planned for colonial careers. Gamelin appears to have been sure that another test of strength in Europe would come during his time. At St. Cyr he concentrated on the problems of European war as they were conceived by professors who were still annotating 1870. After graduating as a second lieutenant, he made a concession to the contemporary mode by serving three years with an Algerian regiment in Africa, but in 1899 he returned to Paris, where he entered the War College for French officers and studied topography and a species of military metaphysics then in



vogue. The war problems the officers concerned themselves with were on a grand scale but entirely theoretical. This was not their fault; there had been no great European war since 1871. One of his professors was Foch, at the time a colonel, who used to say to his students after propounding a problem, "Remember, the solution now counts only twenty-five per cent, the application of the solution in war later on seventy-five." Foch had a feeling that some of the favorite contemporary academic solutions would prove impracticable and he handed down to his students, along with unavoidably tentative doctrine, a critical mental attitude.

In 1906, by which time Gamelin was a captain, General Joffre, who had been in the colonies, came back to France to take command of a home division. General Joffre had never attended the War College and completely lacked the cachet of military mysticism acquired there. He felt he needed a confidential officer who could supply what he lacked, and chose Gamelin. Joffre, as a colonial veteran, had all the practical experience and Gamelin all the theory it was then possible for officers of the French Army to acquire. Each, in addition, had the capacity to learn from the other, and together they formed an intellectual entity.

The Joffre-Gamelin combination might have figured less conspicuously in history than it eventually did if it had not been for a series of events in 1911 for which neither man was responsible. Although the beginning of the war was actually three years off, the nation was in the midst of what had become a perennial war scare. A general named Michel, who at that time commanded the French Army, predicted that when the Germans attacked they would come through Belgium and would obtain a numerical superiority by throwing reserve divisions into their first offensive along with the regulars. He wanted the French to use their reserves in the same bizarre manner and also favored equipping each army corps with two batteries of heavy artillery. A Lieutenant Colonel de Grandmaison, an apostle of inspirational warfare, publicly disputed all the theories of General Michel in a series of three disquisitions at the War College. Grandmaison held that heavy artillery—and, for that matter, reservists—would just hamper the advance of a modern army, which would take the field aglow with the offensive spirit and, moving forward with Gallic celerity, bayonet the Germans before they knew what was up. It mattered little that the Bergsonian Lieutenant Colonel might be wrong, as was proved three years later. He reasoned brilliantly. The national weakness for reasoning things out decided the issue. The government relieved Michel of his command. The command was offered to General Gérald Pau, who declined because he feared political interference with his policies. The offer was next made to Joffre, a compromise candidate, and he accepted. Joffre was too much of a pragmatist to agree fully with either de Grandmaison or Michel until he had seen a war, and he foresaw that when the war began he would not have to worry about politicians. A man as young as Gamelin, who was then a major, could not, according to convention, be Chief of Staff of the French Army, so Joffre appointed to that post a general named Berthelot. Gamelin was made the head of the Commander in Chief's small group of advisers, or, as the post was called, the *Chef de Cabinet.*

When fighting began twenty-six years ago, Gamelin was in an ideal position to learn about war. Today, in his second war, he is careful not to be misled by what he learned. Between wars he once wrote, in a military textbook, a phrase of the sort the French like to call lapidary. "Experience should be a springboard under our feet," he wrote, "and not a ball and chain at our ankles."

—A. J. LIEBLING

(*This is the first of two articles on General Gamelin. The second will appear next week.*)

• •

MEMORY RHYME

(TO BE SUNG WHILE PACKING THE SUITCASE)

First the evening shoes and slippers
In their dainty bags with zippers.
Lay the pearly shirts beside,
Gleaming in their candid pride.
Pack the gaps with underclothes
And socks (and check the heels and toes).
Handkerchiefs, pajamas, ties
Shall be used to equalize.
Leave a just-sufficient space
For the bloated toilet case.
On the surface now dispose
Tenderly the evening clothes.
Stop! Unhappy who forgets
To include some cigarettes,
Evening collar, studs, and socks.
It is finished. Snap the locks.
(Don't forget the bag.) Depart
With a high and tranquil heart.

And returning, roll it all
Tight together in a ball.

—MORRIS BISHOP

THE THEATRE

HELLO TO ARMS

THE case for American neutrality, already about as old-fashioned as the case for Negro slavery, got another nasty uppercut last week when the Theatre Guild and the Playwrights' Company produced Robert E. Sherwood's play called "There Shall Be No Night." Writing with tremendous sincerity, burning indignation, and occasional high eloquence, Mr. Sherwood says that unless the rest of the world unites in arms against Fascism, we are all headed back to the Dark Ages in a hand basket. It is not fair to call this play a manifestation of the jingo spirit. Mr. Sherwood has none of the late Theodore Roosevelt's boyish enthusiasm for slaughter as a kind of glorified Wild West Show. He hates war as bitterly as the strictest isolationist and advocates it now—I don't think "There Shall Be No Night" can be taken as much less than a plea for our immediate and total entry on the Allied side—only because he knows no other way to preserve the kind of life that self-respecting men and women can live. To those who can only see America heading for a more disastrous folly than 1917, the purity of Mr. Sherwood's motives won't make a lot of difference. They are going to deplore this play and fear its effect on the enormous number of people who can never resist a bugle call. I'm not sure that I'm not with them.

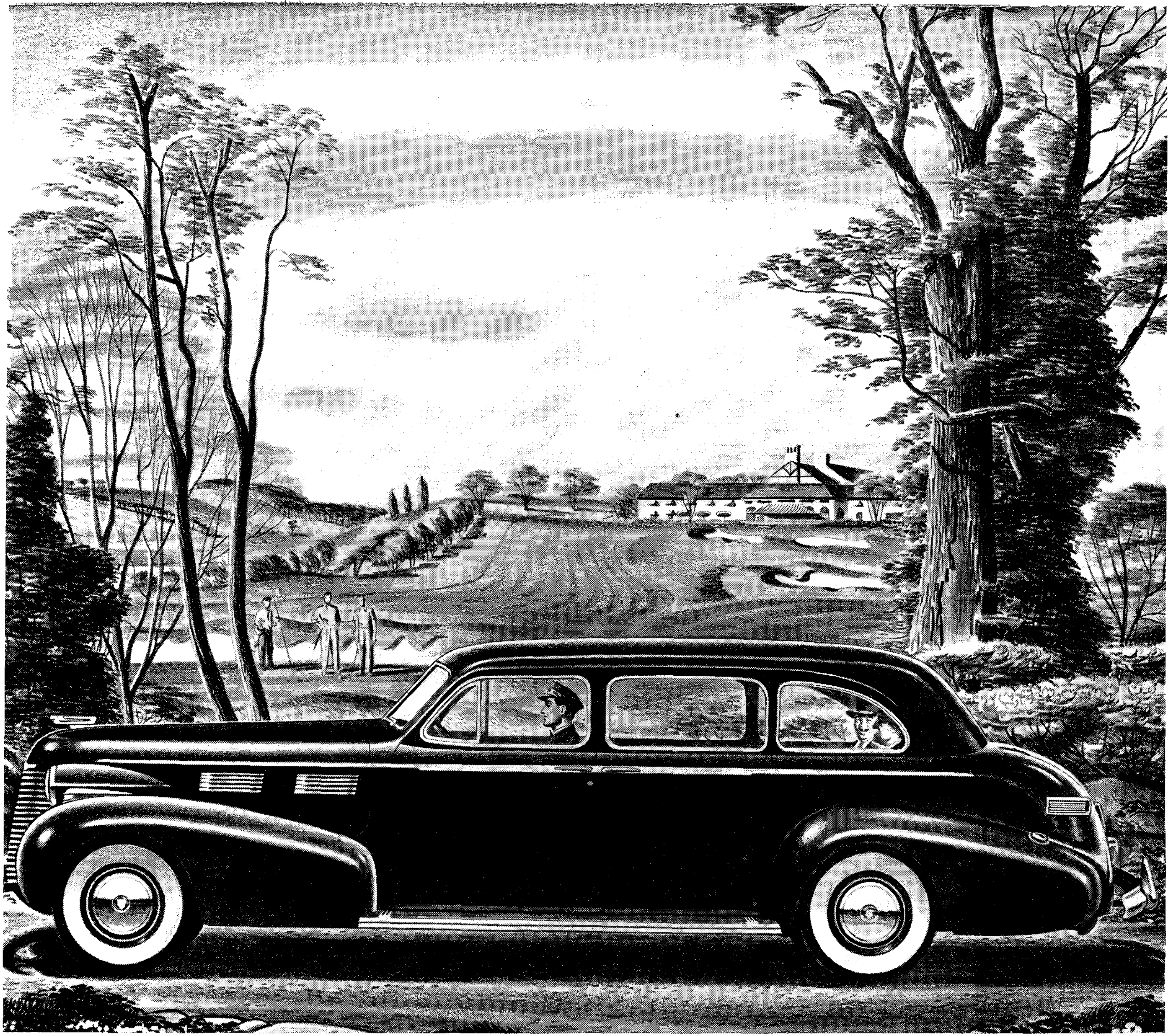
In spite of the importance of its theme, I don't really believe that the piece at the Alvin is altogether successful dramatically. Too often the message, in the form of nearly interminable monologues by Mr. Lunt, brings the action to a standstill, and much too often Mr. Sherwood's deep feeling betrays him into the kind of prose that sets a Hearst editorial apart from any other writing in the world. America's reluctance to face her manifest responsibility is the cowardice of Pontius Pilate; the sound of the Russian guns in Finland was the death rattle of the beast. When he isn't talking in this lush and incendiary manner, Mr. Sherwood's hero is an attractive character. A Finnish intellectual, the winner of a Nobel prize for medical research, he is shown progressing from a passive dislike for the totalitarian scheme to the conclusion that all decent men must resist it to the death. In the end he dies himself, falling in the hopeless defence of Viborg. Although Mr. Sherwood finally kills off about fifty per cent of his cast and is threatening to burn down Richard Whorf's handsome set when the curtain falls, he ends "There Shall Be No Night" on an optimistic note. Many good men will die, he says, and many countries will lie in ruins, but when the struggle is over there will be a new world, peaceful and free forever. Only the cynical will remember hearing all this before and not so very long ago.

Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, who obviously share their author's distaste for pacifism, give very fine performances as the martyred scientist and his wife. A good many of their lines, especially Mr. Lunt's, have a literary and intricate air about them, a suggestion that they have been designed to be read rather than spoken, but they are delivered with so much style and conviction that you are apt to forget that this is not much like the impromptu speech of mortal men. I also liked Mr. Whorf, as an almost painfully high-minded radio broadcaster, and Sydney Greenstreet, as about the only man in Helsinki who wasn't surprised when the Russians moved in. Montgomery Clift and Elisabeth Fraser, who represent young love under the guns, are very appealing in their tormented way. Even if you don't agree at all with Mr. Sherwood's ideas, you probably ought to see "There Shall Be No Night" as an honest and dignified statement of the other side of the case.

THAT curious world, more than half a dream, which is inhabited by William Saroyan's mind is on view again in "Love's Old Sweet Song," at the Plymouth. This time Mr. Saroyan is telling a somewhat more coherent story than he has in the past—it is the simple account of the love of a middle-aged California spinster for a wandering pitchman—but his characters are just as peculiar as ever. There is a family of Okies, nothing at all like anything ever imagined by John Steinbeck, who move into the baffled lady's house as relentlessly as one of their own dust storms and finally burn it down; there is a sociological novelist and his companion, a photographer, who resemble Mr. and Mrs. Erskine Caldwell in a frivolous way; there is a Western Union boy on a bicycle whose kind heart leads him to memorize telegrams that are sent collect and recite them free to the recipients; there is a Greek wrestler who spins Mr. Walter Huston around his head in a way that can't be terribly good for anyone of his years; and, most remarkable of all, there is a young man selling subscriptions to *Time*, who rolls off the long list of Mr. Luce's editors so passionately and beautifully that it sounds like a poem by Walt Whitman. Whatever doubts you may have about Mr. Saroyan's status as a formal dramatist, you can't, I think, deny him one of the richest and most fantastic imaginations in the theatre.

The production that the Theatre Guild has given "Love's Old Sweet Song" seems to me entirely satisfactory, and Eddie Dowling's direction, involving among other things the feat of keeping about a dozen dangerously high-spirited children in order, is brilliant. Mr. Huston and Jessie Royce Landis, in the principal parts, give extremely genial and intelligent performances, filled with that quality of cheerful lunacy which is the essence of Mr. Saroyan's gift. All the other adults, including Arthur Hunnicutt, Doro Merande, Alan Reed, and Alan Hewitt, go about their eerie business very expertly indeed, and the children are clearly having all the fun in the world. A good many people seem to feel that Mr. Saroyan hasn't been quite as richly inventive in this new play as he was in "The Time of Your Life." They may be right, but he has been inventive enough and there are enough charming and unaccountable characters at the Plymouth to fill your dreams for a month.

"OUT FROM UNDER," with John Alexander and Ruth Weston, is one of those comedies of which people in the theatre are apt to remark plaintively that they would get along very nicely in a modest way if the critics would only lay off them. It deals vaguely with a small-town newspaper proprietor who writes



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Adapted by Benjamin Glazer *from the play by* ERNEST HEMINGWAY
WITH **FRANCHOT TONE**
Katherine **LOCKE** *Lenore* **ULRIC** *Lee J.* **COBB**
BROADHURST THEA., 44th St., W. of B'way
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"MOST ADULT REVUE IN TOWN"—BENCHLEY New Yorker
NEW PINS AND NEEDLES
Music & Lyrics by HAROLD J. ROME *Sketches by* JOSEPH SCHRANK
Directed by ROBERT H. GORDON *Sets by* S. SYRJALA
MATS. WED. & SAT. AT 2:40 40c, 75c, $1.00
EVENINGS AT 8:40 55c, $1.10, $1.65
WINDSOR THEATRE 48th St. East of B'way - BR. 9-3824
★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

JOHN
BARRYMORE
in
"MY DEAR CHILDREN"
BELASCO THEATRE—44th St. E. of B'way
Evenings at 8:30
Matinees WED. and SAT., at 2:30

"All the cast is wonderful and so is the play."
—GIBBS, New Yorker.
GILBERT MILLER presents
FLORA ROBSON
in
LADIES IN RETIREMENT
by Edward PERCY & Reginald DENHAM
HENRY MILLER'S Thea., 124 W. 43. BR 9-3970
Evgs. 8:40, $1.10 to $3.30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

"A PERFECT COMEDY"
—*ATKINSON, Times*
LIFE WITH FATHER
EMPIRE
Theatre

a best-seller and then, for reasons that never seemed very clear to me, is afraid to tell his wife about it. There is a great deal of rapid and confused action, and the kind of humor that reaches its zenith in spanking a lady briskly on her *Sitzplatz.* Miss Weston and Mr. Alexander deliver the author's lines crisply and with a rather touching air of confidence in them. I am obliged to report that there was a certain amount of laughter around me the night I went to the Biltmore, so it may well be that "Out from Under" has its special public. I have no idea who they can be.

"GREY FARM," which is hardly likely to be still decorating the Hudson Theatre when you read this, is a pathological melodrama about a man who feels he has to strangle people because his wife died in childbirth. It is a dull and unpleasant play, and Oscar Homolka's performance in the leading part is like nothing I've seen since an actor called Frank Vosper portrayed homicidal mania by eating a silk scarf.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

THE FLAG SALUTE

To the Editor of the Post:

Sir—In these momentous days when the mad, fantastic philosophies of so-called readjustors of the generally accepted schools of thought of most Americans in the spheres of government, politics, education and religion, the practical observances of which have, despite wars and business depressions, kept our ship of state on a fairly even keel since this nation was founded, threaten to impair the vitality and endanger the perpetuation of our cherished national institutions, it is quite evident that the intention of the United States Supreme Court to rule in the question whether or not it is ethical for any resident of the United States of America who enjoys, as in no other country on earth, constitutional rights of no discrimination because of race, creed or color, to pay homage to our national emblem by saluting it, is an intention, the outcome of which is awaited with deep interest by all loyal Americans.—*Letter to the Boston Post.*

Well, *we* certainly awaited the outcome with interest.

•

DEPT. OF HIGHER EDUCATION

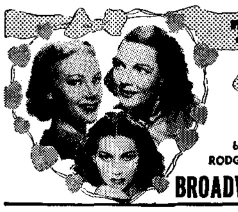
[*From True Detective Magazine*]

(D.W.) TENNESSEE—To offset the comment that TDM is not for the children's minds, I wish to cite this fact. I am manager of a subscription agency and supply the school libraries with their magazines, and out of all the hundreds of different detective magazines published, I have yet to see one school have anything else but TDM, and out of 141 school libraries, only five were without TDM.

"★★★★"—BURNS MANTLE, News
THE PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY and THE THEATRE GUILD present
ALFRED LUNT and LYNN FONTANNE in
ROBERT E. SHERWOOD'S New Play
"THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT"
ALVIN Theatre, W. 52 St. Eves. 8:30 sharp
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN *presents*
JACK HALEY · MARTA EGGERT · SHIRLEY ROSS
IN RODGERS and HART'S
Newest Musical Comedy hit!
HIGHER AND HIGHER
with LEIF ERICKSON & LEE DIXON
SHUBERT THEA. W. 44th St. CI. 6-5990
Eves. 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

THE MALE ANIMAL
with ELLIOTT NUGENT
"Most hilarious Comedy of the season"
Watts, Herald Tribune
CORT THEA., 138 W. 48th St.
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40



GEORGE ABBOTT *presents*
TOO MANY GIRLS
by RODGERS & HART • GEORGE MARION, Jr.
BROADWAY Thea. B'way at 53 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

OLSEN & JOHNSON'S NEW
HELLZAPOPPIN
WINTER GARDEN · 2ND YEAR

GERTRUDE MACY AND STANLEY GILKEY
present The New Hit Musical Revue
TWO FOR THE SHOW
by NANCY HAMILTON and MORGAN LEWIS
with EVE ARDEN RICHARD HAYDN
BETTY HUTTON BRENDA FORBES
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
BOOTH TH., 45th St. West of B'way. CI. 6-5969
EVENINGS. 8:40 P. M. MATS. WED. & SAT. at 2:40 P. M.

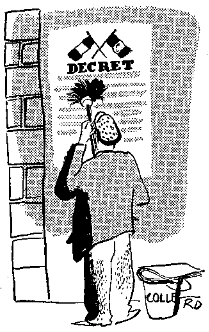
"A SMASH HIT!"—*Watts, Her. Trib.*
SAM H. HARRIS presents
"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"
by MOSS HART & GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
with MONTY WOOLLEY
MUSIC BOX, 45 St. W. of B'way—Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"IMMENSELY FUNNY"
says Atkinson in Times of
Gladys George
IN
LADY IN WAITING
with ALAN NAPIER
MARTIN BECK Theatre, 45th St., W. of 8th Ave.
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40. Cir. 6-6363

LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 5 (BY CABLE)

THE English newspapers which have arrived here are far more critical of the British Army's land operations than the French allow themselves to be. Now that the wife has driven the family automobile into a tree, the husband is merely glad that no bones were broken. Although the British raid south of Trondheim has been loosely compared to the Dardanelles expedition, it was, in fact, comparable neither in the number of troops engaged nor in the casualties suffered, and its most serious effect, probably, was that on the morale of neutral states. Parisians were disappointed, but not discouraged. The advantages acquired in the first week of the action in Norway—the interruption of the iron traffic and the crippling of the German fleet—remain, but the public extracted all the satisfaction it could find in them a couple of weeks ago and was expecting new successes. Instead, it was informed abruptly by Mr. Chamberlain's speech in the House of Commons that the Allied Command had decided to abandon central Norway completely. Rather fortunately, leaks in sources of information had already prepared Paris for the shock. At least three days before the speech, people here began to sense that something had gone decidedly wrong. There have been at the most some polite murmurs by French military writers about the command; most Frenchmen believed that major land operations would be directed by their staff, even when the majority of troops engaged were English.



It is, of course, always difficult to fix responsibility for military mistakes, but it is felt here that the British wasted a great deal of time travelling south to Lillehammer and then back north again to Dombaas, instead of staying at Dombaas and establishing a solid position. If they moved so far south because they didn't know the Germans were there in force, presumably their intelligence service was at fault; if they knew the Germans were there and went down anyway without tanks or artillery, the trouble must have been simply with their intelligence. What the public needs now to buck up its morale is the capture of the German landing forces at Narvik, and apparently this is what the command in Norway is making a brisk effort to achieve. It is a safe bet that the capture of a few thousand Germans would make Paris (though not London) forget that there ever was a place called Trondheim. The British learn as they go along, but to the French it sometimes seems a pity that they have to begin their education all over again so often.

ITALY has temporarily replaced Norway in the streamers across the front pages of newspapers. The French credit President Roosevelt and Ambassador Phillips with having abated Signor Mussolini's ardor for conflict after its conspicuous flare-up when Il Duce learned of the Allied reversals in Norway. There is a decided divergence of opinion about the Italian "menace" between the ordinary Frenchmen, who cannot see why the Italians want to fight or what they would gain by doing so, and the statesmen and newspapers, who think the danger is real. "The Italians know very well that in a partnership with Germany, it is they who would take all the hard knocks," says the average Frenchman. "They are shrewd, the Italians, and they have a distaste for breakage." Among the intellectuals, however, even Léon Blum, who used to lean toward the idea that Mussolini didn't represent the Italian people, now writes editorials predicting that the Italians will obey Il Duce even if it means going to war.

Most worried of all are the Italians who live in France. There are 800,000 of them, most of whom left Italy because they could make a better living here. For many years after the last war, they thought of themselves as subjects of a friendly power, taking part in parades of Allied war veterans and telling friends here that they were glad to be in a country where they didn't have to bother with Fascism. Italian restaurants are almost as numerous in Paris as in New York, and many cooks and waiters in French establishments are Italians. Thousands of Italians have been naturalized and are serving in the French Army; other thousands have married French wives and settled down, but have put off naturalization through indolence or because of a vague idea that someday, when things in Italy were more comfortable, they might retire to their native towns. Most of those who aren't naturalized maintain a perfunctory loyalty to the Fascist government (they have to or they wouldn't be able

B. G. De SYLVA presents
Bert LAHR Ethel MERMAN
In a New Musical Comedy
DU BARRY WAS A LADY
COLE PORTER SONGS
with BETTY GRABLE—BENNY BAKER
46 ST. THEA., W. of B'way. CI. 6-6075
Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

VINTON FREEDLEY presents FERENC MOLNAR'S
Liliom
with BURGESS MEREDITH • INGRID BERGMAN • ELIA KAZAN
Adapted by BENJAMIN GLAZER
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 55^{c} to $\$2^{20}$
EVES. 55^{c} to $\$2^{75}$ Incl. Tax.
44th ST. Thea. W. of B'way Tel. LA. 4-4337

MOTION PICTURES

GONE WITH THE WIND
While this engagement is limited, GWTW will not be shown except at advanced prices . . . at least until 1941.
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"20 MULE TEAM"
starring WALLACE BEERY
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

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MADELEINE CARROLL BRIAN AHERNE
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"My Son, My Son!"
Produced by Edward Small
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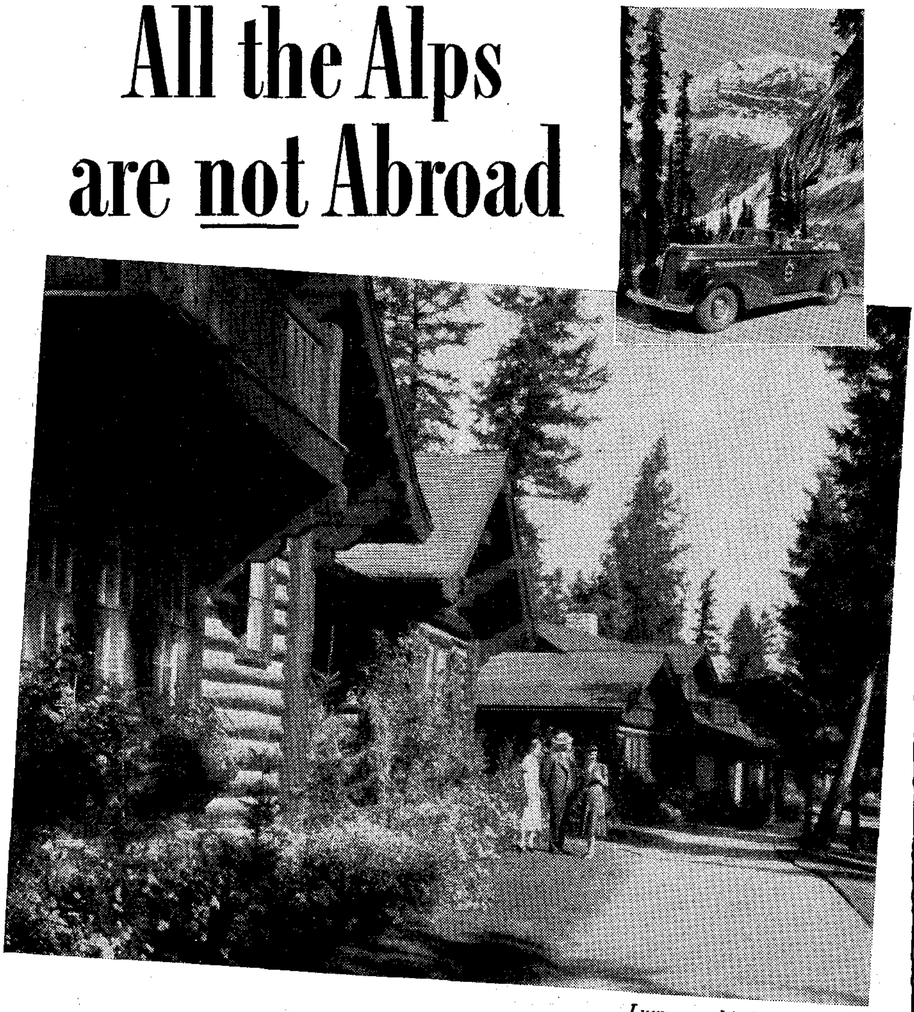
Famed for its Food and Service
20 EAST 76th STREET, NEW YORK

Confucius Say:
FOR LITTLE MONEY, WISE MAN GET BIG CHANGE
at the
SHELBURNE
ON ATLANTIC CITY'S BOARDWALK
Newly Decorated Shelburne Grill. Ocean Decks.
CALL N. Y. OFFICE—VANDERBILT 6-2921

All the Alps are not Abroad



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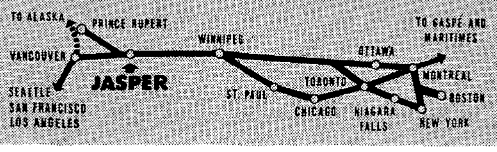
CANADIAN NATIONAL



TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

Jasper is easily reached from all U. S. points. Fast modern services also to Pacific Coast via the Jasper route, and to Ontario, Quebec and Maritime vacation lands.

to get visas when they want to revisit Italy), but the majority of them have been in France for twenty years or more, and the militant young Fascist type is rare. The Italian waiters and restaurant men now smile nervously as they greet patrons with whom they have been friendly for years, and are grateful if the patron smiles back. One Italian, who is married to a Frenchwoman and has six children, whom he supports by working as a handyman in a suburb, repeats to his employers many times a day, as if dazed, "But it couldn't be true, a war. Why, everybody knows me here!"

THE French colonial empire, or rather a good cross-section of it, is on display at the second annual Salon of France Overseas, currently being held in the Grand Palais on the Champs-Elysées. It is the gayest and gaudiest affair in Paris. The band of a Moroccan regiment is on hand to play marches, for nothing pleases the Parisian ear more than the sound of a large brass band indoors, and the directors of the Salon have added extra bugles to the band so that it will make more noise. A feature of the exposition, as you might expect, is the exhibit of the colonial army—old battle flags, dioramas of heroic skirmishes, and models of army posts—all under the protection of a Senegalese guard of honor. The industrial exhibits of the colonies, the French feel, would make Hitler envious. The French are growing rubber in Indo-China and good coffee on the Ivory Coast, and they're mining nickel and chrome in New Caledonia. It is a safe bet that no American who is not a stamp collector can name all the French colonies, but to most thinking Frenchmen they are the nation's greatest asset, and a picturesque asset, too.

It is a pleasant surprise, after the talk of a coffee shortage this winter, to be pestered by attractive mulatto girls in native costume who try to sell visitors to the Salon any amount of good coffee from Martinique, Guadeloupe, the Cameroons, the Ivory Coast, and Madagascar at about twenty cents a pound. What shortage there was, which has evidently been exploited by German propaganda abroad, seems to have been caused simply by faulty distribution.

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

DOROTHY LAMOUR
WANTS TO
TAKE OFF
HER SARONG

—*Caption from cover of Click.*

She has the people with her, anyway.

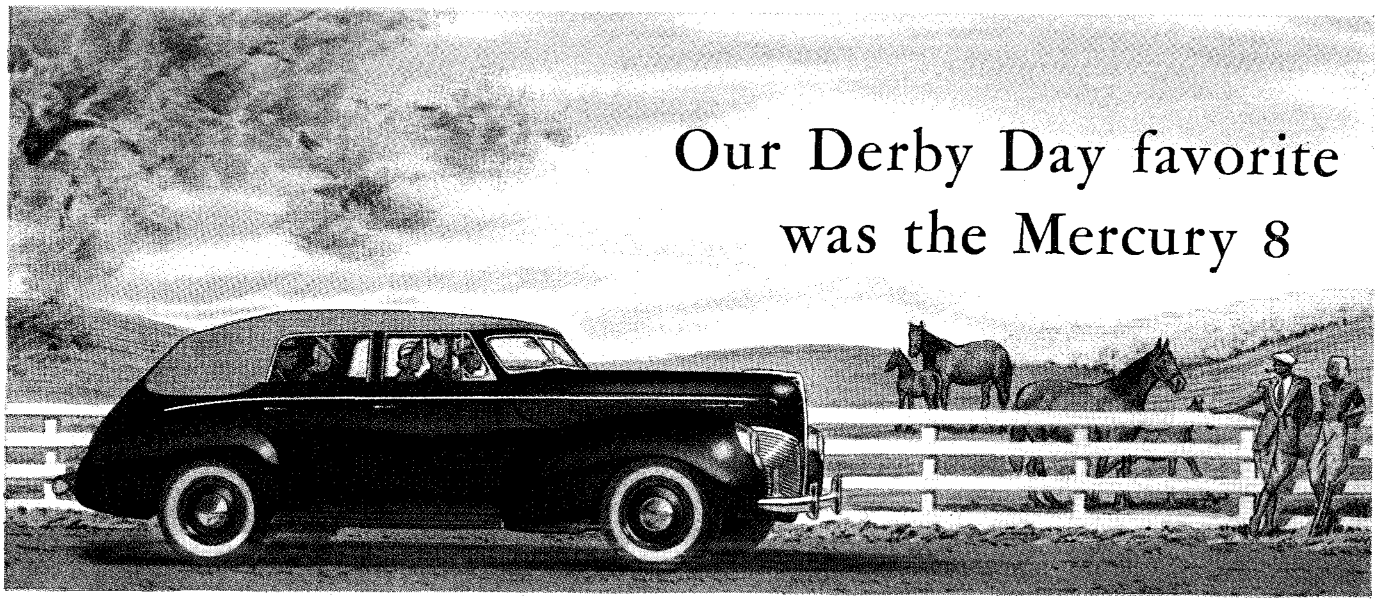
FROM A KODACHROME ORIGINAL

You can get color pictures as beautiful and lifelike as this one, if you make home movies on full-color Kodachrome Film. Every home movie camera that Eastman makes, and that means all Ciné-Kodaks, loads with this wonderful color film. See your Ciné-Kodak dealer . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.

Kodachrome Film

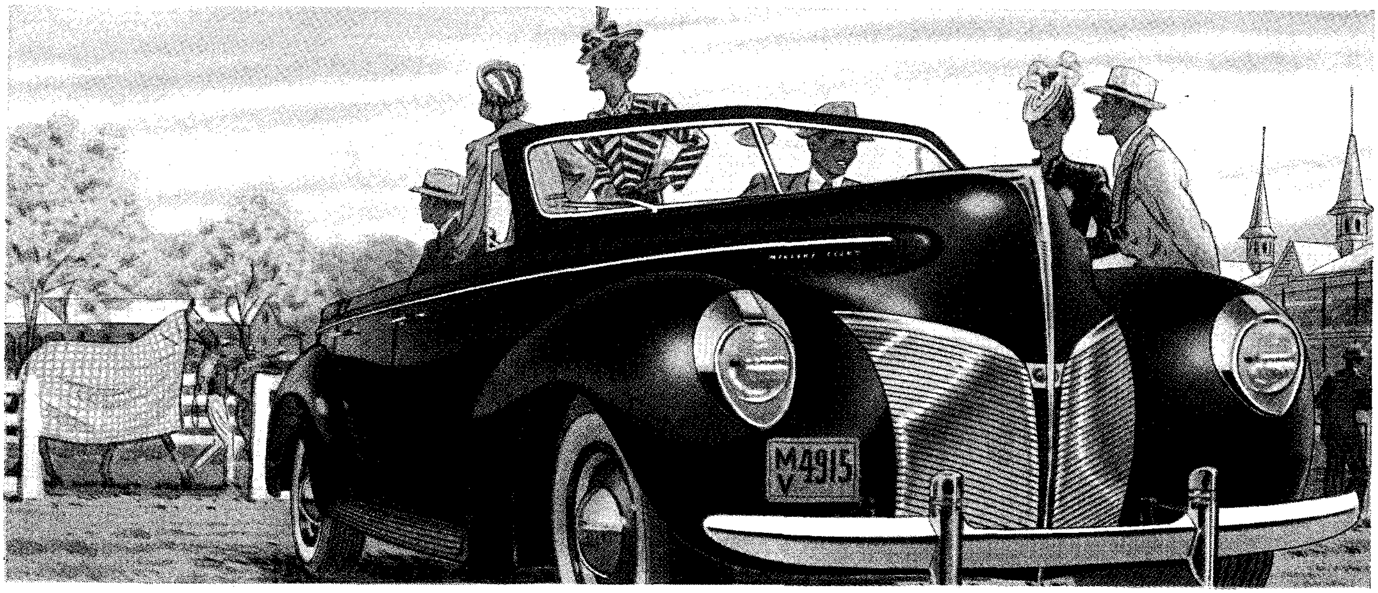
EASTMAN'S FULL-COLOR HOME MOVIE FILM

Our Derby Day favorite was the Mercury 8



White sidewall tires extra

I Had Derby Day in Mind when we picked out our Mercury 8 Convertible Sedan—and it looked even better on the trip than it did in the showroom. The miles ticked past by the hundred—but that car rides and drives so smoothly you'd never guess the speed or distance—or even the kind of road. The Mercury's stabilizing construction makes all roads smoother.



In the Blue-Grass Country, our Mercury drew as much attention as a promising new foal. Long and low as you like, with a graceful flare amidships to make the seats extra wide. And a look of power that its V-8 engine lives up to! It's a real thoroughbred with a smooth light-footed gait, graceful, well-balanced, responsive to your slightest touch.

There's a message for you in the full-grown, sure-footed Mercury 8. Slip into the spacious driver's seat—and you're master of ninety-five horsepower—V-8 style. Head for open country. Any kind of road will do—the Mercury shines on all. Look out—you're traveling faster than you think! No noise, no strain, no tensing for bumps. You don't really *drive* this car—you *guide* it. The Mercury is the sensational success of modern automobile history, with all the advantages of size, luxury and smooth power—plus extraordinary ECONOMY (up to 20 miles per gallon of gasoline, say owners). Get to a dealer—and see this great car for yourself!

Visit the new Ford Expositions at the two Fairs, New York and San Francisco, 1940

Mercury 8

Built by the Ford Motor Company—distributed by Mercury, Lincoln-Zephyr and Ford dealers

OF ALL THINGS

AFTER the Nazi victory in Norway, all the nervous neutrals are wondering where the next blow will fall. Whatever country is invaded, we may be sure that the Allies will come to its rescue freely, generously, and a couple of weeks too late.

•

The fall of Norway has all but thrown Sweden into the arms of the Germans. This should give the Reich control of those two great key industries, the iron mines and the Stockholm news factories.

•

It is taken for granted that both our national conventions will declare that we must not get into the war. That will settle everything nicely, except the question "Will the war get into us?"

•

Elliott Roosevelt has selected Justice Stone and Secretary Hurley to head the Republican ticket. The Philadelphia convention will be held anyhow, for the sake of the hotelmen.

•

We are not told what passed between Landon and Dewey at their meeting in Wichita. Probably the Kansan gave the young fellow some good tips on how to sweep a country.

•

Owing to an unfortunate circumstance, the Vice-President has been reduced to the rôle of Texas's favorite son. A nationwide survey revealed the painful fact that the supply of Garner is greater than the demand.

•

The movement to weaken the wage-hour act failed in the House because of pressure from home. Representatives found, to their amazement, that people have no prejudice against getting paid for working.

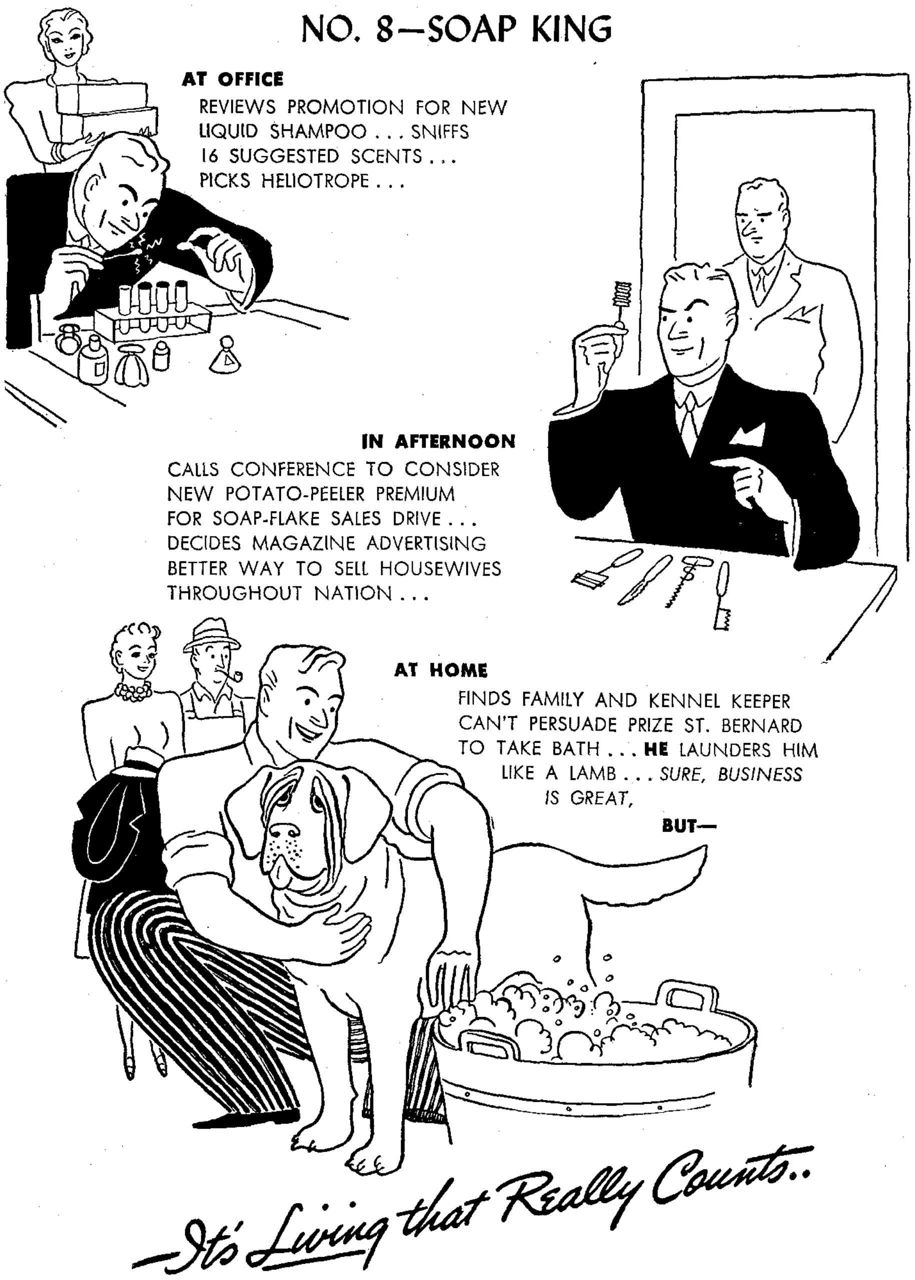
•

Judging from the advance sale of tickets, attendance at the World's Fair will be better than in 1939. The guests are promised more fun for their money, and less privacy.

•

We understand that many people lost their all at the Derby through overconfidence in a horse named Bimelech. This country needs more kindness from dumb animals. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

GREAT AMERICANS AT HOME
NO. 8—SOAP KING


AT OFFICE
REVIEWS PROMOTION FOR NEW LIQUID SHAMPOO . . . SNIFFS 16 SUGGESTED SCENTS . . . PICKS HELIOTROPE . . .
IN AFTERNOON
CALLS CONFERENCE TO CONSIDER NEW POTATO-PEELER PREMIUM FOR SOAP-FLAKE SALES DRIVE . . . DECIDES MAGAZINE ADVERTISING BETTER WAY TO SELL HOUSEWIVES THROUGHOUT NATION . . .
AT HOME
FINDS FAMILY AND KENNEL KEEPER CAN'T PERSUADE PRIZE ST. BERNARD TO TAKE BATH . . . HE LAUNDERS HIM LIKE A LAMB . . . SURE, BUSINESS IS GREAT,
BUT—
—It's Living that Really Counts..

. . . and the **fun of living** is not confined to those who can pay salaries to kennel keepers! Whether you are selling soap flakes or four-door sedans, the market that really counts is made up of people with the desire and the wherewithal to buy. **The American Home** magazine—with its editorial pages and advertising devoted exclusively to *ideas on living*—today offers these people more usable ideas than any other magazine . . . has gained over a million and a half new readers since 1933 . . . Seems like a **profitable marketplace** in which to show and sell your wares.

OVER 1,850,000 FAMILIES LIVE BY
The AMERICAN HOME
THE MARKET-PLACE FOR IDEAS ON LIVING

A REPORTER AT LARGE

TRYLON, TRYLON AGAIN

A SAFE generalization is that both the World's Fair Corporation and the citizenry are approaching the second year of the Fair in a more subdued and realistic frame of mind than last year. In 1939, the Fairgoers, stunned by three years of intense advance publicity, wandering in a verbal maze of Lagoons, Courts, Pylons, Trylons, Aqualons, Aquacades, and Amazons, and irritated by a conviction that the project had been turned into personal homage to an ex-Commissioner of Police, were a long time getting adjusted to the Fair. This year the Fair will be a little smaller, much less garrulous, and by the same token probably more appealing. Harvey Gibson, who is playing Mussolini to Grover Whalen's Victor Emmanuel, has announced that it will be a "super county fair." The streamlined, aseptic World of Tomorrow, which existed only in the busy brains of last year's Flushing publicity staff, is no longer mentioned. Things look pretty good, on the whole.

Of all the changes you will find in this year's edition of the Fair, the most important is the lowering of the admission from seventy-five cents to fifty. There will be no special evening rate or "bargain days." There will be fewer places to eat, and no increase in the number of places to sit down: three hundred and twenty-seven restaurants and refreshment stands as against last year's four hundred and thirteen; twelve thousand benches. Many of the big industrial exhibits will be air-cooled. There will be no free dancing, but more bars and restaurants will have dance floors. The Fair Corporation's personnel has been reduced over one-quarter, from eighty-nine hundred to sixty-five hundred. Michael Todd, the promoter of two shows—"Streets of Paris" and "The Hot Drunkard"—and a couple of "villages" called Gay New Orleans and the Dancing Campus, seems to have taken from Billy Rose the title of Entrepreneur of Tomorrow.

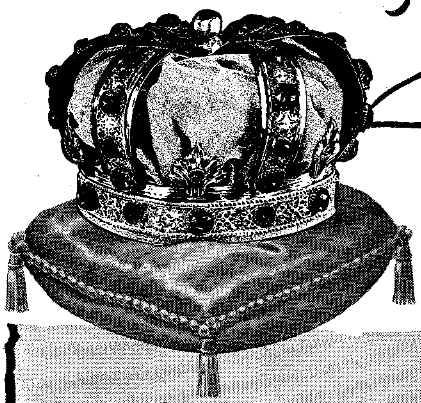
Frank BEAVEN

"Thomas Cook & Son. Alackaday!"

Last year the Fair Corporation licenced some nine hundred manufacturers, on a royalty basis, to use the Trylon and Perisphere on twenty-five thousand items of merchandise; this year, because of a "desire to eliminate small things," the Corporation has licenced only eight hundred manufacturers for a total of six thousand items, including arm bands, zipper pulls, and ashtrays. There will be fewer exhibitors and concessionaires; several of the old buildings have been torn down, and some still standing will be closed. Prices inside the Fair grounds will be no lower, and at least one of the popular foreign restaurants has announced that this year's prices will be steeper, to keep the crowds away. The amusement-area concessionaires, who last year complained of neglect, have been placated by an official announcement that they will be given better illumination and more mention in publicity releases, and that visiting celebrities will, if possible, be brought down to their section. A fictitious character named Elmer, who appears on the World's Fair posters and is supposed to be the typical American Fairgoer, has replaced Whalen as the official figurehead. An actor impersonating Elmer will tour the country this summer and give publicity talks, sounding the home-folks note, at Kiwanis and other such meetings. Whalen himself will continue to welcome famous personages in Perylon Hall. Hot dogs will again be a dime, making it, in many people's opinion, a rich man's fair.

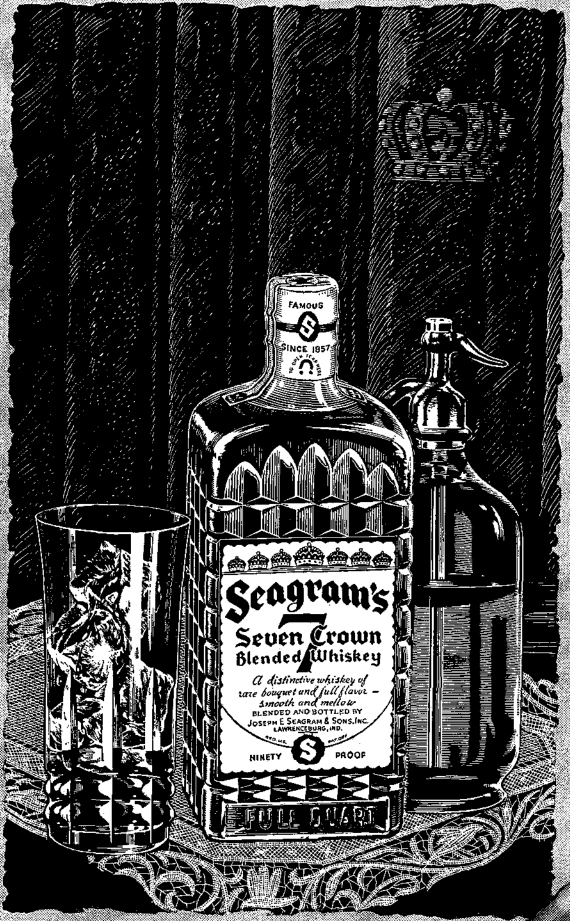
THINGS are booming down in the transportation area. It was popular last year, and looks as if it will be again. The Railroads exhibit, covering seventeen acres, is again the Fair's largest show. The railroads are more or less standing pat on last year's displays. The exhibition of rolling stock has been brought up to date, and the pageant, "Railroads on Parade," has dropped its ballet numbers and added some straight dramatic scenes. The General Motors Futurama, which played to capacity audiences all last year, has been air-cooled, repainted, and livened up with a greater number of animated objects—tiny trains, more cars on the express highways, tiny clothes in a back yard fluttering in a Norman Bel Geddes breeze. Also, at the request of people who didn't think that their special interests were well enough represented in the Geddes version of 1960, there are six hundred more churches visible in the landscape, several hundred filling stations, and one university.

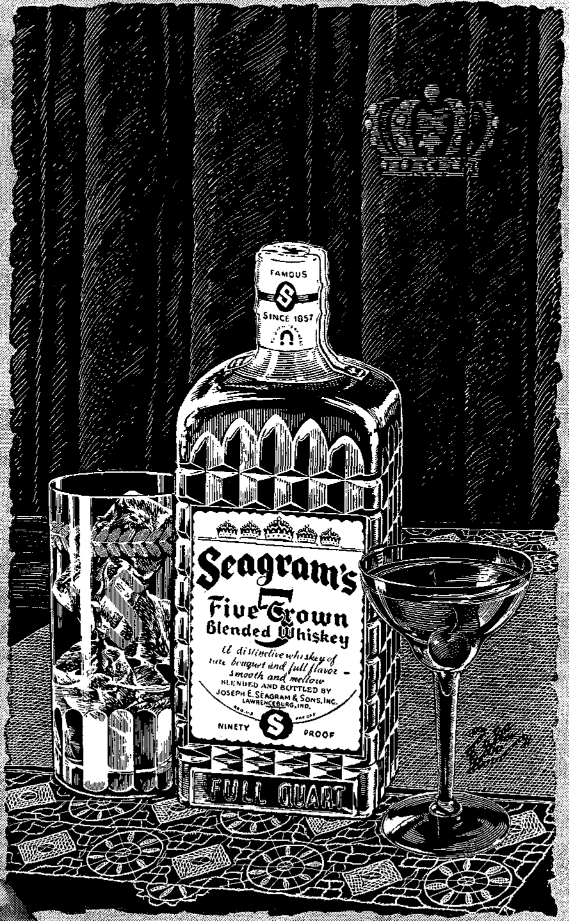
The Ford Building has a new wing on the south side, housing an air-conditioned theatre with a revolving stage. Here, every hour, a group from the American Ballet Caravan will present a fantasy called "A Thousand Times Neigh," which is, according to the heady advance publicity, a history of Ford Motors from the viewpoint of a horse. The Plymouth talking car, in the Chrysler exhibit, can answer a lot of new questions. Goodrich has enlarged its outdoor amphitheatre so that five thousand spectators can watch Jimmie Lynch's dare-devil drivers, who are augmented this year by "two beauteous she-devils." Firestone will again have its tire factory, and has added a Liberian rubber plantation, with natives tending the trees and collecting the latex. Budd railroad equipment will be back, and so, after tears and renunciations behind locked doors, will Aviation. Maritime enterprises being what



2 Precious "Crown Jewels"

FROM SEAGRAM'S TREASURE OF RARE WHISKIES


FAMOUS
S
SINCE 1857
Seagram's
Seven Crown
Blended Whiskey
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor – smooth and mellow
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, INC. LAWRENCEBURG, IND.
NINETY S PROOF
FULL QUART


FAMOUS
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SINCE 1857
Seagram's
Five Crown
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A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor – smooth and mellow
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Seagram's 7 Crown

In this luxurious whiskey you get the full rich enjoyment of Seagram's traditionally smoother taste and finer flavor. Exclusive in character, exquisite in bouquet, Seagram's 7 Crown delights the most critical taste. It is "America's Finest" luxury whiskey—truly a jewel among whiskies!

60% grain neutral spirits. 90 Proof.

Seagram's 5 Crown

When you first sip this deliciously light whiskey, you understand what is meant by the "proud Seagram heritage of finer taste." Seagram's 5 Crown is pleasantly smooth and mild with an utterly distinctive flavor—delightfully delicate. It is "America's Finest" popular-priced whiskey.

72½% grain neutral spirits. 90 Proof.

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Seagram-Distillers Corp., New York

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MR....................
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AFTER SHAVE lotion

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Cool and stimulating as an arctic breeze, Aqua Velva leaves your skin softer and smoother, helps keep it that way for hours.

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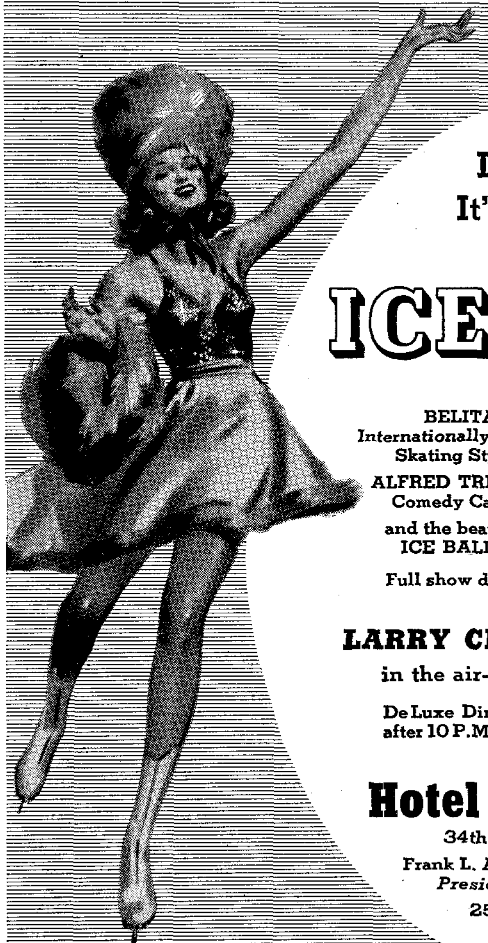
TO JOIN OUR CLUB, send us your name and address. We'll mail a generous trial bottle of Aqua Velva. Write: The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. AA-10, Glastonbury, Conn.—makers of fine shaving preparations over 100 years. Offer good in U.S., Canada only.



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they are these days, the Maritime Building, with its two enormous ship's prows, is closed.

AMONG the commercial exhibits in the main area around the Trylon and Perisphere there is one big newcomer—the National Highway Transportation Show, a display of trucks. Distilled Spirits has dropped out, and the Halls of Pharmacy and Industrial Science will not be open to the public; Whalen's Perylon Hall is on the roof of the former, and the latter will house, among other administrators, the Fair police. The Food Building, South, is now Coca-Cola, which seems fair enough.

The Telephone Building is again prepared to hand out thirty thousand-odd free long-distance calls. There will be more seats for visitors. The girls who operate Pedro, the Voder, the machine that imitates human speech, have been practicing all winter and defy the visitors to give them any name—even Polish, Japanese, or Greek—that Pedro can't pronounce.

The Time Capsule passed the winter quietly, and will again be visible at the bottom of the Immortal Well, in the Westinghouse exhibit. Westinghouse has added a 120-foot cascade, falling from a Singing Tower of Light, and an electric-iron assembly line manned by workers from its factory in Mansfield, Ohio. Elektro, the only robot who can walk backward, now has a robot dog named Sparko, who can sit up, bark, and wag his tail. The Microvivarium, in which microbes are killed by sterilizing rays, the process being displayed many times enlarged on a screen, has been renamed the Microblitzkrieg.

Two new model houses, erected according to FHA standards on the grounds before the Electrical Farm, will be homes for more than forty representative American families, who will stay one week each. The families will be selected by newspapers in various parts of the country and will consist of a father American, a mother American, and two little Americans, preferably a boy and a girl.

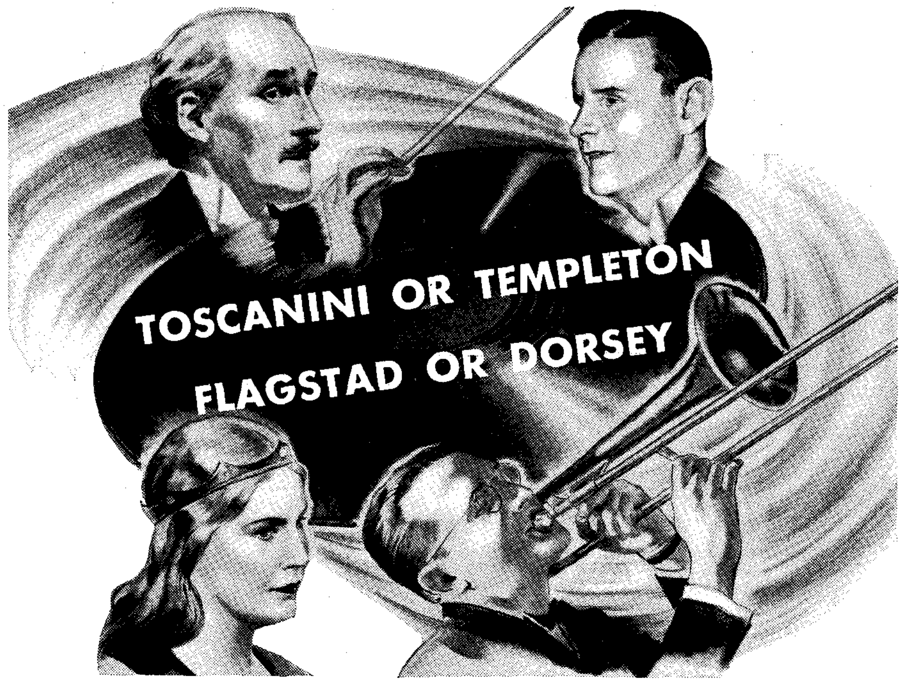
General Electric has added two small theatres. One will have a marionette show called "Mrs. Cinderella," about a lady who is helped in her housework by electricity. The other will have a sort of shadow play, with actors, in back of the glass walls of a four-room house, pantomiming a mother-in-law triangle with electrical-appliances overtones. The lightning bolt will be back, and the number of television receivers will be doubled. Borden's is relying heavily on

Elsie, the most publicized cow in the world, who will be displayed in a stall fixed up like a lady's boudoir. Du Pont is naturally worked up about nylon, the stuff of which toothbrushes and stockings are made. Continental Baking has planted another field of wheat. The new attraction in the Medicine and Public Health Building is a huge mechanical man whose internal organs will be open to the public. It functions perfectly, except for a British accent.

The House of Jewels will contain fourteen million dollars' worth of gems, including eight million dollars' worth of uncut and finished diamonds. Tiffany will again show its canary diamond, and in the Black, Starr & Frost-Gorham exhibit there will be what is thought to be the largest pearl in the world. The jewel people are topped, in the matter of value, by the Masterpieces of Art show, which is insured for thirty million. This year's show will go back no further than the sixteenth century, and will include the nineteenth. Rembrandt, Rubens, Goya, Tintoretto, Veronese, Watteau, van Gogh, Renoir, El Greco, Gainsborough, Van Dyck, Daumier, Murillo, Cézanne, and Corot will be represented, and, among the Americans, Benjamin West, Winslow Homer, Whistler, Eakins, and Ryder. Admission is fifty cents. The Masterpieces of Art show is one of the few outside the amusement area that charge admission. The others are Gardens on Parade (twenty-five cents), Railroads on Parade (seventy-five cents top), the stamp display in the British Building (twenty-five cents), and the Perisphere (twenty-five cents).

The World of Fashion, ex-Consumers' Building, will have fashion shows. In the Academy of Sport there will be a display of shoes of champions, for sentimentalists of a certain sort. (Last year they had Red Grange's sweater, in a mothproof container.) Consolidated Edison has announced that it will display the "world's largest water color," a panorama of New York. The Carrier air-conditioning company's Igloo this year offers the public a "cold dog stand," to cool off their feet; the visitor will remove his shoes and place his feet over a grille, under which fans will whip up a breeze. Last year's Contemporary Art Building houses a display of WPA art and a collection of miniature period furniture. The Fair will have a hundred and thirty-five members of its clerical staff doing their work behind glass in the Business Systems Building, for the benefit of people with a quiet taste in fun.

Gas Wonderland offers Tiny Town,



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With VICTOR RECORDS

Tonight one of the great symphony orchestras under a world-renowned conductor can transport you to a magic world of music. You have only to wish, and it happens, with Victor Red Seal Records. Or perhaps you want to see again, with memory's eyes, a colorful and exotic ballet. The music on Victor Records recreates it for you. Then again, dance music may be your desire...the newest tunes by the world-renowned dance bands, or favorite old numbers that you want to recall . . . Here, too, your wish is instantly granted with Victor Records. Victor Record music is music just for you; music attuned to your mood, and that means music at its most pleasurable.

Today or tomorrow, go to your RCA Victor music merchant's, and choose from the Victor Record Catalogue the recordings of some of your favorite music. Hear it played on the latest RCA Victrola, and learn the unequaled pleasure of enjoying the music you want, when you want it!

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Symphony No. 1, in B Flat Major ("Spring") (Opus 38) (Schumann) The Boston Symphony Orchestra under direction of Serge Koussevitzky. Album M-655 (Also available in automatic sequences) . . . . 8 sides, $8.00

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Get the new RCA Victor Long Life Needle with precious metal tip. Saves records and brings out finest tone $1.00

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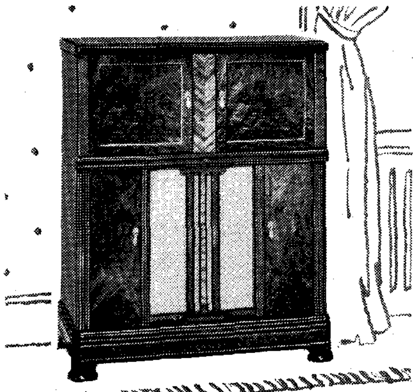

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a model city in which the houses talk, discussing the advantages of gas heating and one thing and another. There will also be a Mystery Garden, with talking and singing trees, disappearing statues, and flame-and-water fountains. The host will be a dwarf, who will touch off some of the miracles. This sounds like the most light-hearted of the commercial displays.

THE Soviet Building, the most impressive exhibit in the foreign area last year, has been torn down. The site has been landscaped, a bandstand has been built, and various Americanized foreign groups will hold forth there from week to week, presenting folk dances and native songs. It is called the American Common. The Netherlands Building has been abandoned by the Dutch. It looked for a while as if a strictly domestic display entitled "Olsen and Johnson's Ice-a-Poppin" would take it over, but the last word seems to be that it will be called the Assembly Hall and will offer shelter to pageants and orators on such occasions as National Hospital Day. Albania, Argentina, Chile, Cuba, Siam, Southern Rhodesia, Sweden, and Yugoslavia have not returned for the second year of the Fair. Norway, Sweden, and Czecho-Slovakia are represented by native business enterprises, without the subsidy of their governments.

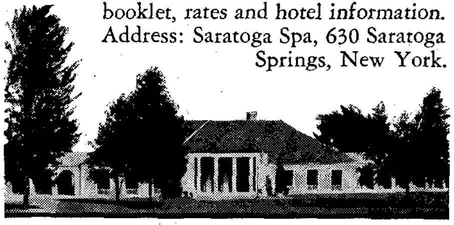
Last year twenty-two states of the Union were represented by displays of moderate interest. This year there are only thirteen. There was a good deal of difficulty in getting any of the states back, because it was originally announced that the Fair would run only one year (though it was an open secret that it would run at least two), and so the states appropriated just enough money to maintain their exhibits for a year. Seventeen of the states that exhibited last year, and one territory, have had no legislative sessions since the Fair closed last year and the necessary money to back the majority of those that returned had to be raised by public subscription and various dodges.

The war will be touched on in the displays of the invaded countries: Norway, Finland, Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, and Poland (Poland's display has been authorized by the expatriate government, now in Angers, France). Great Britain and France will also have displays devoted to the economics of war, and to human-interest war pictures without horror. Another reminder of the war will be, probably, a shortage of imported beer in the foreign res-

THE BLACKOUT IN EUROPE spotlights SARATOGA SPA

Here in America are Waters and Cures which those who have traveled Europe acclaim as much to be preferred to the best of the Old World watering places. Medical opinion coincides. The great new Spa at Saratoga has taken the best of the world's spa therapies and added the improvements and equipment evolved by modern scientific research.

Grouped with the great buildings of the Spa proper is an ultra-modern hotel, where smart living is the vogue. Or, if budget limitations dictate, you can be comfortable at many less pretentious stopping places . . . To discover the new Spa at Saratoga, we suggest you write for booklet, rates and hotel information. Address: Saratoga Spa, 630 Saratoga Springs, New York.



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Starlight Roof
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ORRIN TUCKER
and His Orchestra
Featuring Songs by
BONNIE BAKER
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Dinner and Supper Dancing
Informal (Evening Dress Optional)
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See them broadcast
on "YOUR HIT PARADE" from
the Waldorf
Saturday nights...9-9:45 P.M.
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taurants. The operators of the seventy-two-foot Czecho-Slovakian bar, the longest straight bar at the Fair, are trying to find an acceptable domestic substitute for Pilsner. Most of the good foreign restaurants and bars will be reopened: Poland, Denmark, Sweden, Hungary (larger this year, with an open-air terrace and *Zigeuner*), Great Britain, France, Belgium, Switzerland (with a new beer bar), Italy (with a new spaghetti bar), Japan, Finland, and Brazil. The Polish restaurant has announced that it will serve Polish ham and honey wine as long as they hold out.

The Japanese are solemnly excited by the fact that the twenty-six-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Japanese Empire will occur this summer, and are planning all sorts of ceremonies. The theme of Japan's exhibit has been changed from industry to tradition, and they will rejoice bravely, despite occasional snubs from people who disapprove of the Mikado's foreign policy.

Great Britain is concentrating on a big philatelic exhibit, celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the postage stamp. Parts of the collections of George VI and Franklin Roosevelt will be, it is hoped, on display. In general, the foreign exhibits will contain, in varying proportions, the same elements they did last year: food and drink; charts, photographs, and actual specimens of native accomplishments; testimony of international good will (including, of course, a dash of mild Allied propaganda). Some of the buildings will be air-conditioned, some will have native musicians, some will have gift shops. Government, state, and municipal displays will continue dull to deadly dull.

It will be slightly cheaper to make the tour of the grounds in an American Express chair. For instance, the cost of a chair for one, which was $1.25 an hour last year, is now $1. The time will be metered in units of ten minutes by clocks in the chairs. The company has taken over the guide concession from the Fair Corporation, and will provide you either a boy or a girl guide. There will be just as many Boy Scouts, soldiers, and sailors on the premises as last year.

THE amusement area has been officially christened the Great White Way, and, as we said, will be plugged harder this year. Fountain Lake has been renamed Liberty Lake, and will have fireworks as usual. The parachute jump, one of the most popular of last year's rides, has been moved up near the Independent Subway station. The

"Seems wonderful Dad could telephone us from New York"

"Why, calling overseas is simple and easy today"

YOU can place the call just like any Long Distance call from your own telephone. Friends or relatives in another country will appreciate the "all's well" from home. And you'll enjoy hearing their adventures almost as soon as they happen.

Overseas telephone rates are attractively low. A three-minute call from New York to points in Brazil or to Buenos Aires costs $15 on week-days; $12 on Sundays. From New York to Puerto Rico, $9 on week-days; $6.75 on Sundays. To points in Chile, $18 on week-days; $15 on Sundays. Honolulu, $15.75 on week-days; $12 on Sundays. Try telephoning overseas yourself!

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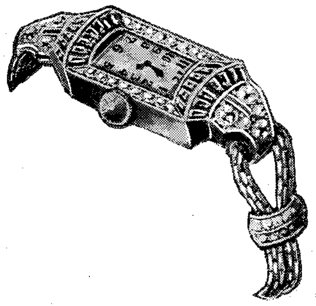
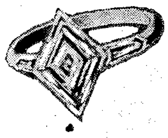
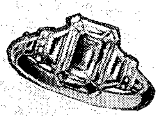
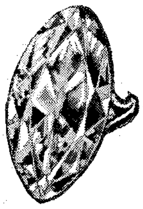
Near the Museum of the State Forestry Department, São Paulo, Brazil.

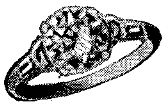
Most important ring of all...
the Diamond Solitaire
in all shapes and sizes

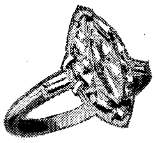












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unlucky area, down near the South Gate parking lots, where the Cuban Village, the Centaurs, and several other enterprises died last year, will be the site of "American Jubilee," the Fair-financed pageant.

The Aquacade has new songs, new sets, new water ballets, and a newly married Eleanor Holm. The scenes will be changed behind a screen of water thrown up by concealed nozzles and illuminated by colored lights. Billy Rose will be surprised if he doesn't gross another $2,500,000 this year. Michael Todd, with his restaurants, plays, and concessions, and Dufour & Rogers, with the Rendevoo restaurant and a number of other concessions, are the biggest Midway operators. Of the independent concessionaires represented there last year, eighty-five per cent have returned. Most of the old bars and restaurants in the area are back again, and a couple of new ones—the Pabst Beer Garden and the Five and Ten Cent Restaurant.

The New York Zoological Society this year has a monopoly on the display of penguins, and will offer Pandora, the giant panda, as soon as she finishes a movie engagement with Pathé. Ripley's "Believe It or Not" has moved over to Flushing from Broadway, and Dufour & Rogers are banking heavily on the Crimson Tower, a display of medieval instruments of torture. Most of last year's rides and freak shows will reopen, and of course the shooting galleries, penny arcades, and Messmore Kendall's stately, anomalous Washington Hall.

The peep-show situation is well taken care of, with such shows as "Dream of Venus" (operated this year without benefit of Dali), "Hawaii," "Hot and Cold," "Living Magazine Covers," and "Plantation Show." The exact degree of nudity will fluctuate from day to day, but it seems safe to predict that it will start off fairly conservatively, and increase according to what the traffic will bear.

Mr. Gibson has made no predictions as to how many people he expects on opening day. Maybe he'll get the million that Mr. Whalen hoped for last year.

—RUSSELL MALONEY
and EUGENE KINKEAD

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From a sermon quoted in the Kent School News*]

He, as much as any boy who has gone out from this school, was well qualified to be in the Kingdom of Heaven. He left here to go to Yale.

ANNALS OF CRIME

RAINBOW'S END—II

GROVER CLEVELAND BERGDOLL'S escape from his West Philadelphia home on May 21, 1920, gave the first intimation to the world that he was not placidly serving out his five-year sentence in the United States Disciplinary Barracks on Governors Island. The news appeared in the morning papers on May 22nd, along with the official Army explanation that Bergdoll had gone to Philadelphia "on a secret mission that it would not be in the interests of the military service to disclose."

This, of course, only whetted curiosity. So did the amplification of the distracted Major John E. Hunt, commanding the Disciplinary Barracks at Governors Island, that "Philadelphia was not Bergdoll's destination, but he had to stop there to sign certain confidential instructions which I am not permitted to make public at this time." News dispatches did carry the suggestion (about which the press was clearly dubious) that Bergdoll had been on his way to recover a cache of gold—$100,000, $150,000, $200,000, anything.

On the afternoon of May 22nd, the incredible truth emerged, bearing the authoritative stamp of Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War. Bergdoll had been granted leave under guard from Governors Island in order that he might recover "$150,000 in gold" which he had buried in a hillside near Hagerstown, Maryland. He had not been supposed to visit his home but to detrain at North Philadelphia and proceed by car to his romantic rendezvous with fortune.

The luckless guards, Sergeants O'Hare and York, went back to Governors Island under arrest. A month after the escape, nine witnesses, O'Hare and York (in handcuffs) among them, faced a federal grand jury in Philadelphia impanelled to inquire into the escape. The most interesting testimony was W. L. Alexander's account of Romig's withdrawal of $105,000 in gold from the United States Treasury. On June 29th, the grand jury returned an indictment charging Mrs. Emma Bergdoll, Charles Braun, James E. Romig, and a handful of supernumeraries with conspiracy to aid and abet Bergdoll's flight.

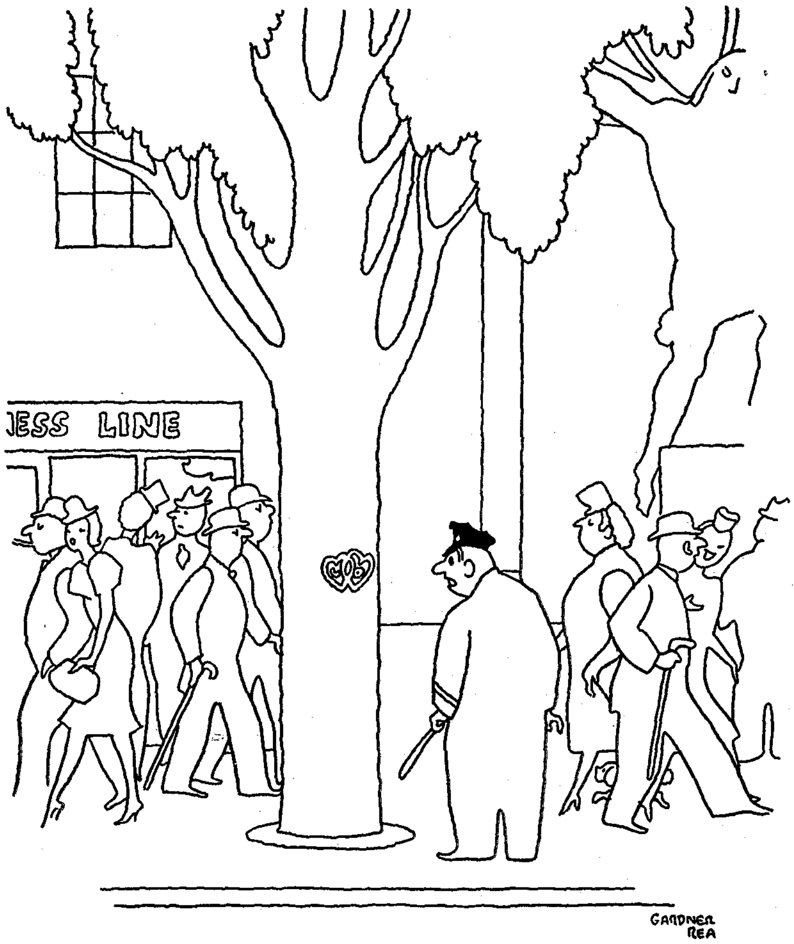
On July 21st, Governors Island was treated to a doubleheader. The court-martial of Major Hunt, now Lieutenant Colonel Hunt, charged with negligence in connection with the escape, opened, and Grover's brother, Erwin, anticlimactically gave himself up. Obviously the hunt for Erwin had not been prosecuted with such diligence as had the hunt for Grover. Informed that he might talk to reporters, Erwin had nothing to say. Neither did the officers at Governors Island.

There was much to say, however, at Colonel Hunt's court-martial. Lieutenant Colonel Cresson, who presided, informed the court that no question of collusion or corruption was at issue, but simply whether Hunt had done his full duty in his instructions to the guards. Hunt was acquitted. The trial of O'Hare and York, accused of negligence, opened on September 9th. The prosecution was brief and perfunctory. General Ansell, Grover's lawyer, on the stand called his client a "dastard." He had been "completely hoodwinked" and thought O'Hare had been similarly taken in. Hunt declared he had chosen the two men because he had implicit faith in their judgment and honesty; O'Hare, in fact, was "the best man on the Island." O'Hare himself characterized York as "a good soldier." It was a day of all-around compliments. O'Hare and York were acquitted.

But all was not going so well with Mother Emma Bergdoll or with her son Erwin. On August 19th, Erwin Bergdoll was sentenced to four years in Leavenworth, and on August 23rd he entered prison. On September 20th, the trial of the alleged conspirators opened in Philadelphia. The Army was taking no more chances with unfettered Bergdolls and Erwin was brought on from Leavenworth in shackles. He had little to contribute. The most interesting testimony came, as might have been expected, from Mrs. Bergdoll. It was she who had buried the $105,000 in gold "for a rainy day." She stuck to that story consistently thereafter. A stir was caused in the courtroom on September 24th by the report that Grover was in the audience. Attendants took the rumor with sufficient seriousness to compel spectators to pass out in single file under a sharp scrutiny.

Four days later, Mrs. Bergdoll, Braun, and Romig were found guilty, but sentence was deferred; it was not, in fact, pronounced until May 17, 1921. They were then fined $7,000 each, with the option of a year and a day in Atlanta Federal Penitentiary. Appeal was immediately taken. Eventually the fines were paid.

THERE was no real news of Grover, although a hundred witnesses had "seen" him in a hundred scattered



places, until January, 1921. Only then did the world learn what had become of him, and that in characteristically dramatic fashion. On January 22nd, Bergdoll and his chauffeur, Ike Stecher, attended a wedding in the village of Eberbach, in Baden, Germany, some twenty miles from Mrs. Bergdoll's Württemberg birthplace. They went to the railroad station to see the honeymooners off. As the guests were about to leave the station, a car stopped nearby and five men alighted. Bergdoll and Stecher, instinctively suspicious, started their car. One of the arrivals rushed up brandishing a revolver and bidding the pair halt. Bergdoll brushed the weapon aside as his car sped away. Shots were fired and a bridesmaid was wounded in the arm. Thanks to the wedding crowd, the strangers had no chance to escape. Two of them—Carl Naef and Frank Zimmer—were Americans. The others were Germans in search of excitement and hopeful, perhaps, of a cash award.

Naef and Zimmer, it developed, were veterans of the American Expeditionary Force who had remained with the Army as members of the Division of Criminal Investigation in the American-occupied area around Coblenz. Naef had recently been discharged but was staying on as a civilian employee teaching draftsmanship to soldiers who found time hanging heavy on their hands. Zimmer was still in the military service. The question whether the pair had operated under official orders was hotly debated. Not until some time afterward did it become apparent that it could probably be answered both ways. The affair evidently had a certain modest official blessing, but the higher commands, in Coblenz as in Washington, had no foreknowledge of it.

The episode at once became an international incident. The government of Baden issued a statement: "The Eberbach affair shows the world Germany's impotence and what foreign countries dare to do to the German people without Germany's having a chance to obtain reparation."

With Bergdoll now at least get-atable if not quite gettable, the story of his flight was disclosed. From the West Philadelphia home, he and Stecher had driven to northern Minnesota, taking turns at the wheel and travelling day and night. A few miles below the Canadian border, they had abandoned their car, got a lift in a Ford, and crossed the line probably more easily than if they had been two ears of corn. They went on to Winnipeg, and after a brief interval secured passports under aliases. On July 6, 1920, they sailed for England from Quebec, crossed to Holland, and went to Eberbach, where they had been taking their ease at an inn.

On March 21, 1921, Naef and Zimmer went on trial at Mosbach, the nearest court town; the charge against them, originally "inflicting bodily injury," had been softened to "usurpation of authority." Ten days later they were released on their good behavior by the Baden Government at the request of the German Federal Government. The release carried with it freedom to enter the American-occupied area, which they forthwith did.

THE attempted kidnapping spurred the House of Representatives to adopt a long-pending resolution to fix responsibility for the escape of the previous May. On May 2nd, General Harris confounded his inquisitors on the House committee by assuming full blame for permitting the trip to Philadelphia.

Mrs. Emma Bergdoll made three appearances before the committee and stole the show.

"Why name your son after Grover Cleveland, who was best known for his warlike spirit?" asked John H. Sherburne, counsel for the committee.

"He wasn't!" she snapped. "Cleveland was a draft-dodger. He paid three hundred dollars to keep out of the Civil War. And he was the best President we ever had."

"Is that why you named Grover after him?" put in Representative Oscar R. Luhring of Indiana.

"Yes, and I expect Grover to be one of the Presidents of the United States."

"What? Your Bergdoll boy?"

"Yes, he's got just as good a chance as you."

Had she told Grover (she called him "Grofe") where the money was? She had not.

"I didn't want to lead him into temptation," she said. "Besides, it's my money and I don't have to show it to nobody. I want to keep it for a rainy day. If I die, let it be lost. It's mine!"

"I doubt very much if you have any gold buried."

"Ha-ha!" No official stenographer could hope to transmit the full weight of sardonicism in that ejaculation. She would rather have her money buried than in the bank because times were so unsettled and there might be a revolution.

"In this country?"

"You never can tell."

"How many Liberty Bonds did you buy?"

"How many did you buy? How many did Wilson buy? Only a few, and he got much bigger wages."

Representative Ben Johnson now took over. He managed to get a little further "data" on the gold-burying expedition. The money had been taken in a car to one of the Bergdoll farms on the West Chester Pike, and the chauffeur had been told to go off and pick some apples.

"What, in November? And how long did it take to bury the gold?"

"I didn't take no record of time. That ain't got no bearing on this case. It's immaterial. It's a waste of time. I refuse to answer any more silly questions. I ain't going to give any more information about the gold. I'm getting sick and tired of it. People ought not to be so nosy to try to find out my private business."

This was too much for Mr. Johnson. "The defiance of the Bergdolls is a national scandal," he proclaimed. "I move that this witness be presented to the House for contempt."

"It's a sin and a shame that you gentlemen be so nasty," Mrs. Bergdoll said.

Cooler members of the committee prevailed upon Mr. Johnson to withdraw his motion.

The committee's report, issued August 18th, was a remarkable document. By a three-to-two vote it found "three more culpable than the rest" in the Bergdoll mess; namely, Samuel T. Ansell of Bergdoll's legal staff, collaborator in the trip-to-Philadelphia plan; Colonel John E. Hunt, who, thanks to the Army Reorganization Act, had been twice promoted and then retired; and Lieutenant Colonel Charles C. Cresson, who had presided at Bergdoll's and Hunt's courts-martial. Sergeants O'Hare and York were "stupid and incompetent" and guilty of "grave dereliction of duty."

Ansell snapped right back. A formal statement made public in the name of his firm pointed out that the Republican members of the House committee had favored Ansell two to one. As for the other Republican, Mr. Luhring, his "presence in Congress is one of those freaks that politics occasionally foists on the people." A "jury" of twelve noted lawyers, headed by two professors of the Yale Law School and including Frank J. Hogan, who in July, 1939, concluded a term as president of the American Bar Association, came to Ansell's assistance. They found that Ansell & Bailey were justified in accepting a retainer in the Bergdoll case and in applying for permission for Bergdoll temporarily to leave prison under guard; moreover, Ansell & Bailey had not been a party to any conspiracy. More significant, in view of the other issues involved, was the jury's pronouncement that "the court-martial records and the brief of Ansell & Bailey show clearly that there was a very serious question whether Bergdoll was ever inducted into the service."

But the most surprised man in the whole business, and the most indignant, was Colonel Cresson. He was now stationed at Fort Crook, Omaha, as Judge Advocate of the Seventh Corps Area. Doubtless he had been following the Washington hearings with a certain detachment. He gave out a statement: "I believed Colonel Hunt guilty at the time of the trial, and I still believe him guilty, but I did not believe we had evidence enough to convict him. . . . I could have given the committee enough evidence to have hanged a certain officer had I been given the opportunity." He had offered to testify before the House committee, but Chairman John A. Peters of Maine had courteously wired him that he need not appear.

SOON after the hearings opened, the government had taken the most drastic step it could take in the anti-Bergdoll offensive—and the only step left for it to take. On May 27th, President Harding issued an executive order empowering the Alien Property Custodian, Thomas W. Miller, to seize all of Grover's property under the Trading with the Enemy Act. This move not only impounded Bergdoll's wealth, it treated him as an enemy without the rights of American citizenship. Miller estimated the value of the estate to be nearly $850,000.

Custodian Miller and Philadelphia agents of the federal government moved on the Wynnefield Avenue house, which was in Grover's name, and the official announcement of the seizure was read to Mrs. Bergdoll, who came to the door unarmed. A formal notice was then posted on a tree in the front yard. Mrs. Bergdoll walked down the steps, removed the notice, and took it inside the house. Subsequently permission was

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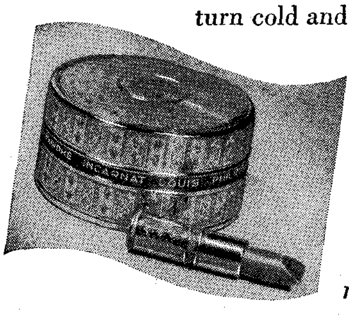

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given her to remain in the house as a sort of tenant-custodian.

Thereafter relative calm ruled the Bergdoll panorama for two years. On June 20, 1923, the chastened Erwin Bergdoll was released from Leavenworth Disciplinary Barracks after serving two years and ten months of his four-year sentence. The government gave him a railroad ticket, a blue serge suit, and ten dollars. Rearrested at the gate, charged with conspiracy to evade the draft, he was taken to federal court in Kansas City, Kansas, and released in $10,000 bail—par for a Bergdoll. He then left for Philadelphia. The conspiracy charge was later dropped. Erwin had done his bit.

After enjoying the renewed companionship of Erwin for four weeks, Mrs. Bergdoll sailed for Germany. There was no trouble about a passport; in fact, the government urged the trip in the belief that she might persuade Grover to return. She remained for a time in Switzerland and Grover came to visit her. Soon afterward the most melodramatic episode in the whole Bergdoll affair was played. Around midnight of August 9th, Grover, returning to his Eberbach inn, entered his unlighted room and was set upon by two men. Despite the flailings of a pair of blackjacks, he contrived to get out his revolver and open fire. Three shots hit one assailant, killing him instantly. Two put the other out of action. Only one shot went wild. Bergdoll would have been excellent company in a trench raid.

The assailants, it subsequently developed, were French private detectives —Karl Schmidt, deceased, and Roger Sperber, *hors de combat.* A little distance from the inn, the aroused police arrested, in that now familiar piece of Bergdoll stage property, the waiting car, an oddly assorted trio. They were Corliss Hooven Griffis and Eugene Victor Nelson, Americans, and Prince Gagarin, putatively Russian. In the car were rifles, ropes, and chloroform.

Griffis and Nelson, it appeared, were employees of the American Graves Registration Service, which was busy in old A.E.F. territory arranging for the shipment to America of those of her 70,000-odd war dead whose next of kin desired the return of the bodies. Griffis had gone to Europe with the idea of interviewing all the surviving war notables, and, with an instinct for what would be news, had developed a plot to restore Bergdoll to American custody.

Considering the assault, the fatal gunplay, and the elaborate paraphernalia of abduction, the charges laid against the quartet when they were brought to trial at Mosbach on December 6th were mild: coercion, usurpation of authority, breach of the peace, disregarding traffic regulations. Griffis and Sperber were given eighteen months and fined two trillion marks (fifty cents) each, Gagarin eight months, Nelson three months. Their period of detention was deducted from their sentences, which freed Nelson immediately. The other three were released three months later.

The Chicago *Tribune*, both on the home grounds and in its war-born Paris edition, had taken Griffis' cause for its own. It occurred to the late Norman Hapgood, then editor of Hearst's *International*, that a little less flag-waving and a little more sanity in the Bergdoll business might not be amiss. Accordingly, Mr. Hapgood detailed a staff representative, Leighton H. Blood, now of Town Hall, on West Forty-third Street, to go to Eberbach and see if he could induce Bergdoll to come home voluntarily, with both his person and his dignity unimpaired. Blood first put the problem up to the War and State Departments, which announced their readiness to coöperate heartily and proved it. Secretary of State Hughes, in fact, handed Blood two blank passports for Bergdoll and Stecher, and Secretary of War Weeks more than hinted that the Army would confine Bergdoll for a face-saving interval and then parole him as quietly as might be.

Bergdoll, reasonably, was startled to discover one morning in his Eberbach inn an American ex-service man who carried neither gun nor blackjack and did not have a car. Blood put the Hapgood plan up to the fugitive, who showed himself receptive but not thoroughly convinced. A letter from his mother, who had returned to America in the interval following the gunplay, and who had been made acquainted with the Hapgood plan, finally won him over. Blood then went to Hamburg and explained the situation to the American Consul General there. The official had never seen blank passports, but Blood's credentials from the State Department were unimpeachable, and between them they filled in the required data.

Then, at the last minute, Bergdoll backed out. It is Blood's view today that Stecher's influence may have had something to do with his refusal to go through with the program. At all events, a plan that might have terminated the Bergdoll case in 1924 (or by 1928 at the latest, if he had been forced to complete his sentence) came to naught. His filled-in passport, however,

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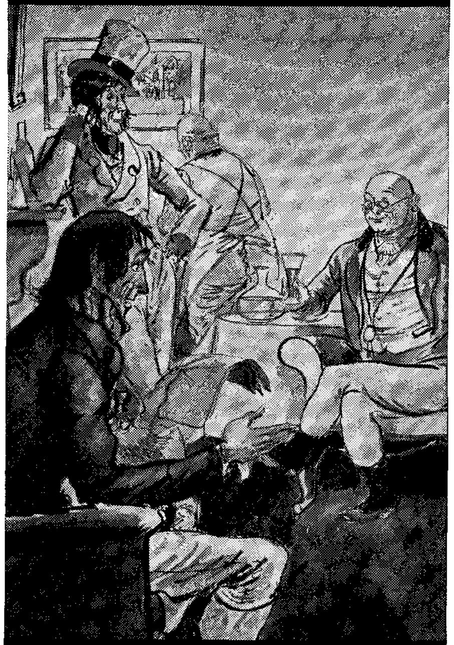

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was to become an important and valuable document later.

THEREAFTER, for ten years or so, *l'affaire Bergdoll* merely simmered. There was little excitement when, early in 1925, Ike Stecher returned to Philadelphia and gave himself up. (He pleaded guilty to conspiracy and in 1927 was given a two-year sentence which was dated back two years, so that actually he served no time.) He first called on Mrs. Bergdoll, and so did the reporters. "I am sick and tired of the whole business," she told them. "I wish Grofe would have sense like Ike and come home."

In 1926, Grover married Berta Franck of Mosbach, the not uncomely daughter of a good middle-class family. Four children were born to them—Alfred in 1927, Emma in 1928, Mina in 1930, Erwin in 1934.

On May 2, 1935, Mrs. Grover Cleveland Bergdoll arrived in America. (She had also been here, it subsequently appeared, earlier.) The four children accompanied her. Grandma, seventy-three, greeted them.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland Bergdoll came to America to seek clemency for her husband and to have an indubitably American baby. Washington was cool to the clemency idea. A fifth child, Vega, was born in Philadelphia in September, and the mother returned to Germany, leaving Vega with the grandmother.

On February 13, 1939, the government announced that the Bergdoll property which it still held totalled $481,184, a large share of it in cash. Property worth $140,000 had previously been returned to Emma Bergdoll.

Six weeks later the Attorney General's office announced that Grover Cleveland Bergdoll planned to return to the United States. On April 10th, his wife arrived, saying he would sail within a week. Harry Weinberger, dean of Bergdoll's attorneys, met her. "He is coming back to take everything he has to," she said. The House of Representatives passed the Harness Bill, aimed specifically at Bergdoll, and designed to make him a man without a country. Weinberger appeared before the Senate Military Affairs Committee and argued that the measure was ex-post-facto legislation, that unlike the prototypic "Man Without a Country," Bergdoll at least had a prison to go to. The 1924 passport was produced. The Harness Bill died.

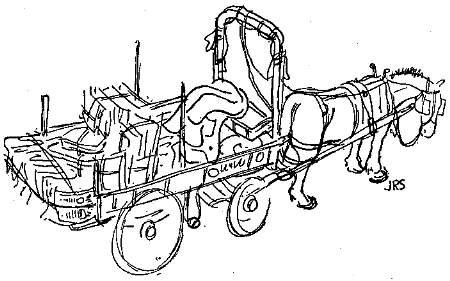
On May 25th, the Bergdoll case came full circle. Bergdoll returned to Governors Island. Army officers boarded the Bremen off Quarantine and, after hunting vainly for their quarry, had him pointed out to them by an immigration official. They found a roly-poly man, too short to carry his two hundred pounds well, round of face and thin of hair, with a toothbrush mustache crowding up under a long, straight nose. He wore a stiff detachable collar. He spoke an English which was badly abraded by contact with the Baden dialect. He had travelled as Bennet Nash, but he might as readily have posed as Grover Cleveland Bergdoll for all the notice he attracted on the Bremen. He had even been proof against the inevitable camaraderie of the ship's bar, though he had spent much of his time there.

The Army folks took him to the children's playroom of the Bremen to be interviewed by the reporters. "Yes, I'm much heavier," he told them. He was not returning "secretly," he insisted. "There are many reasons for coming back. Homesickness. My wife. My children. Yes. Yes. My mother, too. . . . I want to bring my children up in the United States."

No one thought to ask him about the pot of gold.

The Army cut him short in the middle of a sentence about how the skyline looked to him and led him away. Waiting at the Bremen's pier at the foot of West Forty-sixth Street were Mrs. Grover Bergdoll and the five children. Also Harry Weinberger. Also thirty policemen and six detectives. But the Army had first call.

Four months later, on September 27th, Bergdoll having been restored to Castle Williams meanwhile, his court-martial for the 1920 escape began. In anticipation of a large gallery, the Army chose to try the case in the post Y.M.C.A.'s gymnasium, not far from the Chapel of St. Cornelius the Centurion. Weinberger was on hand, but the other counsel on both sides were new faces to Bergdoll. In a voice barely audible even to the officers at the extremes of that grim row of thirteen, he told of return trips to America by way of Canada in 1927 and 1935. In all, he said, he had spent seven of the last twelve years here. Not once, he pro-



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tested, had he so much as stepped outside the Wynnefield Avenue house during these periods except to return to Germany—first on the Bremen and then on the Europa. He was down on the passenger lists both times as Bennet Nash. Why Bennet Nash? After the Arabic name—Benetnasch—of a star in the handle of the Big Dipper. Like mother, like son.

The object of this amazing declaration (which restored Bergdoll to his old position on page 1) was to make him eligible for freedom under the statute of limitations. But "desertion in time of war, mutiny, and murder" knows no statute of limitations, and the court refused to cross out the phrase "in time of war."

Mrs. Emma Bergdoll, seventy-eight last July 27th, testified to Grover's presence in Philadelphia during the periods he had specified. But all years were now one to her; the old fire had burned out. She was a worn, broken woman and a wholly unsatisfactory witness for both sides. Had she not said, before a newsreel camera in 1934, that she had not seen Grover in seventeen years? Maybe. Next day the court adjourned to the post theatre to see the newsreel. There was no mention in it of her not having seen Grover in seventeen years.

Stecher took the stand—Stecher the bodyguard, now a shattered man on crutches, with a brace on one leg. Mrs. Grover Bergdoll, German and comely, was an admirable witness (twelve days later her sixth child, another daughter, was born). Then came Sergeant Zimmer, still in service and in uniform, giving the court a salute that almost rang; two of the children, who knew they must tell the truth; O'Hare and York; sundry supernumeraries.

The pot of gold? It had been hidden in the wall of a closet in the Wynnefield Avenue house, said Bergdoll. In 1927, or thereabouts, it had been taken to a downtown Philadelphia bank and turned into Liberty Bonds, most of it. Some of it, either in gold or paper, had gone back to Germany with Bergdoll.

The court-martial verdict was handed down on October 5th. Three years additional for the 1920 escape, which was actually a desertion within a desertion—eight years altogether, less some seven months already served, less perhaps eventually a little more for good behavior. A reviewing board at Governors Island has since lopped off a year—a fact which has not been noted in the press. On January 3, 1940, Weinberger sued Grover and Berta Bergdoll for $75,000, giving credit for $1,004.55 re-

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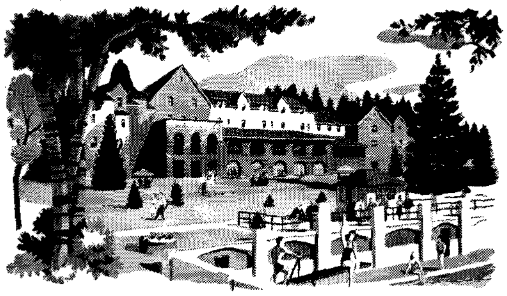

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ceived, for all legal services, including the court-martial, habeas corpus, stopping of the Harness Bill, and family litigation, for the period from December 4, 1938, to December 11, 1939. Weinberger had received $8,000 as a retainer in December, 1938. On April 16, 1940, this suit came to trial before Justice Aron Steuer in New York State Supreme Court. Bergdoll was brought into court on a habeas corpus ad testificandum, an unusual procedure, and a $30,000 settlement was agreed to.

The latest phase of the case, one may be sure, has been followed with avid interest by those Army men of twenty years ago who found it a hot potato. They are nearly all in retirement—Colonel Cresson in San Antonio, Texas; Colonel Hunt in Chevy Chase, Maryland, where Bergdoll owns real estate; Sergeant O'Hare in Brooklyn; Sergeant York in the Bronx. Samuel T. Ansell is still a practicing attorney in Washington. Frank Zimmer, of the 1921 "kidnapping" episode, is a technical sergeant at Governors Island, with retirement four years away; Bergdoll is confined a quarter mile from Zimmer's office. Carl Naef, Zimmer's old buddy, is a commercial artist and lives upstate. Griffis lives in Manhattan and sells real estate. Erwin Bergdoll is quietly farming at Broomall, Pennsylvania.

The stars in their courses have not been kind to the Bergdolls.

—John T. Winterich

(*This is the second of two articles on the Bergdoll case.*)

●

To rent—A college house, furnished, full of girls. Immediate possession. Address A.A., Gazette office.—*Adv. in the Northampton (Mass.) Gazette.*

Oh, we can wait till we've unpacked.

●

Sift together ¾ cup cake flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, and ¼ teaspoon salt. Into a large bowl place 4 egg whites and into a smaller one place the 4 folks.
—*Washington Post.*

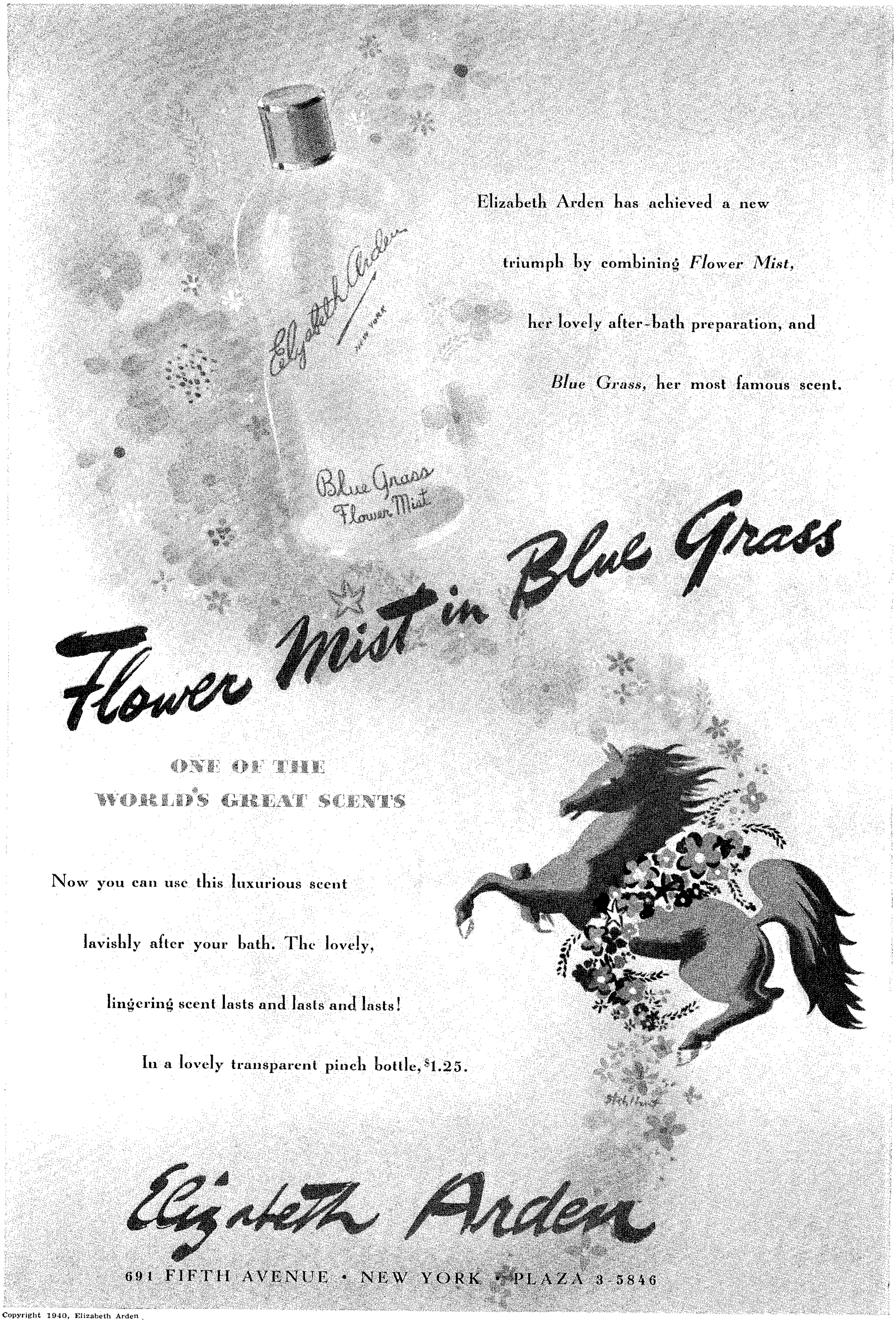
Sprinkle with nutmeg and jump down the drain.

●

THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

He will go to Hollywood in two weeks to write the dialogue for Walter Wanger's production of Vincent Sheean's "Personal History." This is the film for which James Hilton is doing the continuity and which has been kicking around the studio for some time with a various assortment of production ills. "Personal History" in its screen form will have no social significance.



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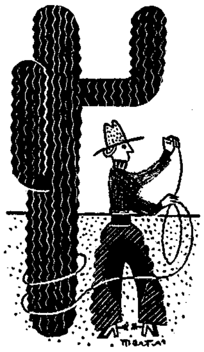
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

OUT OF TOWN

A Party for Dudes



JUST four hundred years ago, Southwesterners are eager to have us know, Don Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, accompanied by a few hundred Spaniards and a whole slew of Indians, rode up from Mexico in search of the Seven Cities of Cibola, whose buildings, he had heard, were made of gold. For two years he wandered over what is now Arizona, New Mexico, the Texas Panhandle, and Kansas, finding nothing but mud huts. He was one of the least of the conquistadors, but he was the first, and three of the states he traipsed through are going to celebrate his wild-goose chase this year by putting on a Coronado Cuarto Centennial, an all-summer shindy. Congress has helped out with some money to back a pageant which, beginning next month, will tour the Southwest, giving weekly performances right through to October. Kansas isn't participating, perhaps because the villain of the pageant is an Indian who persuaded Coronado to go to Kansas.

The full-length version of the pageant calls for a huge cast and any number of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs, and will be presented only at Albuquerque, Amarillo, and Phoenix; a shortened arrangement will be shown at smaller towns, which will join in with fiestas and rodeos and, in some cases, pageants of their own. Taos, for example, will act out the life of Kit Carson; Lincoln, New Mexico, will do Billy the Kid. The authors and artists of Santa Fe, notoriously resentful of goings-on which bring strangers into their adopted sanctuary, are undoubtedly distressed at the prospect, but the people who run dude ranches are jubilant. If you're planning to try one of these ranches this summer, you're almost sure to find yourself involved some way or other in the festivities.

Dude ranching is prospering throughout the West, and the winter spots in the Southwest have had the best year ever. Most ranches that are 4,500 feet or less above sea level are too hot in summer, those at 6,500 feet or more are comfortable only then, and places at altitudes of from 4,500 to 6,500 feet can

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"Exquisito!"

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This luxury smoke costs only a few cents more than ordinary cigarettes!

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THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST

SERVE...

White Rose
COLD JELLIED CONSOMMÉ
MADRILÈNE
The very sight of it COOLS you off!
White Rose
CONSOMMÉ MADRILÈNE

How *thrilling* a first course! White Rose cold jellied Consommé Madrilène . . . sparklingly cool . . . delightful to taste with its clear, rich, tomato flavor. Women rejoice at the way it jells . . . perfectly every time. And it serves so beautifully! No wonder it is a favorite first course from coast to coast—served on occasions when guests and family are to be *thoroughly* pleased.

White Rose Consommé Madrilène makes such beautiful salads, too—the kind you can serve as a main dish for luncheon or supper. Just chill, then fold-in a cupful of shrimps with celery cubes, or small flowers of cooked cauliflower with small pickled onions or capers; boiled ham, shredded; or cucumbers and red radishes, thinly sliced. Then chill again and serve with mayonnaise.

Ask your grocer for ***White Rose Madrilène*** today. Also, for variety, ***White Rose Consommé Arctique,*** the beef consommé, and ***White Rose Chicken Consommé.*** All three jell perfectly—*always!*

SEEMAN BROTHERS, INC., NEW YORK CITY

JUST CHILL AND SERVE

• THE ORIGINAL •
COLD JELLIED
CONSOMMÉ

generally do business the year round. Those who have always heard of the Southwest as being nothing but a blistering waste during July and August may be surprised to learn that there are immense forests and numerous trout streams in the summer-ranch country.

The character of dude ranches isn't what it used to be. At first all were real or "working" ranches, on which the owner and his family went about their regular tasks while taking in boarders as a sideline. Most of the new ones, however, are built (and some of them are quite palatial) just for the purpose of accommodating guests and making them comfortable. The architecture and arrangement of the buildings may or may not bear the slightest resemblance to an old-time ranch. Some are plain and some fancy, but life at all except a few of them remains informal.

It's probably silly to remind you that you can't just arrive at one of these ranches and expect to be put up. Reservations are necessary at all of them, and because many are so situated that mail and telegraph service is uncertain, you should start getting in touch with them well in advance. Every dude ranch is prepared to meet you at the nearest railroad station or airport, some with and some without extra charge, provided you give fair warning. Travel bureaus can be of tremendous help in selecting a ranch and the New York agents of the Western railroads seem to know personally every ranch owner along their routes.

HERE are a few ranches suitable for late spring and summer; naturally, the list doesn't come anywhere near being complete. Some I have visited; the others have been highly recommended to me:

First, there are those in New Mexico, where, by chance, most that I have in mind seem to be. Rancho de Dias Alegres, a forty-minute drive out of Las Vegas and up 7,400 feet, has facilities for fishing and swimming, as well as the inevitable riding. . . . Rancho Del Monte is right on the outskirts of the city of Santa Fe, which keeps you in easy touch with civilization, if that's what you want. Its location also makes golf possible, should you want that too. . . . For spectacular wilderness country and no social frills, you might consider Tent Rock Ranch, eighteen miles from the post office at Pena Blanca and fifty miles west of Santa Fe. . . . Los Pinos, at Cowles (the railroad station is Glorieta), is a small ranch where there is considerable interest in fishing. . . . Also near Glorieta and with the emphasis on fishing is Brush Ranch, on the Pecos, a clear-water stream stocked by the State Fish Hatchery. . . . Valley Ranch, still another place near Glorieta, is larger than most, and run for guests who like organized social activities, and golf and tennis as well as horses. It offers bungalows and cabins in addition to accommodations in the main house. . . . Bear Mountain Ranch, near Silver City, in the cattle and mining country, is especially good for those who want to watch the West at work.

In Arizona, Soda Springs Ranch, a fine winter place at Rimrock, now has a set of log cabins, for summer, thirty miles away on Mormon Lake, at an altitude of 7,200 feet, in the Coconino National Forest. . . . The Jokake Inn, near Phoenix, runs Jokake Ranch in the Arizona White Mountains, a hundred miles or so from the railroad. The altitude is about 8,000 feet and the ranch is in the midst of the largest pine forest in the country.

DESPITE what's happening in Scandinavia, the Swedish American Line people are apparently going right ahead with their spring and summer cruise plans for the Kungsholm. The Gripsholm is in Sweden and it isn't known as yet whether or not she will be able to get here, but the Kungsholm, waiting placidly at her dock on West 57th Street, is still booked to sail on May 18th for a six-day jaunt to Bermuda, and on May 25th for an eight-day cruise to Havana and Nassau. The Line's officials won't discuss the possibility that the Kungsholm's summer trip to the South Seas may have to be cancelled.

The Holland-America Line likewise won't hear of anything's interfering with its plans for the Nieuw Amsterdam. She's been making out well all spring with trips to the Caribbean, and she's scheduled to keep on cruising there and to South America until October. She's been chartered by the Rotary and Lions' Clubs for two of her trips, leaving here June 6th and July 20th, but after that she'll be, one hopes, available to the public. Incidentally, her first stop on every cruise will be St. Thomas, in the Virgin Islands, thus providing the best service there has ever been to that port.

—S. R. W.

•

COCKTAIL PARTY FOR
NURSERY SCHOOL
—*Headline in the Sun.*

Must be on the progressive side.

REMEMBER WHEN WE SNAPPED THIS, MOTHER? Was it last summer, or was it really 1923? I can see him now, chasing those waves. He wasn't afraid of anything. Still isn't.

Sometimes, though, I wish I'd been smarter or richer. I'd have enjoyed smoothing some of the bumps for him. He wanted a lot of things he never got, and never asked for.

Not that it would have made any difference between us. He understands. We could give him some little gadget tomorrow. Or nothing at all. He wouldn't mind.

But tomorrow's going to be our big day as well as his. I'm going to be just as excited as he is when we give him his Hamilton.

He'll say, "Dad! Mom! You foolish people, you needn't have done so much." And I'll probably say, "Forget it, son." But none of us ever will.

✓ ✓ ✓

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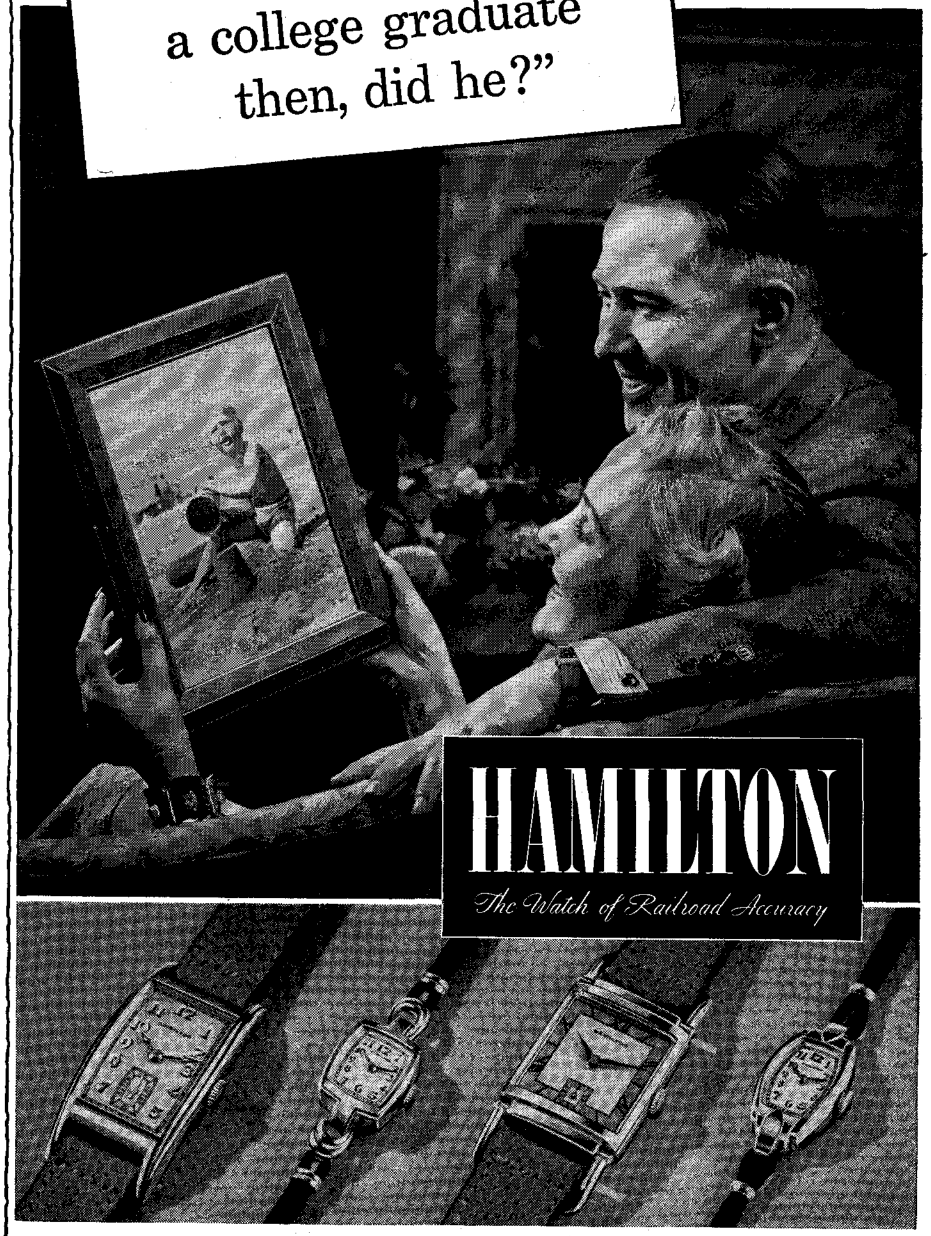
"Didn't look much like a college graduate then, did he?"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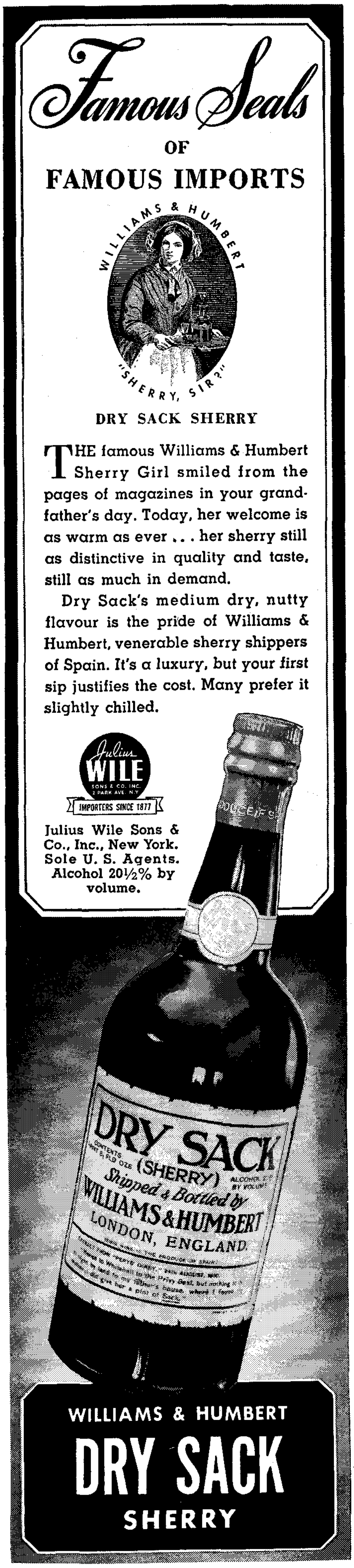
GRACE. 17 jewels. 14K natural gold. With 18K applied gold numeral dial. Comes with 14K gold fittings . . . $65

WILSHIRE. 19 jewels. 14K natural or coral gold-filled, dial to match, $52.50. With applied gold numeral dial, $55

CORINNE. 17 jewels. 14K white or natural gold-filled. 18K applied gold numeral dial, $45. With bracelet . . . $47.50

***Note:** Hamilton's experience building watches for railroad men insures greatest possible accuracy in every other size and grade that Hamilton makes.*



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Dry Sack's medium dry, nutty flavour is the pride of Williams & Humbert, venerable sherry shippers of Spain. It's a luxury, but your first sip justifies the cost. Many prefer it slightly chilled.

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WILLIAMS & HUMBERT DRY SACK SHERRY

DOG'S BEST FRIEND

A Casual Collection of Newspaper Items Indicating That the Traditional Devotion of Dogs to Their Masters Is Not Entirely Unreciprocated

EXPLORING Death Valley in the company of three scientists, Lawrence J. Goodman not only insisted that his dog be allowed to share the party's limited supply of water but, on the third night out, produced a folding canvas tub from his duffle bag and gave the animal a bath.

When the neighbors of a lady in Mount Pleasant, New York, complained that the barking of her forty dogs was keeping them awake nights, the owner sold twenty and quieted the rest by sleeping in the kennel with them.

The City of Philadelphia spent $250 to rescue a black mongrel from a cake of ice drifting down the Delaware River.

Henry C. Babcock, a Missouri broker, left his $86,000 estate to his dogs, and the judge before whom Mr. Babcock's relatives contested the will respected his wishes to the extent of ruling that the animals were entitled to $43,000.

Mrs. Sherman Hoyt of Katonah, New York, commissioned an artist to make an etching of her French poodle, Nunsoe Duc de la Terrace, and had the dog unveil it at a tea by worrying a rubber mouse on the end of a cord attached to a curtain over the easel.

When her dog, Boris, died, Mrs. Sharon Joan Temple of San Diego placed the body in a coffin and chartered a boat to take it two hundred miles out into the Pacific, where it was dropped

MAIDEN FORM'S *"ONCE-OVERS" have brassiere tops which truly fit

Because they are topped with Maiden Form's *own* most popular brassiere designs, these lovely one-piece foundations can be relied upon for perfect *uplift* as well as for perfect control through waist and hips. Choose from seven *different* brassiere tops, to find *the* "Once-Over" best suited to the needs of *your* bustline. You'll rejoice at the sculpture-perfect figure-moulding which it gives you!

*"Allegro"-topped "Once-Overs" (*in the photo above*) give smart "outlift" as well as "uplift" to bosoms of average proportions. If your breasts are smaller-than-average, try a "Once-Over" with an *"Adagio" top. (*At the left*).

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*"Allo"-topped "Once-Overs" fulfill the needs of women with heavier-than-average breasts. (*Shown at the right*). Send for *free* Foundation Style Booklet S: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

Maiden Form REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON BRASSIERES GIRDLES "ONCE-OVERS"

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"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

overboard after ceremonies appropriate to a burial at sea.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Cantrell of Houston, Texas, made a phonograph record of the bark of their collie, Prince, and when he died had him stuffed and rigged up so that his jaws could be opened and closed in time with the barking on the record.

When Cariker, a dog whom Miss Leonora Duffield of Milwaukee had taken along on a tour of the Southwest, was bitten by a rattlesnake in Phoenix, Arizona, Miss Duffield chartered a plane to fly him to Denver, where a specialist saved his life and his owner paid travel and medical bills of $4,400.

The WPA proposed to build a $25,000 dog pound in Memphis, specifying that it was to be designed on modernistic lines and would have curtained windows, shower baths, individual rooms, and a daily change of bedding.

A lady in St. Paul brought her dog to a performance of "Rigoletto" given by the Civic Opera Association, explaining, as she bought a seat for her pet, that "he loves opera." —OREN ARNOLD

•

PRICE-FIXING

REDCAPS TO GET 10 CENTS A BAG AT PENN STATION—*Headline in the Herald Tribune.*

Ten cents for each and every piece
Of luggage, light or heavy?
The hatbox and the stout valise
Command an equal levy?

A dime for any bit of freight,
No chance at all to barter?
Without exception, ten cents straight
And not three for a quarter?

This may make every redcap rich,
Or anyhow securer,
But gone's the gamble, lacking which
His life and ours is poorer.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

•

Clare Boothe's "Margin for Error" and Maxwell Anderson's "Key Largo" will be discussed by Lorita Baker Vallely in her current review at Miss Harker's School on Friday morning at 10:15 o'clock. Both plays Mrs. Vallely saw on her recent trip to New York, and she will give her personal impressions of them. She will discuss also interviews in Washington, D. C., with congressmen and newspaper men and will deal with Latin American relations, the "Good Neighbor" policy and presidential prospects.—*Palo Alto Times.*

That ought to take us through to lunchtime.

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in Town
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Sheer plaid daintiness in Tootal's famous crease-resistant Voile and Linen

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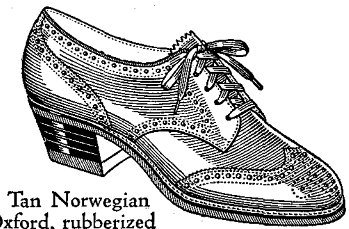
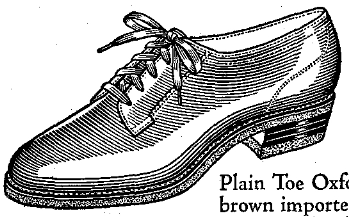


A & F Tan Norwegian calf Oxford, rubberized grip sole. $11.50.



Plain Toe Oxford of brown imported calf, crepe sole. $12.50.

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THE OARSMEN

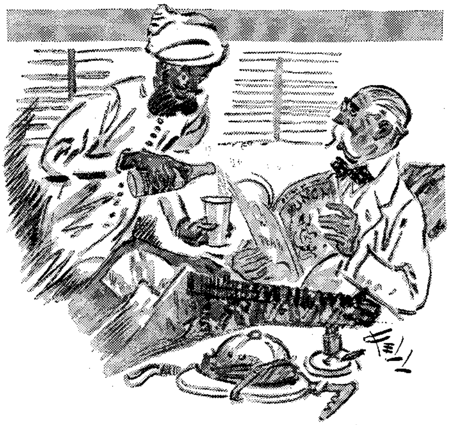
Harvard and Yale

THE method Harvard used to win the Compton Cup on Lake Carnegie last Saturday might easily have had embarrassing results if the young men who attempted it had been less experienced. Harvard let its opponents—Princeton and M. I. T.—do about what they pleased for over half the distance, and although Princeton was unable to make any sort of showing, M. I. T. took advantage of the opportunity to pick up a surprising lead. Harvard, however, had nothing to worry about. Except for Samuel Goddard, who is rowing in the place of Dudley Talbot, last year's captain, at No. 3, it is the same crew which won the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley ten months ago and the men in it know all the tricks. At the proper time, John Wilson, the Harvard stroke, raised the beat and his shell crossed the finish line two lengths ahead of M. I. T. Wilson's accomplishment was particularly admirable because only the day before the race he had caught a crab and been tossed right out of his shell, an experience which a less self-assured stroke might have found unnerving.

Wilson is six feet tall and weighs 170 pounds; he's not very large for a varsity rower. He is a self-made oarsman who started his rowing career at the age of ten. His father, a minister, spends his vacations on an island near Boothbay, Maine, and it used to be young Wilson's almost daily task to row something like a mile over to town for mail and provisions. The summer after his freshman year, Wilson began extending his rows to distant parts of the harbor, frequently doing as much as fifteen miles a day, and was rewarded when he got back to college by being made stroke of the junior varsity. When the first-string No. 8 couldn't make the Henley trip last year, Wilson filled in.

The finish judge, Earle P. Baltz, of Philadelphia, surprised a lot of racegoers at Princeton by using a twelve-gauge double-barrelled shotgun instead of the customary flag to notify the timers as each crew crossed the line. He's the only finish judge I know who uses firearms at college regattas. Sometimes, when the third boat in a race comes in right behind the first two, Mr. Baltz,

at the officers' mess in Bombay
... at the Army & Navy Club, New York



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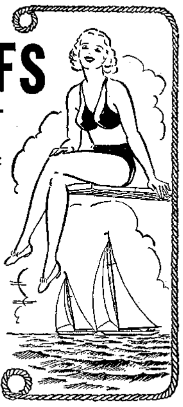

who thinks the shotgun produces more accurate timings (to say nothing of more excitement), has to be very spry about reloading his fowling piece. He has an assistant whose duty it is to do the signalling with a flag when there just isn't time to get the gun recharged. The assistant's services weren't required on Saturday, although for a moment, at the end of the junior-varsity race, it looked as though they would be. Mr. Baltz emptied his first barrel for Harvard and his second for M. I. T. Princeton was four lengths behind, giving him only sixteen seconds in which to break his gun, eject the shells, reload, and fire. He made it, though, and received a well-earned, if small, round of applause.

EVEN though the Yale crew did not have a new shell, as it customarily does at the start of its season, it managed to retain the Blackwell Cup by beating Columbia and Pennsylvania on the Harlem last week. As usual, Dick Pocock, whom Coach Leader brought from Washington as his rigger eighteen years ago, worked all winter putting together a new shell for the varsity, but this time, at Coach Leader's suggestion, he did some experimenting and turned out a lighter boat, with two-armed riggers. When it was launched on the Housatonic this spring, Leader wasn't satisfied and ordered it back for further tinkering—too whippy, he said. Heavier ribs and the old-type rigger are now being installed. Until the necessary alterations are finished, Yale will have to use last year's boat, which would seem suitable enough, judging from past performances. The new shell is expected to be ready for action at New London in June.

According to a scout I had on the banks of the Harlem, Columbia looked fine even though defeated. Finishing considerably ahead of Pennsylvania, which was rowing without its regular stroke oar, Columbia was fifteen feet behind the winning shell, which was manned by five of the eight oarsmen who helped Yale through its successful season last year. Among the rooters who found some comfort in this was James Madison Blackwell, Columbia '14, a New York lawyer who, with his mother and sister, put up the cup in honor of his father, the late George E. Blackwell, Columbia '80. The donor did not row while he was in college, but he tried out. "I was five foot ten and a hundred and forty pounds," he says, "and when I appeared, the coach remarked, 'I suppose you're a coxswain.' So I decided to give it all up."

—Bow

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An interesting folder "How To Take Care of Your Tennis Racket" is available for the asking.

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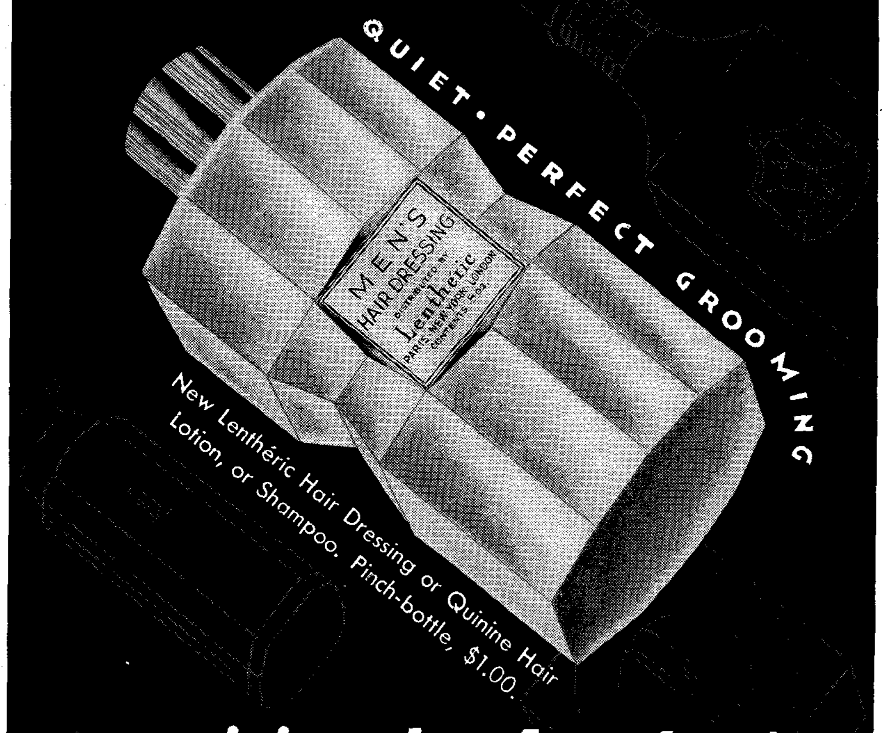

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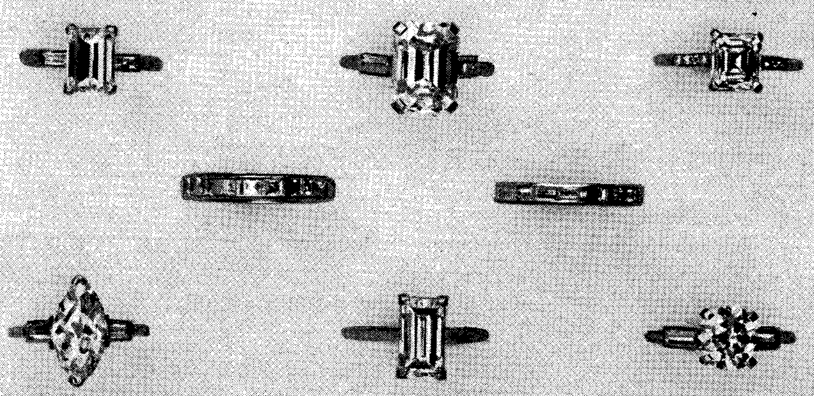

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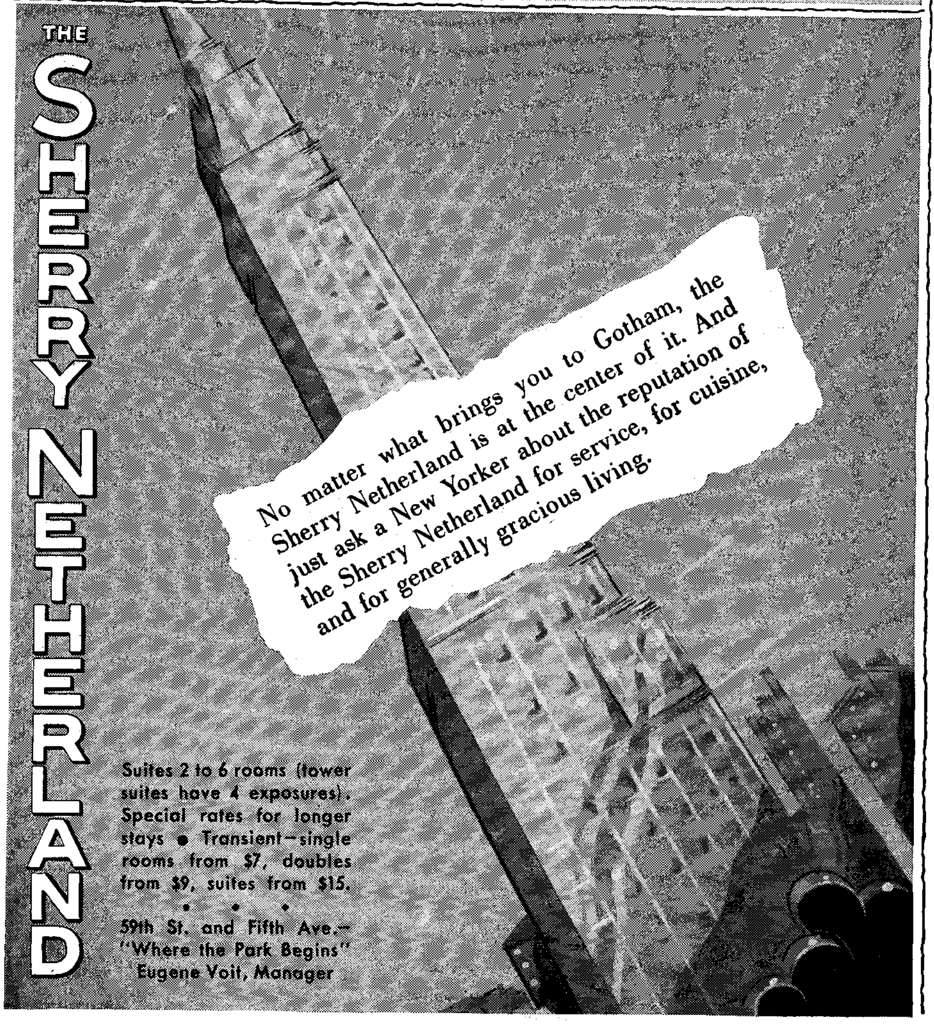

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"Where the Park Begins"
Eugene Voit, Manager

THE ANTIDOTE FOR MEGALOMANIA: A SCIENTIFIC PROPOSAL

THE author would like to suggest, before it's too late, that Mankind stop deluding itself by measuring its accomplishments in large numbers of small units and instead adopt small numbers of decent-sized units. It is all too easy to pass from a merely boastful mood to megalomania, *folie de grandeur*, or whatnot. As an illustration, let us take the not uncommon case of a manufacturer who announces his output in terms of the earth's circumference—let us say that such-and-such a man buys space in the *Saturday Evening Post* or *Time* to tell the public that his annual output of yarn would circle the earth three times. Three times round the earth is such a replete, satisfying figure that it automatically induces a mood of sottish contentment among the entire staff, from corporation officers to office boys. Bedaux himself could *not* whip up in them any enthusiasm for turning out enough yarn to reach three and one-quarter times round the earth. Let them think of their output, I suggest, in terms of the distance from the earth to Mars; the same amount of yarn that goes three times round the equator would go only 1/650th of the mean distance to Mars. This would be no reason for complacency. Instead of sitting around in cocktail lounges and boasting about last year's output, the factory force would be coming in Saturday afternoons and holidays in an effort to get their yarn to stretch at least 1/500th of the way to Mars; meantime, they would probably be willing to forego the annual bonus and accept a ten-per-cent cut in wages.

On August 23, 1939, John R. Cobb attained a record-breaking speed of 369.7 M.P.H. in an automobile. Four days earlier, Sir Malcolm Campbell had, in his speedboat Bluebird II, set a water record of 141.74 M.P.H. A German named Fritz Wendel holds the speed record for airplanes—469.22 M.P.H. These accomplishments are impressive only because they are expressed in units so pathetically inadequate—miles per hour. Almost any creature that puts its mind to it can go a mile in an hour. A more rational unit, to my way of thinking, would be light-years per century. (Light travels 186,000 miles per second, or about 5,866,000,000,000 miles in a year.) Figured out in this fresh and inspiring unit, Cobb's speed was approximately 1/18,000 L.-Y.P.C. Campbell's

Bluebird II made a speed of approximately 1/47,000 L.-Y.P.C., and Wendel's airplane went approximately 1/14,000 L.-Y.P.C. These figures, I submit, would look properly modest even when engraved on a silver trophy.

Estimating the strength of machinery in horsepower is no more or less than making ourselves feel good at the expense of the horse. The horse has never vaunted its strength, and does not deserve the insult implied in the statement that the hydro-electric stations at Niagara Falls generate over a million horsepower. Let us simply take Niagara power as our unit; a 100-H.P. car would then be said to develop 1/10,000 Niagara power. A man driving a 1/10,000 N.P. car would not feel cheated if he had to take the ramp to the Queensboro Bridge in second gear; he'd feel lucky to make it at all.

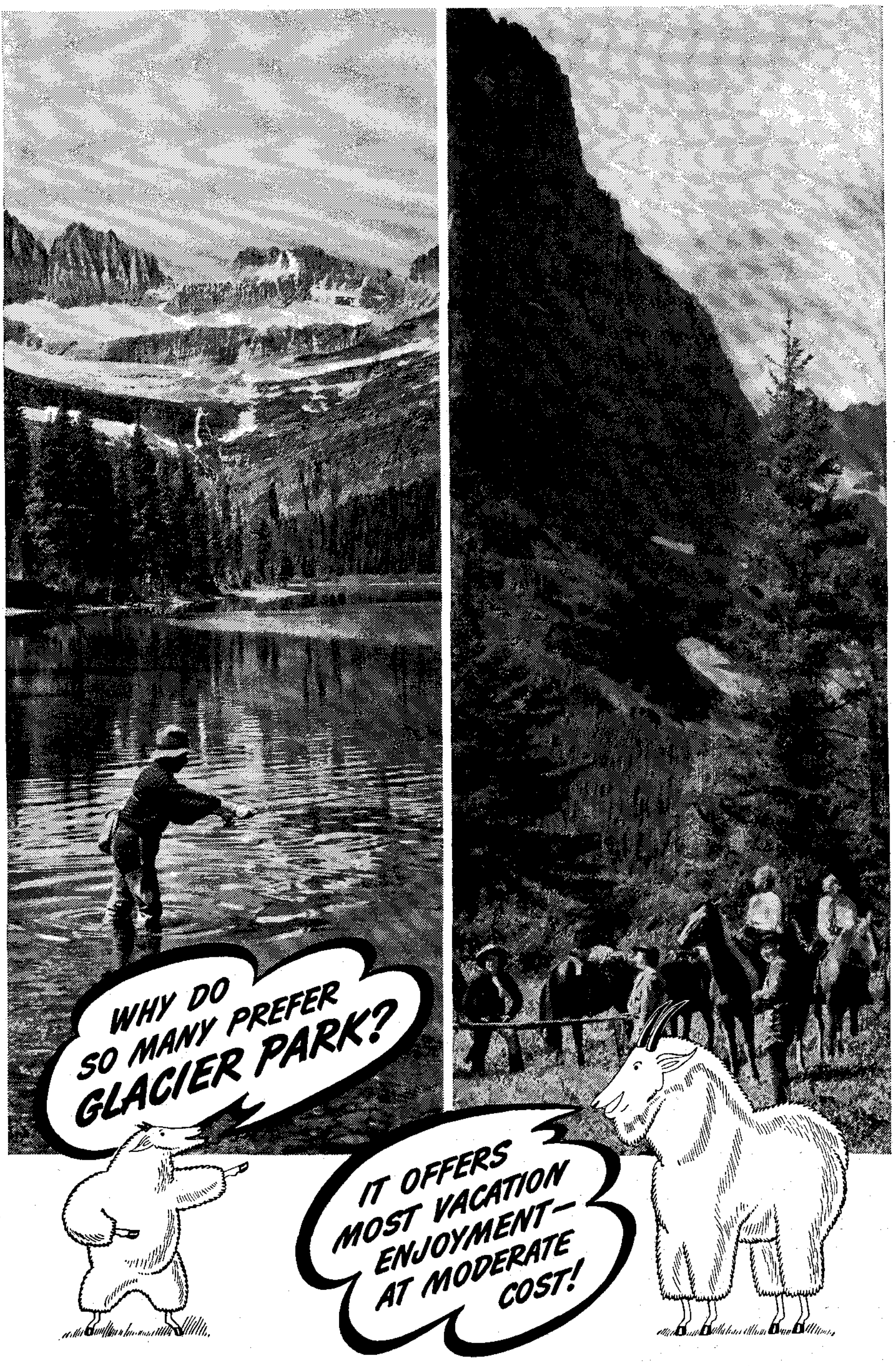
Nobody but a dolt would be impressed by the news that the Army's biggest searchlight has an intensity of 8,000,000,000 candlepower. What's a candle? We might better base our unit on the light of the moon, which somebody has figured out to be about twenty-five sextillion candlepower. Divide that by 10,000,000,000, just for argument's sake, and you get a handy little unit which I have ventured to name the tenbilllune—"ten" for ten, "bill" for billion, and "lune" for moon. It sounds nice, it has the distinction of three consecutive "l"s, and it brings our Army 8,000,000,000-candlepower searchlight down to .0032 tenbilllunes, which is good enough for us in peacetime.

A word of warning. This idea can be carried too far. It is too much to tell a man that he has 30,000,000,000,000 red corpuscles in his body, but it is equally bad to tell him that his entire blood content is under two gallons, or less than one-sixth of a firkin. Tell him six and a half quarts, and you'll strike the proper mean between self-respect and megalomania. —TRACY YORK

•

. . . it goes without saying.—*From "Inside Asia," by John Gunther, page 20.*
. . . it goes without saying . . .—*Page 38.*
. . . it goes without saying . . .—*Page 53.*
. . . it goes without saying . . .—*Page 88.*
. . . it goes without saying . . .—*Page 152.*
. . . it goes without saying . . .—*Page 155.*
It goes without saying . . .—*Page 166.*
. . . it goes without saying . . .—*Page 210.*
It goes almost without saying . . .
—*Page 426.*
. . . it goes without saying . . .—*Page 450.*
. . . it goes without saying . . .—*Page 477.*
. . . it goes without saying . . .—*Page 486.*
It goes without saying . . .—*Page 547.*

It doesn't *seem* to.


WHY DO SO MANY PREFER GLACIER PARK?
IT OFFERS MOST VACATION ENJOYMENT—AT MODERATE COST!

● Son, I've observed that people are funny about vacations. Some are satisfied if they can play golf and swim. Others want to ride horseback, hike, or climb mountains like we do. Others have to take unusual pictures. Some like to see scenery in a lazy hurry from open-top buses and lake launches. Some like social activities such as dancing and the evening story hours around romantic log fires . . . But I notice they *all* like our picturesque hotels and chalets—and the excellent meals.

Yes, Glacier Park, Montana, and Waterton Lakes Park next door in Canada, can promise *you* thrilling vacation days. And from here it's so easy to visit Pacific Northwest cities, California or Alaska. Or Banff, Lake Louise and Jasper Park in the Canadian Rockies. Mail coupon for vacation information, including all-expense tours.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, MAY 1

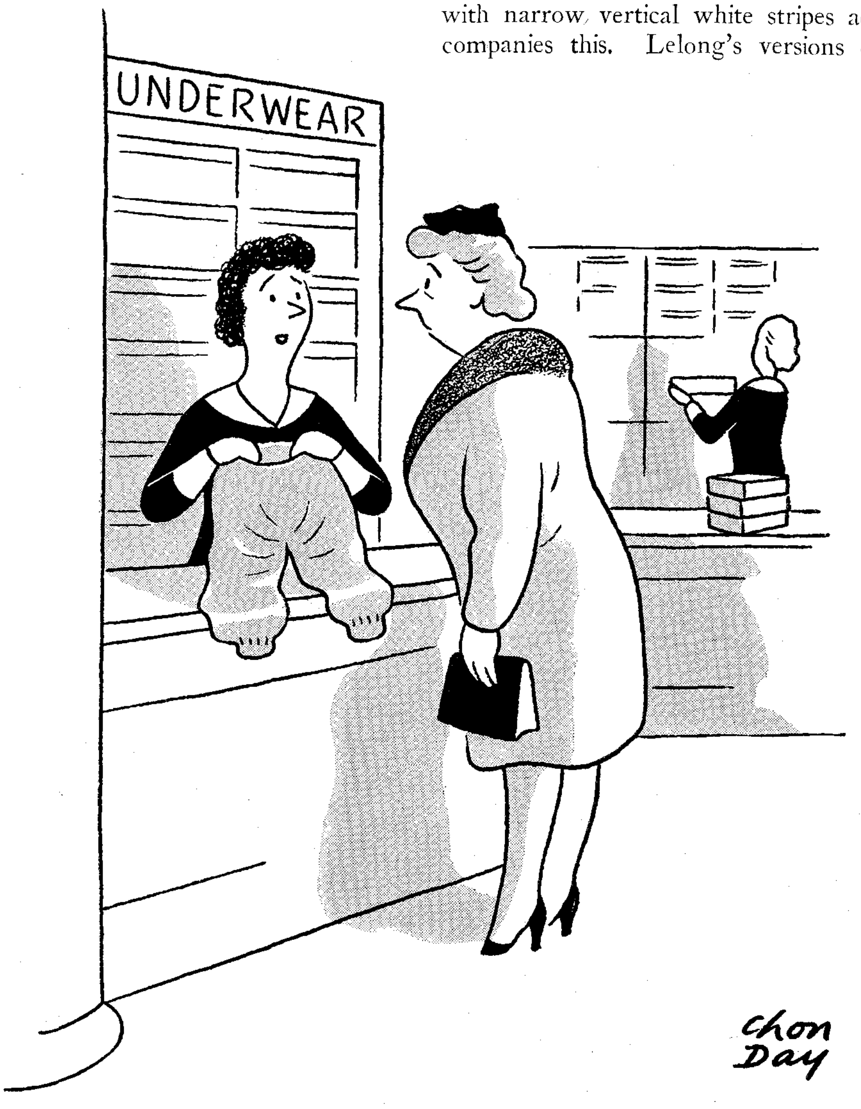
THE Paris mid-season collections give an effect of prewar calm and nonchalance, and are therefore in sharp contrast to the defiant mood of the first two showings since the new war. Paquin went right ahead with its opening on the day Norway became involved in the war; surprise moves apparently no longer surprise us. Everybody has become so used to seeing the Duchess of Windsor impartially helping make every important opening a success by attending it that she no longer diverts much attention from the clothes themselves.

In general, I am delighted to note that most of the antique fashions have stepped back into the picture frames where they belong, leaving the couturiers free to create the best type of modern French clothes, haunted by few sartorial spectres. Norse motifs are confined to enamelled sword or dagger fastenings and an occasional turban derived from a Viking's helmet. A ministering-angel, pre-Raphaelite robe crops up here and there to bring inspiration to fevered subalterns, but so far, happily, these are exceptions.

One of the most striking innovations in silhouettes is a loose, full dress worn over a formidable armored corset which is so long it gives that pushed-up, busty look considered alluring around 1907. I do not see any reason for such a perverse combination of garments; this hardly seems the moment to suggest whaleboned plates to Frenchwomen, who are leading the most active lives in their history. Then, too, you would think that women would take advantage of the shrouding folds these dresses provide to give their figures a holiday. Thank goodness, Lelong, Molyneux, and Schiaparelli continue to allow us figures controlled by our muscles instead of whalebone, regarding a brassière as the only method of giving a victorious lift to the bosom.

Molyneux makes shirtwaist dresses so thrilling that you wonder why you ever thought of wearing anything else. He dresses them up for the afternoon by using pretty pastel shantungs with tinted rhinestone buttons and shows straw sailors of a young-English-girl type with them. For evenings, he lengthens the skirts, chops off the sleeves, and uses new silky linens or mousseline, with *apache* handkerchiefs dotted with paillettes for decoration. For youngsters, my favorite is a shirtwaist dress of acetate silk vertically striped with sky blue and rose; its full skirt has unpressed pleats stitched to a point just below the hipbone, and a bunch of tiny roses is stuck through the belt. This is worn with an enormous, floppy rose straw which flares way up on one side over the draped forehead bandeau that underlies most of the Molyneux hats. There are other things here you'd like to see every day: his black-and-white silk tweed suit, for instance, with a plain black sweater, a pink rose boutonnière, and a straw sailor; and a wool suit consisting of a slim gray skirt with brown hand stitching at the hem, a mousy brown jacket with gray hand stitching, and a dotted brown surah blouse. Among the sports things, everybody wanted an indigo linen smock suit with tiny white initials over the heart and a white jersey sweater with a turban to match. Then there's an English-schoolboy suit with gray flannel slacks or pleated skirt, a matching felt beret, and a royal-blue flannel jacket that has tiny pleats above the waist in back.

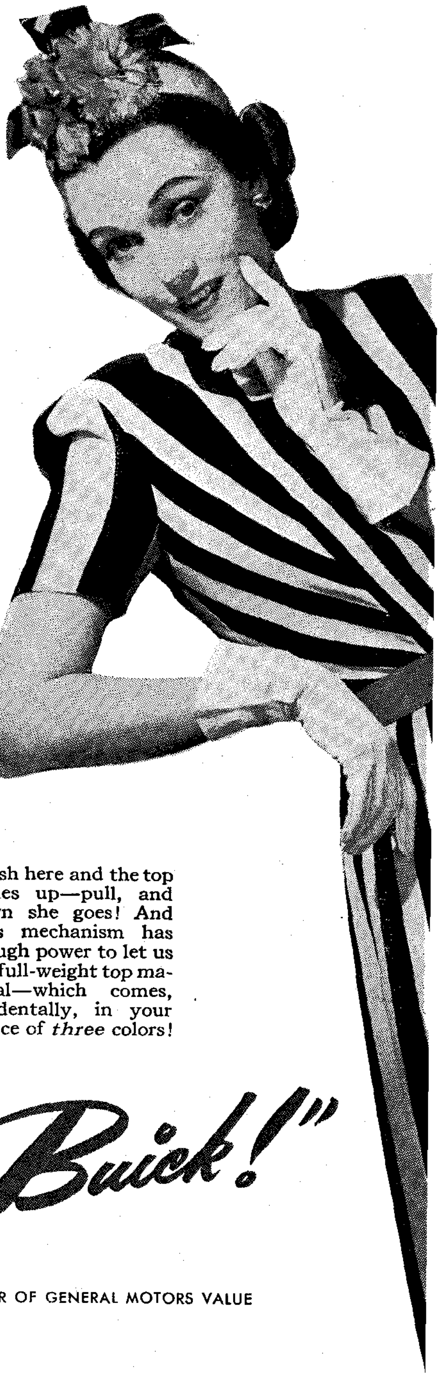
LELONG shows numbers of long, slim evening gowns with tops made of shutterlike folds that part to reveal narrow horizontal stripes of your skin when you move. A stunning black crêpe model (one of the few black gowns shown this season) has a yoke and long sleeves made of these folds. Except for one or two full-skirted summer evening frocks, Lelong favors straight, long lines for formal wear. His new elongated draped gowns are possible even for small women, for they lend height and a willowy look. One knockout in midnight-blue mousseline has a bodice draped in highly stylized folds which give a bolero effect over an otherwise bare diaphragm; the skirt is draped in long, simple festoons. A plain, floor-length, red taffeta coat with narrow, vertical white stripes accompanies this. Lelong's versions of



"These are nice if you're not going anywhere."

Should a husband be told...

WHEN HIS WIFE'S FANCY STRAYS?



You may belong to that school which deems it your bounden duty to Tell All—
or you may have learned that on occasions a little Gentle Maneuvering
is sometimes the better part of valor—

Still and all, when a handsome stranger comes into a lady's life—
a big, outdoorsy stranger like this ROADMASTER Convertible Coupe—
either Connubial Confession or some Wifely Wile is called for.

So you might come right out and say you've fallen in love,
and that your heart belongs to this slick sweetheart,
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and arrange to have your Buick dealer
just "happen around" with one.

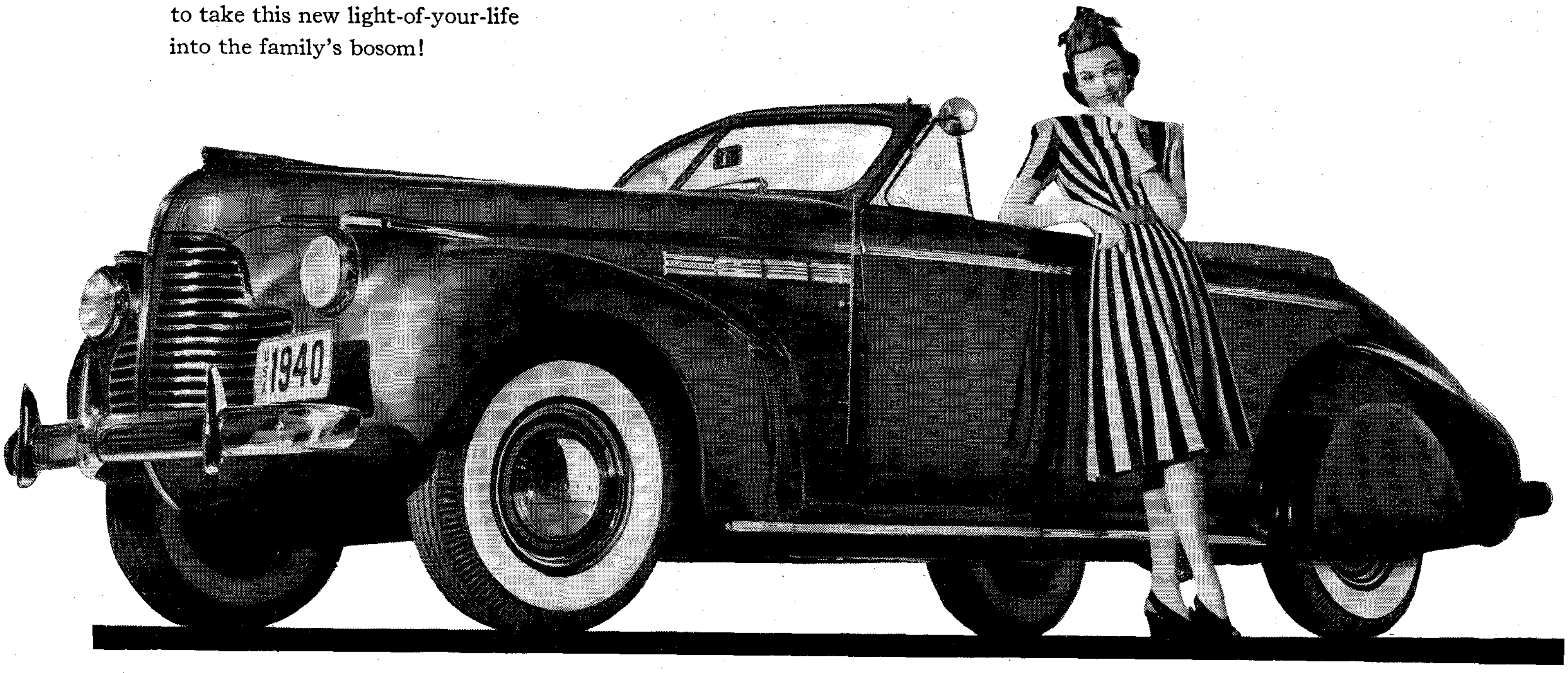
That will give you a chance to demonstrate the tricky top*
that you up or down by a push or pull on a handy knob—
the five-foot front seat room, white sidewall tires,
and the wheel shields that are included in the price.
(Unless, of course, you let him drive first,
and he becomes so enamored of
the big Dynaflash power plant
that the big lug hogs
the wheel all day!)

In that case you might just casually mention
that BuiCoil Springing never needs a lube job,
that ROADMASTER rides the road easier
than any convertible you ever saw—
and you'll probably find that he too wants
to take this new light-of-your-life
into the family's bosom!

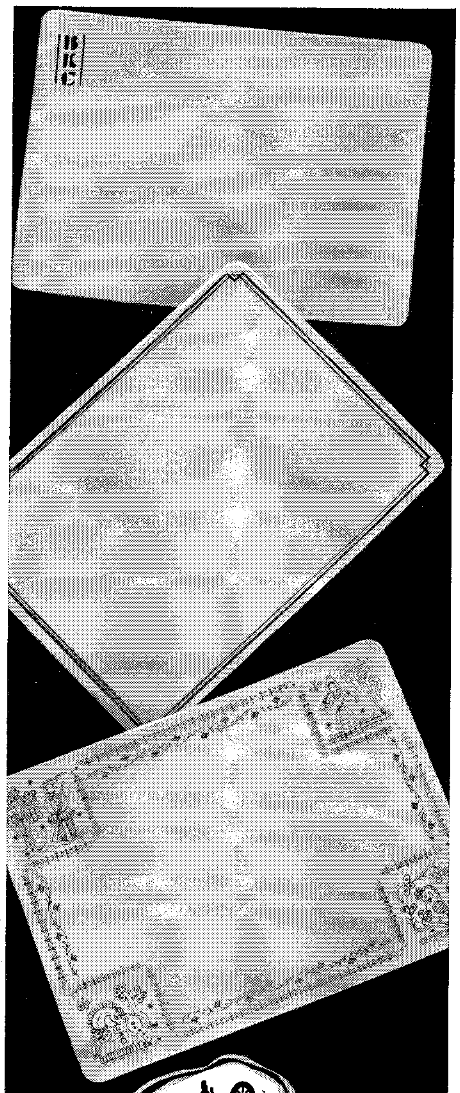
*Push here and the top comes up—pull, and down she goes! And *this* mechanism has enough power to let us use full-weight top material—which comes, incidentally, in your choice of *three* colors!

"Best buy's Buick!"

EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER



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the ubiquitous shirtwaist evening dress have skirts so narrow that they look hobbled, and swathed hip sashes are draped up to end over a peg-top pocket. A good example, made of white linen, has short sleeves and a dark-red jersey sash trimmed with coin-sized gold studs and matching cowboy-style jersey wristlets. For afternoon, Lelong uses novel crushed draperies to avoid that overpoweringly mature look. A typical ensemble involves a navy crêpe dress with crushed drapery covering the bosom and running down into tucks over the hips. There are scrolly silver ornaments at the neck and on the belt (silver and enamel trimmings are supplanting Lelong's mania for gold), and over the dress goes a redingote of navy wool faced and pocketed with navy-and-white checked taffeta.

Lelong hates warlike fashions to such a degree that though his new suits are as tailored as ever, all have some feminine touch, as in a jacket that is slightly bloused in back. People adore his gray-and-white plaid linen suit with a blouse of pleated white organdie, a narrow black patent-leather belt, and a skirt in which a band of fabric is run through slits at the waist. Finally, a redingote of shepherd's-plaid wool with a round, high neckline has a narrow patent-leather belt and pouch pockets trimmed with patent leather; beneath it is a hand-knitted pleated shirtwaist dress of geranium-red wool with a cravat of the coat's plaid.

SCHIAPARELLI becomes momentarily exalted with wing-shouldered evening robes that suggest angels, and dinner suits with a choirboy's lace-trimmed surplice, tassel, skullcap, and cassock. She more than makes up for that, however, with slim formal and informal evening clothes which are smart as can be. A sleeveless black crêpe sheath with a throttled neckline has a bodice completely embroidered with pearls in a floral design and could only have been made in Paris in the year 1940. Another, also a black crêpe but along princesse lines, has gores, short sleeves, and a plain, high neck edged with pearls; it's for girls who know all the answers (and is even more so if you leave off the gold-frogged jacket that comes with it). For the young, Schiaparelli shows an innocent but modern evening suit with a long white tussah skirt and a tussah tuxedo of Sleeping Blue with a collar embroidered in tiny seed pearls. In fact, Schiaparelli stars tailored suits for all occasions, and has never made them better. Her skirts are slender, and her collars and jackets

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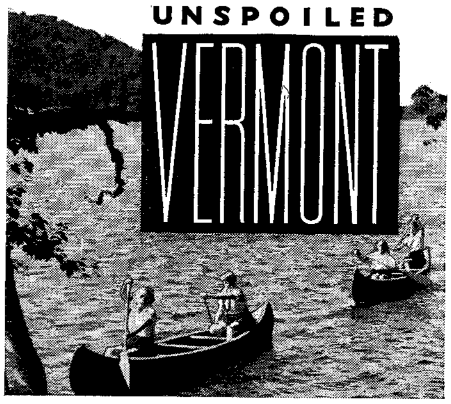

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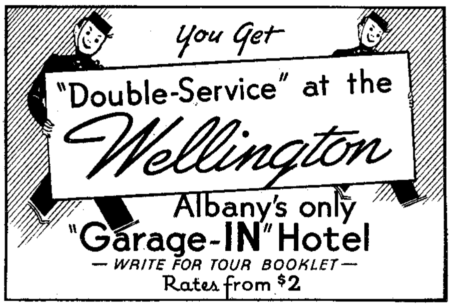

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simpler than usual, except for washable linings that overflow from hip pockets but can be suppressed at will. One grand summer affair consists of a spice-brown linen jacket, with four flat, buttoned-down pockets, and a blouse and gloves of blue, brown, and rose checked gingham. Another is a white wool-jersey open-faced jacket that has a dark-purple velvet collar and shows an expanse of light-purple-and-white striped fisherman's jersey beneath. Short shirt coats in colored wool worn over black crêpe dresses are something new for afternoon wear. One such coat comes in bishop's violet with a velvet collar and is worn with a mitrelike, tassel-trimmed turban.

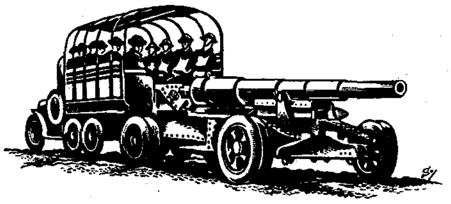
People get so wrought up over Schiaparelli's stunt models that they are apt to forget that nobody in the world makes better simple dresses than hers. Among the stunts, she shows a short-sleeved pale-pink linen number with a green-and-white swathed belt and turban; green straw laced bootees with ruffled tops and green-and-white wool knitted stockings finish this off and make everybody gasp. On the other hand, there are any quantity of adorable black *façonné* dresses, with ingenious high necklines, that can be varied indefinitely by means of white linen belts starched stiff as men's collars, choirboy collars made of white crochet, and washable muslin details of one kind or another. —K. C.

AND IN NEW YORK—

THE established order of things has been kicked around so thoroughly in the past decade that the numb public has come to doubt whether anything will proceed according to the rules. Even so, it now begins to look as if we are going to be permitted, however tardily, to have summer as usual.

It would have been tragedy for Saks-Fifth Avenue had this not been so, for the new sports floor is all ready with as colorful and imaginative an approach to the casual hot-weather life as you will see anywhere. Among the bathing suits, for instance, there are some made of a new elastic stuff called Laton, which has a dull suède type of finish—the kind that used to be called *peau d'ange.* In nude colorings the stuff is absolutely scandalous, but it also comes in beautiful colors like geranium and a bright blue that is particularly effective. The one-piece models have a bra top that is especially good; other suits have halter tops and flaring skirts. Then, for tennis, Saks is making things of the white cotton knit ordinarily used for gloves. The advantages of this material are obvious: it has body, it has a nice, smooth feeling, it is naturally wonderful at absorbing perspiration, and it is infinitely tubbable. It makes dresses with V collars and button trimmings and panties to match, as well as knee-length tennis shorts with a low, inverted pleat front and back, and sweatshirt-type tops that are straight across the neck and, like most of their tennis dresses, have two pockets on the chest for extra opaqueness in case you want to do without a brassière. If you prefer more sleekness in your tennis garb, you'll love the action dress they are showing, not without a twinkle in their eye. It's just a slender white dress with a zipper down the front and another zipper across the waistline in the rear which will open up the back when you want to start reaching for high ones. Dresses that allow for violent exercise usually have to sacrifice form-fitting cut for roominess, and this is one that many a glamour girl will wear just because she wants to keep cool. For free action in golfing, Saks has eliminated the seam around the armhole and developed an adroit insert under the arm that allows for an easy swing without a simultaneous hiking up of the skirt. This trick appears on short- or long-sleeved models in various fabrics. For picturesque gardening, the peasant style has never been better managed than in a dress of heavy navy muslin with a tight, buttoned basque and a full skirt. Brilliant horizontal stripes of many colors make the huge sleeves and the full, gathered apron, which conceals beneath it a pad that can be released and placed on the ground when you want to kneel.

As if there were not already sufficient cause for Saks-Fifth Avenue to point with pride, they also have some slacks suits worth making a to-do over. These come in gabardine or Bermuda doeskin in a wide range of colors and consist of tailored shirts with convertible necks and slacks that Do Things for your figure. Little details like darts below the back of the waistline give them a to-order fit which is hard to top. Among play suits, the passion here is for vivid two-color combinations; one made, say, in princesse style will have bright-red and white sharkskin alternating in wide gores down the body. The combination of gray and yellow that every shop dotes on this season appears in a suit with a bra top of the yellow and a gored gray

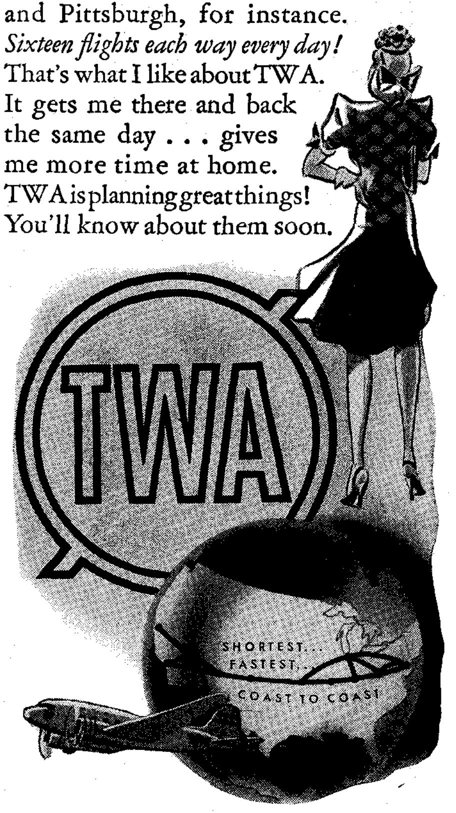


"MY WIFE HAS ME UP IN THE AIR!"
–and I like it!

It started like this. "How about spending some time at home?" she said jokingly but in a way that told me she meant it.

"Now look," I came back, "you know there's nothing in the world I'd like better. But tell me, how *can* I . . . with all of this traveling?"

Well, mister, I've been doing most of my traveling by TWA ever since. And that's not just because it's *the airline run by flyers,* although that is what sold my wife. Nor is it because it's the shortest and fastest coast-to-coast. It's because, for me, it's the handiest city-to-city. Take New York and Pittsburgh, for instance. *Sixteen flights each way every day!* That's what I like about TWA. It gets me there and back the same day . . . gives me more time at home. TWA is planning great things! You'll know about them soon.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skirt with a yellow band around the bottom, and again in a gray linen sports dress with a yellow vestee. You will find stripes all over the place; among "romper" dresses made of candy-striped cottons, one has a full skirt, a tight waistband, and a blouse which is very full below a wide yoke. The tiny collar atop this gives the whole thing the appearance of a French convent uniform. Addicts of pinafore dresses should look at one of white sharkskin with a gingham-checked blouse ($22.95); this also comes in a knee-length version, with the top cut so high you need not wear the blouse unless you care to. Both have a brand-new, trim look that is tremendously engaging. If you are a tailored type, ask to see a sharkskin summer dress that has buttons marching diagonally across the chest to one armpit and then descending on one side—just like a surgeon's coat, and you won't find anything trimmer in many a long day. Most of these triumphs, incidentally, were whipped up exclusively for Saks.

MR. PALTER DE LISO, whose shoes contribute to the self-satisfied look on the face of Bonwit Teller these days, has done a clever thing in presenting his favorite models both in wedge-heel versions, of which he seems very fond, and with regulation French heels. A pump that won my heart despite its name—Bébé—comes in navy-blue linen with an open toe and a red calf wedge; it is edged with red braid, elasticized to make the shoe hold snugly to your foot, and the braid is used again in a crisscross arrangement on the vamp—very pretty. When this model appears with a French heel, it looks a lot quieter, done in navy gabardine with trimming to match. Intermezzo, his evening success, comes in white satin, which can be dyed to match your dress, with a gold kid heel or wedge and that elasticized trimming—in gold this time; there is an extra band of the trimming over the instep to hold the shoe securely on when you are dancing. Look, too, at Baby Jane, which the chichi girls are mad about, I am told. It's a Mary Jane of red calf with a square toe and a wedge heel, a cloppety copy of the Schiaparelli which was shown with white cotton stockings in February and which I had thought never to see again. You have to be a "type" (pronounced "teep") to wear it.

LIKE most of my compatriots, I am fascinated by gadgets but discouraged by the fact that they won't work for me, because I am lazy, or something. I have had no such disappointing experience, however, with the wonderful folding luggage which Mark Cross has. There are 18-inch hatboxes and 21- and 24-inch suitcases, each weighing less than four pounds and, when not in use, folding compactly. One pull and your case opens right up; you unfold two braces to support the sides, snap the cover down, and there you are. It's only a matter of seconds, even for dubs. Such a case is fine on boats, for instance, as it fills the rôle of a duffle bag without mussing your clothes and can be stowed away under a bunk or in a corner without taking up any room at all. The cases are made of heavy waterproofed gabardine with leather edges, they cost around $16.50, and, pards, they are Something. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Fabrics, Papers, Shells, Leathers

SOONER or later, most people hereabouts who live in houses that have wood-panelled rooms get around to thinking of doing some decorating with fabrics, and those of them who shop along Madison Avenue from time to time are bound to see the Fortuny hand-blocked cottons in the window of Elsie McNeill's shop at 509 Madison (53rd) and notice how suitable they are for use with fine old wood.

There is good reason to have been bothered by an urge for Fortuny fabrics of late, for an enormous shipment of the Master's stuffs, some of the loveliest ever to come out of his workshops in Venice, landed in New York a few weeks ago and is now at home at Miss McNeill's. The fabrics include cottons and raw silk in the usual array of incredibly soft and delicate Fortuny colors, but the real news lies in their exceptionally generous widths (46 to 52 inches), and in their designs, which betray the influence of current American styles on the once stubbornly Renaissance-minded Signor Fortuny. This time he has broken down and sent some stripes, and even a Federal-patterned toile-like cotton with blue or rosy-pink eagles on shaded off-white grounds. The stripes, which are a matter of texture rather than applied patterns, occur in raw silk and, at $4.95 a yard, are notable. The texture of the cottons suggests soft, thin old table damask that has been very lightly starched, and among them are patterns in rich but subdued wood tints and dusty pastels. Some especially summery greens also appear among the cottons, such as lime green on tan in a sturdy but still thin fabric called Crosta di Pane (to be used for slipcovers, curtains, and spreads) and ice green on white, which would be wonderful over frosty figured organdie at windows in the summer. Fortuny's famous durable designs, made in thin metal which is applied to fabrics by his own secret stamping process, are present on both cottons and silks. A satiny cotton the color of pale aquamarines is stamped with a delicate design made in a silvery metal, and a coppery cotton has a metal pattern so close to its own hue that the design looks carved instead of stamped. Prices for these metal-bearing things are from about $6 to $11 a yard. It may surprise you that many of the materials are washable.

If such things interest you, another place to look into is Cauman, at 126 East 59th Street, where linoleum blocks are used to print forthright designs on sturdy muslin. The printing is done by hand in a way that creates an attractively blurry result. Since all Cauman hand-blocked muslins are made to order, the dyes, which are tub-fast, can be mixed to match any color sample and the fabrics cut to your measurements for curtains, valances, lampshades, upholstery, and tablecloths or mats. They'll also make curtain lengths in plain natural muslin or linen with blocked borders in color. They show an Early English hunt design that would go especially well, either as a border or all over, on curtains for a man's room. A design of rampant stags has a Persian feeling about it, particularly when done in gold or silver for screen panels and lampshades. There's a sailing-ship design, too, which suggests the softness of an old toile; a floral one done in serpentine stripes; a leaf design called Catalpa Tree, which the Caumans like to apply against white in widely spaced splashes of some strong

FLORISTS
CONFECTION

The luxury of uttering not one word...

CLOSE by the head of every bed in the St. Regis Hotel, within easy reach of a lazily lifted hand, are two push buttons.

One calls the waiter to your door, the other calls the maid. Thus, when you wake in the morning, in that barely animate state between sleep and life, you do not need to fumble for the phone, or ask for "Room Service", or utter a single word to acquire a menu and order your breakfast.

True, that is perhaps a small thing for a sophisticated New York hotel to make a fuss about. But we're proud of it because it is symbolic of a number of small things we try to do to make life at the St. Regis a little more pleasant, a little more comfortable, a little more luxurious.

The bath towels are extra size; the face towels, sheets and pillow cases are of the finest Irish linen; the soap is a quality you would use at home; there's a tickless clock in every room. The prodigal size of these rooms would dismay an efficiency expert, and you could do an old-fashioned waltz in any of the bathrooms.

We endeavor to make St. Regis service a little different, too. It is not so much a regimented routine, as a philosophy of doing thoughtful things in an unobtrusive way. No one presses you, no one forces service on you; but everyone does try to anticipate your wishes and carry them out graciously.

It would be presumptuous in this city of so many superb hotels to say any one is the finest. We have, as have our respected competitors, won many loyal friends amongst discerning people, and we'd like sometime to have the opportunity of bringing you into the St. Regis family. Our rates are in keeping with those of other leading New York hotels.

THE St. Regis
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET
NEW YORK

THE HOTEL THAT IS *NOT* "JUST LIKE HOME"

WHAT TO DRINK? AFTER DINNER...
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COINTREAU
THAT *Settles*
THE QUESTION
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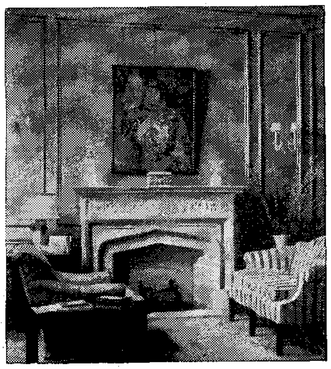

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Two to four exceptionally large rooms, with spacious closets and serving pantries. Some have wood-burning fireplaces...all are charmingly decorated. Complete hotel service, of course.

Furnished or Unfurnished
Transient or Lease

*

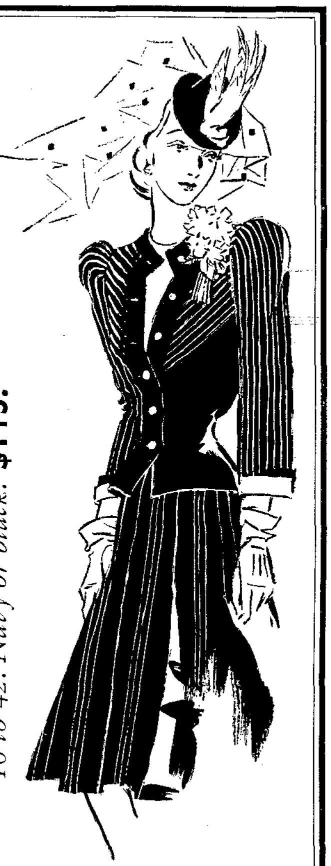
The BEEKMAN
Park Avenue at 63rd Street
EDWARD L. BUCKLEY
Manager

color, such as brilliant red or green; and a bunny pattern that's just right for children's rooms. The average price for 54-inch muslin with all-over blocking is $6.75 a yard in gold or silver; $5.25 in other colors.

THE clamor over wallpapers and fabrics in identical patterns has quieted down, but for those who continue to cherish this idea there's something new and very good in a paper-and-fabric team at A. L. Diament, at 34 East 53rd Street. The design, a rather large-scale floral one, is printed in broad, wavy, vertical panels on wallpaper ($4 a roll) and on a very soft, light cotton, suitable for curtains and slipcovers ($2.25 a yard). The selection includes blue on white and some multicolored effects produced by faded winy reds and plum tones, combined to give an air of age and mellowness—fine for bedrooms and morning rooms in old country houses.

Jones & Erwin, at 15 East 57th Street, a firm which is making an enviable name for itself, has brought out a collection of new wallpaper patterns that includes some of the best things to appear in a season which so far—and it's getting late—hasn't been too productive of good new papers. My pet in this Jones & Erwin group is a design blocked off in big squares by mossy greenery which encloses, alternately, a single pink camellia and a rose-tinted butterfly on the wing. This can be had on white, powdery peach, or sky-blue paper at $5.50 a roll. A design showing lace medallions in alternating squares and circles makes a pleasant and useful paper in gray or sepia hues, or in light china blue on white; $3.75 a roll. There's also a superb formal Regency pattern printed with what look like fabric panels to make a wall seem swag-draped; it has finishing borders for both top and bottom, so it is adaptable to walls of any height. It's expensive—$10 a roll—and comes in beige, gray, or pink.

YOU can just catch the tail end of an exhibition of shell and coral decoration by Nina Wolf at James Pendleton, 19 East 57th Street. It's closing this Saturday, but after that duplicates of the showpieces will be on hand for you to look at and to buy, and they're more than worth your time. Miss Wolf has been collecting rare shells for eighteen years and uses them, often in combination with coral and sometimes with quartz, to produce lighting fixtures, abstractions for table and mantel deco-



World's Fair Elegance . . . three piece silk suit with distinctive fluting in jacket and gored skirt. There's lovely tucking detail in the blouse. Sizes 10 to 42. Navy or black. **$115.**

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PARK AVENUE
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Simplex—duplex and terraces
Rentals Starting at:
6 Rooms $3200 **4 Rooms $2200**
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4 and 6 room penthouses
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Several Special Doctor's Offices with Private Street Entrances
Leases are being made now from floor plans for September occupancy
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MANAGING AND RENTING AGENTS
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ration, picture and mirror frames, and assorted bibelots—all with a strange, deep-sea beauty which makes them a pleasure to have around the house, if you like such ideas. A picture frame with less of this element of fantasy but a great deal of fragile feminine charm is made of small, scalloped shrimp-pink shells encrusted with tiny pearly ones giving the effect of seed-pearl embroidery; $15. Little stands made of the same pink and pearl shells to hold two or three cigarettes apiece at each place on your dinner table are $2.50.

At the Decorators Club, at 745 Fifth Avenue (57th), you will see how many ways leather may be used in decorating a room. Club members have more or less gone off the deep end to prove that there's practically no limit to leather's possibilities for interiors; while I can't entirely agree with them, the show is interesting evidence of how handsomely leathers can be colored and finished for decorating purposes. I think it's stretching a point to cover all the shelves and drawers of a clothes closet with patent leather, but blue steerhide on the walls of a library isn't a bad substitute for wood panelling, and probably it's no more expensive either. A lace-valentine frill of cutout white leather surrounding a dressing-table mirror seems pointless, besides being almost sure to curl at the edges after a time, but the exhibition's game room, bar, and yacht cabin put leather to attractive and practical uses. The show will be open daily, except Sundays, through June 8th, from ten to five. —B. B.

•

Sweden today relayed reports that the German pocket battleship Luetzow, formerly the Deutschland, had run aground. If true, it would mean that the last of the German fighters of this class were out of action, provided that reports that the Admiral Scheer was out of commission are also true.—*The World-Telegram.*

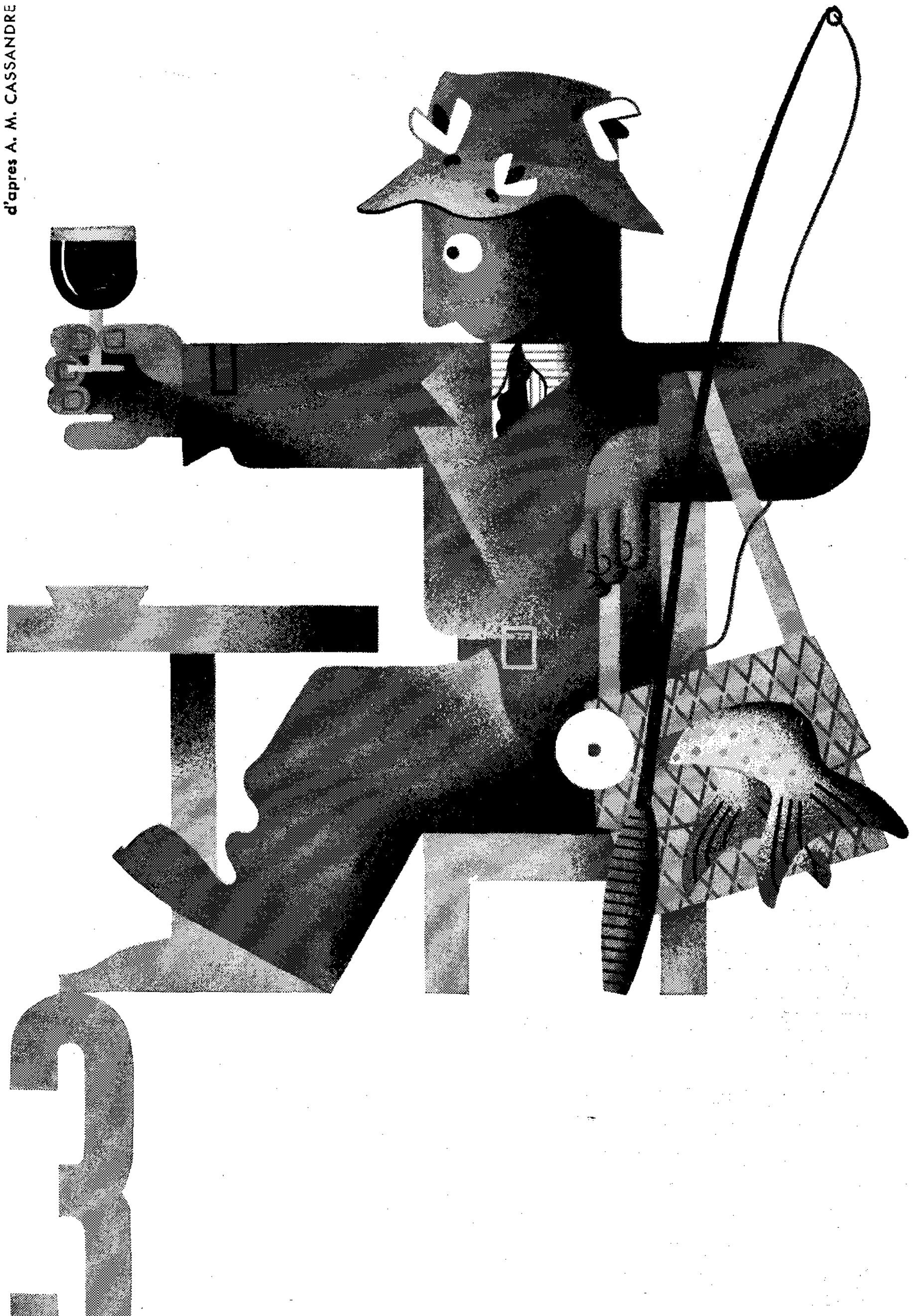
Come, let's have no sensational journalism.

•

THE PACKERS' SPRING

[*From Marketing*]

A radical departure in poster advertising technique will mark a showing going up next month for Maple Leaf Tendersweet hams.... R. Brown, advertising manager, said in an interview this week, "There is to be no illustration of product or package. The air-brush painting will depict Spring's approach, using about eight pastel colors showing ice coming down a rushing gorge, flowers arising from the banks, a colorful bird, blue sky and light clouds, against which is sole copy: 'Maple Leaf Tendersweet Ham.' "


d'apres A. M. CASSANDRE

3 HOURS OF FISHING AND then a Dubonnet cocktail. What a grand prelude to tall stories...and food. Dubonnet, made of fine French wines deftly blended, will delight you. This famous French appetizer is neither too sweet nor too dry.

TRY DUBONNET THESE 3 DELICIOUS WAYS

① THE FRENCH WAY — Dubonnet straight, well-chilled.

② THE AMERICAN WAY — Dubonnet cocktail — half gin, half Dubonnet; stir with ice, add twist of lemon peel.

③ THE LONG, TALL WAY—Dubonnet and soda. Jigger of Dubonnet, juice of ½ lemon, ice and fill glass with soda.

THE GREAT FRENCH APPETIZER

DUBONNET

STRAIGHT OR COCKTAIL

APERITIF WINE—ALCOHOL 18% BY VOLUME—COPR. 1940, SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK.

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DUBONNET
ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE DUBONNET
DUBONNET SHOULD BE SERVED COLD ALWAYS IN AN APERITIF OR COCKTAIL GLASS
DUBONNET
FRANCE
Firm established 1846
Dubonnet
wine
An Aperitif
ALCOHOL 18% BY VOLUME
THE GREAT FRENCH APPETIZER
DUBONNET 7, Rue Morney, PARIS
CONTENTS: 1 PT., 15 FL. OZ.
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"Controlled Packing"

is exclusive with Wheary hand luggage

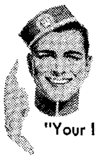
▲ "AVIATOR"
◄"WARDROLETTE"

...as a result your clothes travel wrinkle-free, arrive ready to wear

With Wheary flat packing you arrange and control the exact position in which your clothes will carry; you know they will always remain in the same position and will arrive wrinkle-free, ready to wear.

SAVES PRESSING BILLS

Wheary luggage, both men's and women's, carries more clothing—correctly—in less space. It is styled in the modern tempo... reflects a fine discrimination.



"Your luggage, please!"

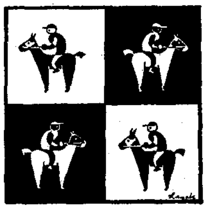
WHEARY *Luggage*

Wheary hand luggage and trunks are sold by the better luggage and department stores everywhere

Wheary Trunk Company, Racine, Wisconsin

THE RACE TRACK

Second Guesses

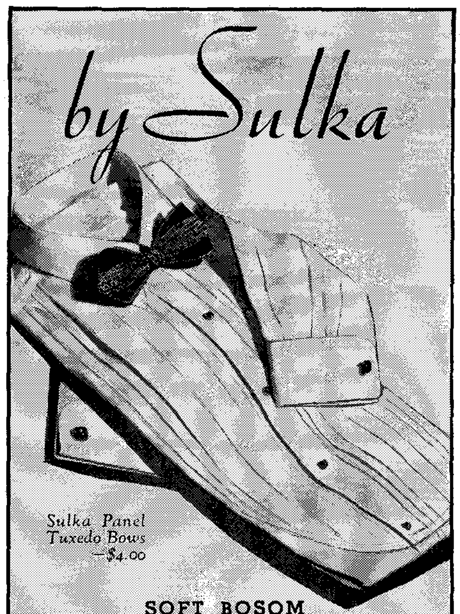


THE class of second guessers (and haven't we a large one this morning?) will come to order, please. If, for the sake of no argument at all, Bimelech hadn't run in the Derby Trial, or hadn't lost ground on the turns last Saturday, or had had a really fast track to run on, would he, and not Gallahadion, a 35–1 chance, have won the Kentucky Derby? Twenty out of twenty-five disinterested trainers picked him to win the race; after his defeat, many of the same hardheaded horsemen said he had had too much racing and that this had done him in. As a matter of fact, Bimelech did look drawn, though his coat glistened and he stepped out jauntily on the way to the post. The track was just about first-rate, for the sun had shone on it all day, yet the time for the Derby was the slowest since Omaha won in heavy rain five years ago. It was too bad Bimelech couldn't win that fifth Derby for Ed Bradley, who had his heart set on it.

No matter how anyone felt about the way the Derby came out, it was a good race to watch. Roman led Bimelech for nearly a mile, with Gallahadion and Dit fairly close up. Presently the confidence of Bimelech's jockey seemed to give way to concern, and he drew his whip. It did no good; although Bimelech was in front a furlong from home, Gallahadion passed him to win by a length or so.

Gallahadion is a big, rough-looking bay colt by Sir Gallahad III. He wasn't a particularly distinguished member of Mrs. Ethel Mars' Milky Way Farm stable last year; in fact, he couldn't win a race. He won three at Santa Anita during the winter, but finished down the course in the Santa Anita Derby, for which he was favorite. This is the seventh year Mrs. Mars has had a starter in the Kentucky Derby and the first time she has won. In 1939, her entry, On Location, finished last. Gallahadion has made up for all that; not only was the Derby worth $60,150 to the winner, but his owner received a $5,000 gold cup. Earlier in the afternoon another of Mrs. Mars' colts, Tough Hombre, won the French Lick Springs Purse. Both horses were ridden by Carroll Bierman, a boy who's done most of his riding in the Middle West.

by Sulka



Sulka Panel Tuxedo Bows —$4.00

SOFT BOSOM DRESS SHIRTS

Bosom and Cuffs of fine French pique—soft collars to match—Cool and Smart for Dinner and Dancing on warm summer evenings

Ready for Wear, plain, $13.00
To Measure, plain, $15.00

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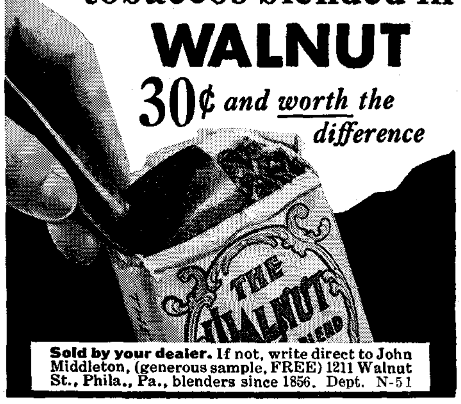
World's 7 Finest tobaccos blended in WALNUT

30¢ *and worth the difference*



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A corner of Paris at Washington Square—

Luncheon 85c; Dinner from $1.25
Cocktails • • Evening Snacks

Fifth Avenue Hotel
24 FIFTH AVE. AT NINTH STREET

As for the other runners in the Derby, Dit, I thought, ran well, but I couldn't dance in the streets about Mioland, though he did wear the reddest saddle blanket I ever saw. Roman, of course, is a sprinter, and Pictor is apparently a mudder, since on Saturday he was last all the way, lengths behind Royal Man. Doubtless these horses and several more will run for The Preakness on Saturday. I don't know, at the moment, what plans have been made for Bimelech, but I fancy that he'll start, too. If he does, I think he'll win.

I DARESAY the crowd was the largest that ever saw a Kentucky Derby. Semi-officials kept talking about 90,000, but then they always say that there are 90,000 people at Churchill Downs on Derby Day. The betting was not so enormous as you might have expected. On Saturday, $1,593,983 was wagered on nine races, as compared to $1,050,068 on seven races at Jamaica the afternoon the Wood Stakes was run. President Matt Winn's latest addition to the stands that ramble all over the place at Churchill Downs consists of brick bleachers, a quarter of a mile long, running from the stables on the backstretch to the Derby start. This stand was opened at eight o'clock on Saturday morning and filled in two hours. Winn hopes to put up stands eventually all around the track, making them as high, maybe, as the Yale Bowl.

To see the Derby at its best, I recommend the clubhouse, with its sawed-off newsboys and hawkers of camp chairs, canes, pennants, and whatnot doing a little touting on the side, its hot-dog stands, and its bars, where you can get a mint julep for $2 and they'll let you take the glass away as a souvenir. No description, however, can give you the faintest notion of what the place is really like; you have to go there to appreciate the show. The infield, policed by soldiers with lengths of rubber hose for clubs, isn't quite Epsom Downs, either.

THERE were about a hundred and twenty-five chartered airplanes at Louisville last weekend. Recently they have been cutting into the private-railway-car trade considerably, and my rolling-stock observer reports that there were only a quarter as many private cars on the sidings last weekend as there were at the Derby ten years ago. Most of the people who travel de-luxe by rail to the Derby nowadays use cars hired by the day. Back in 1929, there were around seventy-five individually owned cars in the country, and practically all of them

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PRESENTS
The St. Regis CIRCUS
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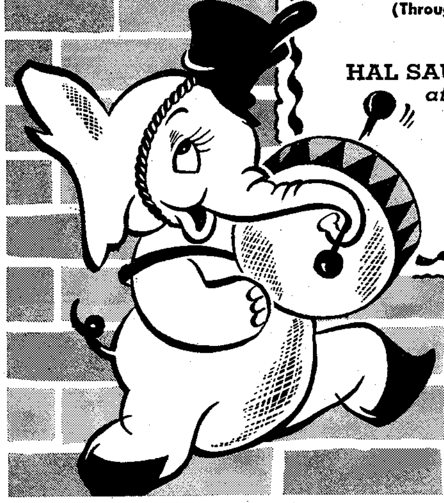
MARY PARKER · BILL DANIEL
and their performing menagerie
DIRECTED BY JAMES MITCHELL LEISEN
(Through courtesy of Paramount Studio)
★
HAL SAUNDERS and his Orchestra at Dinner and Supper
★
At luncheon—the music of
JULES LANDÉ



THE St. Regis
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET
NEW YORK

Contemporary Art of the United States

Paintings from each of the 48 states, District of Columbia, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands
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International Business Machines Corporation's
Galleries of Science and Art

WORLD'S FAIR OF 1940 IN NEW YORK
International Business Machines—Metropolitan Life Insurance—York Safe & Lock Building
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UPTOWN
Uptown in location, but convenient to shopping, theatres and business, The Belvedere has long been the choice of travelers "in the know". Rates begin at $3.50. In Baltimore it's—
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BALTIMORE

Avoid that Rush Hour Traffic

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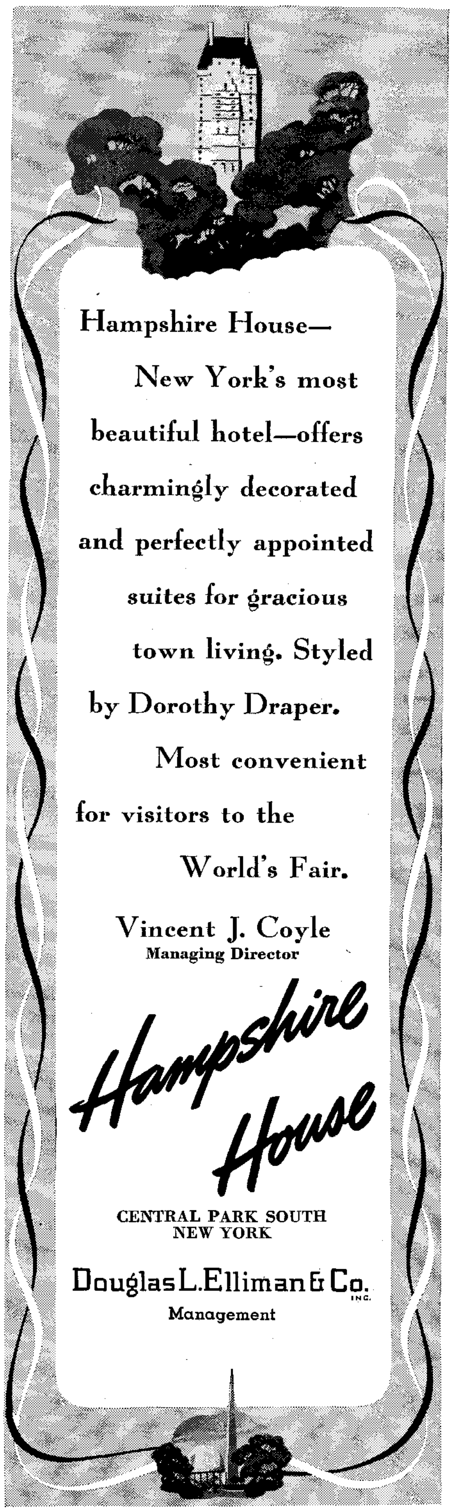
TUDOR CITY
AND WALK TO BUSINESS
1 to 6 rooms. Rentals start at $50
Fred F. French Management Co., Inc.
3 Blocks East of Grand Central at 304 East 42nd St.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New York's most
beautiful hotel—offers
charmingly decorated
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suites for gracious
town living. Styled
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Most convenient
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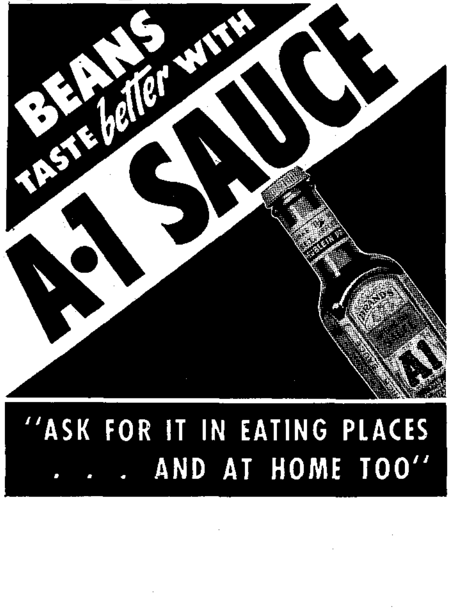
CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
NEW YORK

Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.
Management


BEANS TASTE better WITH A-1 SAUCE

"ASK FOR IT IN EATING PLACES
. . . AND AT HOME TOO"

turned up at the Derby, carrying either their owners or friends who borrowed them for the trip. The Pullman Company now has seventeen cars to rent for just such jaunts. The cost of hiring a private car for a two-day round trip from New York to Louisville was $1,059, exclusive of meals, bourbon, and mint. Of course, some people take a car for more than two days, and enthusiastic Derby goers have been known to make a week of it. The average cars of this kind have an observation lounge, dining room, kitchen, bath, four or five sleeping compartments, radio, telephone connection, and air conditioning. Among the cars Pullman has for hire are some brand-new ones called the Explorer Fleet; they have names like Ferdinand Magellan, Davy Crockett, Marco Polo, and Henry M. Stanley. A few of the company's older cars once were privately owned, but officials won't tell which belonged to whom. Incidentally, our railroad observer's favorite name for a private car is Adios. That's what Mrs. Payne Whitney calls hers, which, needless to say, is never rented.

GETTING back to Jamaica, and I'm glad to, Fighting Fox obviously had one of his touches of rheumatics in the Jamaica Handicap last weekend. Still, 136 pounds is quite an impost, whether you have bad knees or not. I suspect that Marshall Field's Mrs. Punch, who won the Rosedale Stakes, is the best two-year-old so far. Jamaica closes this weekend, and if you're not going down to Pimlico for The Preakness, the local attractions are the Youthful Stakes and the Excelsior Handicap. —AUDAX MINOR

◆

ENGLAND CARRIES ON

[*From the North China Daily News*]

Mr. Victor Pasmore, the artist, took the whole of the last prewar summer to paint one picture. It is a picture of a woman sitting in a punt. She wears no clothes. Mr. Pasmore had some difficulty in finding a Thames backwater secluded enough for his picture. Just as he was getting down to his painting a punt or canoe would glide round the corner. Hurriedly he covered up his model, impatiently he waited until the intruders had gone. Hour after hour, day after day, week after week, he was thus interrupted. Summer faded into Autumn. The model began to complain of the cold. She could only sit for a quarter of an hour at a time and then had to wrap herself up in warm coats. He began to feed her on hot drinks. The picture became a feverish race against the seasons. Mr. Pasmore finished it just as the last leaves were falling. It now hangs, nostalgic with summer sunshine on the walls of the Wildenstein Gallery.

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Just off Park Avenue

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SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

Play, explore, relax at this delightful new American plan hotel in cool Santa Fé. Motor trips, riding, tennis. Open third season May 15. Booklet. Jack Wentworth, Mgr.

TAMA SEES AN AMERICAN RHAPSODY

YOU can get through Christmas in Tokio without much fuss. Your Japanese friends and dependents do not expect presents, but at New Year's the problem of gifts is a serious one. Last year I decided to give Tama, my friend Bee's and my little maid, a New Year's treat in the form of an invitation to the theatre, and left the choice of the play to her.

Since Tama was a college graduate, I rather expected her to be an admirer of *No*, but she let pass the performances of the slow-paced, stylized dance *No* dramas; showed no sign of interest, either, in the popular *Kabuki* pieces, which are full of magic animals and gymnastic warriors; and even did not choose to see the Bunraku Puppets when they came to town. This puppet show is the only traditional theatre in Japan in which men and women (in this case, of course, dolls) appear on the stage together, and I had thought that Tama, being a "modern woman," might want to combine her appreciation of art with a mild defiance of the Japanese convention that makes going to see such coöperation of the sexes on the stage, even if only in effigy, mildly daring. But none of the offerings of the classical theatres attracted her.

At last Tama found what she had been waiting for—the Takarazuka, or Girls' Opera Company. Her face was flushed with excitement when she came to me with an advertisement which announced that the Takarazuka would produce a piece called "An American Rhapsody" on one of its programs. It was her dearest dream, Tama told me, to see this wonderful new theatre, and now she could do this and learn about America at the same time. I asked her to get tickets at once.

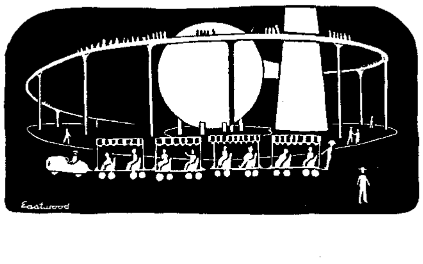
This Girls' Opera Company is a Japanese version of Western theatre. The gentleman who organized the company had perfected his inspiration in Hollywood and on Broadway during a world tour to study Western drama. He had, of course, adapted his new notions to the peculiar institutions and prejudices of his countrymen. He did not attempt to break down the taboo that forbade the appearance of men and women on the stage together, but instead decided to use exclusively "little ladies in their sweet teens," which is how he advertised his actresses. These "little ladies" play all the rôles. They live together in dormitories under the guidance of a "moral discipline" department, and their lives are in many respects not unlike those of the temple dancers of ancient days, who were the first actresses of Japan.

At the Takarazuka, the curtain doesn't go up until 6 P.M., another sign of its being on to Western customs, since in Japan the average theatrical performance begins at three in the afternoon and runs until ten or eleven in the evening. When a Japanese decides to spend money, he wants full value.

I HAD expected that Tama would be anxious to get to the theatre on time. Instead she seemed much more concerned that her costume should be precisely correct than that she should see the curtain rise. She was ready at last. Her sash was so stiff and splendid that when she put on her *haori* coat the bulge of the great bow in the back made her look like a turtle walking on its hind legs. She wound a dark woollen scarf around her throat, took up her cotton gloves and Western-style handbag. Now she was as elegant as possible. And only a half hour late.

We got to the theatre just as the first number, "An Opera in One Act," was coming to an end. As we took our seats in the dress circle, the curtain fell, shutting off the horrid spectacle of a young woman being consumed by an extremely realistic forest fire. The Takarazuka theatre is new and modern; the seats are comfortable. I settled back to look at the audience, but everybody rose and began to walk up the aisle toward the exits. In the front row, an austere, bald-headed gentleman wrapped in a kimono of gray silk snapped shut his yellow fan, removed his cloven socks from the railing in front of him, and joined the procession. Tama nudged me urgently. It was dinnertime, she said.

In the Japanese theatre the refreshment intervals are an important part of the entertainment, but I had supposed that this modern theatre might be different. I was wrong. Tama chose the American dining room out of the half-dozen the theatre offered because it was the most foreign and the most chic. We followed our neighbors down the grand staircase and paused in front of a glass case that held the menu. This menu was not printed but sculptured. The case contained terrifying reproductions of fricasseed chicken, boiled potatoes, a breaded veal cutlet under a blanket of ketchup, bricks of ice cream, sliced pears, all modelled from what looked like rubber or asbestos. They spoiled my appetite, but Tama decided on the chicken and ice cream without a quiver and we sat down at one of the long tables to eat it. Tama beamed at me as she took her paper napkin out of the water glass and poured some sugar from a glass container into her cold *kohi* (coffee). This, Tama thought, was better than an actual trip to America.



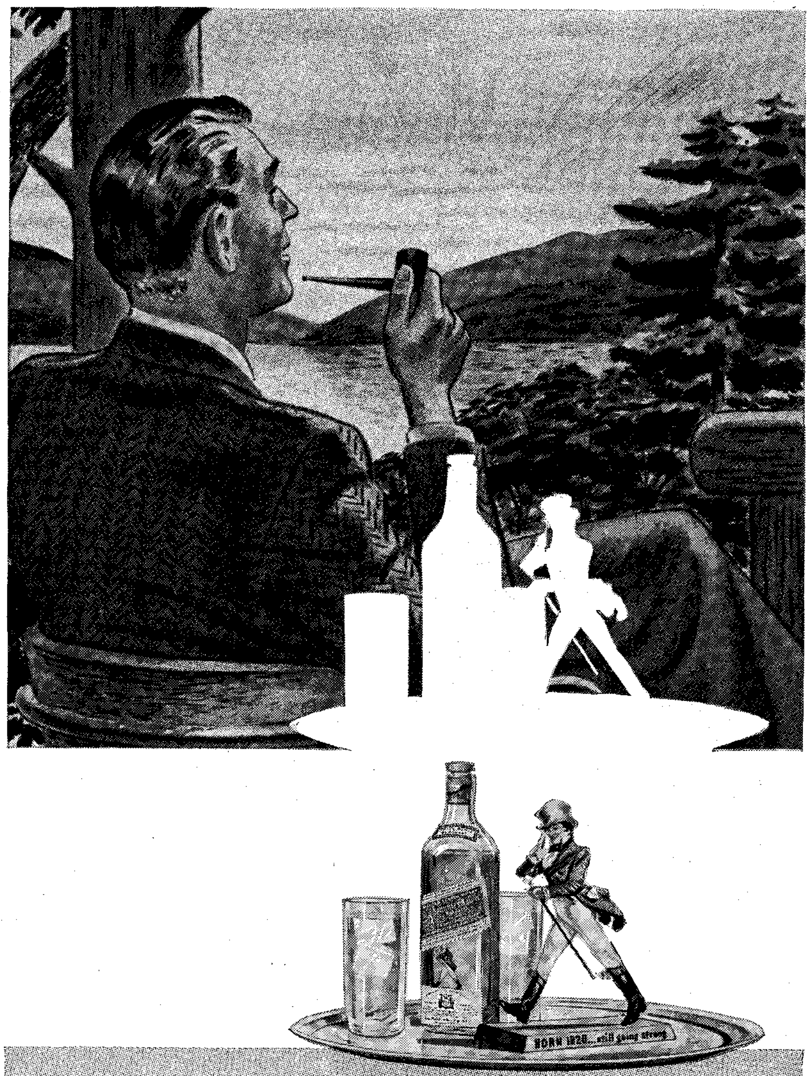
The gong warned us to return to the auditorium for the second play, the great "American Rhapsody." The program provided an English synopsis, a gesture which was apparently just another symbol of Westernization, for I was the only foreigner in the audience. I read the following:

> In an automobile roundtrip contest in the American continent, the Rising Sun Motorcar Company, "Speedy" with driving champions Frank and Loretta on respectively. Frank is a son of the president of the Rising Sun Motorcar Company while Loretta is a daughter of the president of the Grack. In enthusiastic applause and cheers of people they start from New York, and as they pass San Francisco, Los Angeles and come over to Mexico they become so friendly that they forget they are in a race through the Continent. When they come round to Cuba, the two rivals, totally losing the sense of contest begin to enjoy themselves by reciting a duet of American Rhapsody. The driving competition then comes to an end and the two motorcar companies make an agreement between them that in their future production of cars, the Rising Sun will make cars with characteristics in styles while the Grack produces those with features of excellent engines. They finally amalgamate, and Frank becomes the president of the amalgamated concern marrying with Loretta. The new motorcar company sends its manufactures of the world's best cars to the markets of various countries.

The curtain was going up. The backdrop showed gigantic cacti and behind them ranges and ranges of mountains. A young woman in a Spanish mantilla and tiers of sequin-spangled flounces sang and wiggled while the stage was filling with the Tokio version of the Rockettes, sixty of them, all dressed in the Spanish manner. They dipped and whirled and, forming a line across the gigantic stage, kicked with knees bent and feet angular in an unfortunate compromise between *No* and Broadway. Then in rushed the principals: the two motor boys (played by girls, of course) and the two motor girls. The boys wore oyster-white puttees, white knickers and shirts, blue vestees and helmets. The girls were dressed in simple little short-sleeved cotton frocks, and one of them, since she represented an American girl, wore tortoiseshell-rimmed spectacles. There was some conversation in Japanese while the chorus changed to blue basques and pink ruffles. Curtain.

The second scene, which followed with no intermission, disclosed a thicket of giant cacti, in the midst of which an enormous signpost indicated Brazil in one direction and Paraguay in the other. A small, brilliant-red racing car whirled onstage, halted under the signpost, and the two motor boys tumbled out. Then followed some horseplay while one of the boys crawled under the car, with many wriggles and a barrage of Japanese wisecracks, and kept throwing out enormous nuts and parts of the car. The humor left the audience completely unmoved. Finally the boy crawled out, picked up a pail, and went offstage. Left alone, his companion advanced to the footlights and, producing a colossal portrait of his girl, began to sing, in a thin, little-girl's voice, a recognizable adaptation of "Aloha Oe." He was interrupted by an army in snappy military uniforms, which rushed onstage and made him prisoner. His comrade returned and met the same fate. They stood with their arms raised high while several army officers frisked them. It tickled, and they giggled and carried on a rapid-fire patter in Japanese. At last they were allowed to climb into the racer and drive away. A loud bang. The ranks of the army fell on their faces, simultaneously, like tenpins after a strike. A huge papier-mâché rocket came diagonally down from the wings on a thin wire. It halted, suspended in mid-air. The commander of the troops waved his hand reprovingly and gave an impassioned discourse. The rocket thereupon returned the way it came. *Danse militaire.*

SCENE III: A café, out of doors, with a house and balcony at stage right. Spanish dances. The motor heroes, now wearing white flannels, entered and chose a table. A slinky Spanish hussy writhed over to their table and, lounging against it, sang a torch song. One of the young men seized her and they went into a Harlem number with much jerking of necks and hips. This drew a round of applause from the hitherto apathetic audience. There were many more Spanish dances, with more pink and red flounces and sequins the size of dinner plates. For the finale, the motor girls came down from the balcony and their little cotton frocks and tortoise-



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shell rims added the authentic American note.

Scene IV: A stage empty except for a white piano against a blue curtain. A boy in white came in and played the piano and a girl in white leaned against the piano and sang "One Kiss and the World Is Mine" in English. Then they made a duet of it. The blue curtain rose on what seemed to be fifteen white pianos ranged in tiers. Fifteen boys in white seated at the pianos lifted their hands in unison and moved them up and down on imaginary keys while the orchestra played a medley of American favorites like "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Over There," and "Dixie." During the "Dixie" interlude, two girls in tailcoats and top hats marched out onto the runway that extended over the orchestra and clogged. These were followed by six Indian princesses with feather headdresses, who promenaded up and down among the pianos while two young men in white sang "Waters of the Minnetonka" in Japanese. Followed a tom-tom dance with waving tomahawks. Suddenly the pianos folded and became steps, and down them tripped an American wedding party. The grand finale was a wild confusion of wedding veils and bouquets, Indians with flowing feathers, Spanish dancers, sequins, tortoiseshell spectacles, and slick little boys in flannel and Palm Beach cloth. Curtain.

"America very nice," Tama announced placidly as she indicated that it was time for more refreshments. The matron sitting in front of us, who had been nursing her baby throughout the "Rhapsody," replaced the infant in its harness and slung it on her back as she made for the exit. Our neighbors were scattering among the numerous small cafés, but Tama led the way to the main lounge, where an excited crowd of tittering girls was surging around a long table. On the table were displayed picture postcards of the actresses in male and female attire, price fifteen *sen* each. Tama purchased a card showing the heroine wearing glasses and one of the heroes in a Palm Beach suit. After tucking the pictures away carefully in the sleeve of her kimono, she suggested that I might want a nap. She was perfectly serious and showed me, in one of the lounges, a slumbering matron peacefully recuperating from the "Rhapsody." It was the custom to sleep if one wished. The lounges were also used by many mothers, who left their babies lying on the couches during the plays. The usherettes watched to see that they didn't roll off and changed them if it seemed necessary. Since neither Tama nor I was sleepy, we wandered around the lobby looking in the windows of the shops, which sold everything, from dried fish to imported woollen sweaters.

We had to go back to our seats again, of course, because the program was by no means over. It went on and on, running the gamut from a broad burlesque, whether intentional or not I could not judge, of classic *No* to a Japanese version of an Italian opera. Except for the one outburst of applause during the Harlem number of the "Rhapsody," the audience never gave any indication that they had enjoyed any of it. Twice more everyone left the auditorium and strolled through the lounges, sipped drinks at the bars, munched cakes or sandwiches, or took a refreshing nap. Toward the end of the last piece, which was in twelve scenes, the numerous children became restless and wandered up and down the aisles, pursued by usherettes.

I was never able to find out in detail what Tama thought of the "Rhapsody." But I got the impression that now, having seen the West, she was, in spite of her "America very nice," content to remain in Japan.

—Helen Mears

•

MAY NIGHT

All the swollen maple buds
Gleam in the moon like diamond studs.

A dog is barking far away;
Peepers say over, "It is May."

The trees are bare enough to be
Something planned, like poetry.

They let the moonlight reach the ground
And leave a lacework all around.

Every tree stands in its lace,
The night sows fire in every place.

A million daisies, once it's June,
Will give this white back to the moon.

—Robert P. Tristram Coffin

•

Despite official denials, cannibalism is still prevalent today among several South Sea Island, African and South American tribes. The notion, however, that cannibals boil uninvited missionaries in big, black cast-iron pots is largely fiction. Usually they roast human parts over a spit, as in this picture.—*Picture caption in Life.*

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RESTAURANTS

Shop Talk

EVERY so often shopping chores pile up in such a way that visiting the stores becomes an all-day grind, broken only by a hurried lunch when you suddenly realize that you haven't the strength to take another step. I've been trying out the restaurants in some of our big department stores to see what they do for shoppers who reach the wobbly stage but refuse to go home, and I'm prepared to speak highly of their restorative powers—if you try them at the right time of day. Unless you are blessedly indifferent to being herded, watch out for that so-called lunch hour; it's much nearer three hours, beginning sometime before noon and ending well after two. I avoid some of the nicest restaurants during that interval because being pushed around, even gently, stirs up the dregs of my unfortunate disposition. The answer, I think, is tea, which all the stores with dining rooms start serving at three; you can get as much lunch as you want then, even if it isn't called that. Peace and quiet aren't on the menu, but you get those too.

Most people have become accustomed to the false-face Southern-mansion setting of Altman's Charleston Garden by now, so there's less fidgeting about it than there was when the restaurant opened. They bring a cart around to your table and serve you their garden fare from it—things like tomato stuffed with cottage cheese and chives—or, to really stay you, cold roast pork with cranberry sauce and Bavarian slaw. Finger sandwiches—quite nice, no matter how you feel about the name—go with these. Superior coffee, too, and all the more familiar desserts.

I am deeply attached to Lord & Taylor's Birdcage. For one thing, it's supernaturally quiet. For another, it's intended for people who shop alone, although two can be cozy enough side by side in the one-arm lunch chairs there. The sandwiches are really awfully good; you order your tongue and Swiss cheese on rye or your lobster salad on whole wheat, haul a book out of your pocket (anyway, I do), and rest yourself aplenty while you read and eat with no prying eyes across the table to distract you. Those lunch chairs are as private as a house.

If you don't mind perching on a stool, remember the Soup Bar on L. & T.'s men's floor. It was supposed to be just for men, but the ladies insisted on going there right from the start, showing that they like mutton broth, deep-dish apple pie, cheese and crackers, and coffee as well as anybody. In the beginning you had to take this fine nourishment on your feet. The stools are much better; even the men say so.

McCreery has the newest of these restaurants. They call it the Big Top and it's almost sure to remind you of the Schoenhut circus you had in your much younger days. I started out thinking of it as a wonderful place for children but discovered that adults seem to like it just as much. The food is nice—lunches that range from sandwiches to the good-and-hearty, and things like toasted brioche for tea. The army of pepper mills I saw being filled would shame many a fancier place; there's one to go with each salt shaker and not a smitch of ground pepper in sight. I also admired the waitresses, who look as appealing as bisque dolls in their candy-stripe uniforms with white ruffles and manage to be good waitresses along with it. The clown who stole up behind me with an accordion unnerved me rather, but the other customers didn't appear to mind him at all. Kids get paper hats and balloons as souvenirs, and love it all.

Wanamaker will feed you from breakfast on, including dinner on Wednesdays—a solemn hint for those horror expeditions that begin at dawn and end when the stores close. This large restaurant is less frilly than others I've mentioned, but it has its own charms. One is its extravagant nineteenth-century attitude toward space, which soothes me, and another is windows—whole blocks of them. One section of the dining room is called the Sidewalk Café, not because it's anywhere near the sidewalk but because of the striped awnings over it. Cold food, and very pleasant, too, in the Café; if you want something hot, trot into the restaurant proper.

A few more: Macy serves good food, which would be better if it weren't quite so complicated and came faster. . . . A distinguished group of shoppers is faithful to Hicks, at 660 Fifth Avenue (52nd). . . . People go to Mary Elizabeth, at 6 East Thirty-seventh Street, for her peasant soups and for making a ceremony of the curries. . . . Bloomingdale dasn't open the windows between its greenhouse and its air-conditioned restaurant, but maybe just gazing at the greenery will buck you up.

NOW then, in case you are the undependable kind that creeps off for a two-hour lunch in the middle of a shopping bout, there are a couple of new restaurants which are reasonably convenient for the purpose. One, somewhat uptown, is Bustanoby's Café des Gourmets, at 148 East Fifty-sixth Street. The décor must be restful, because I can't remember a single thing about it; all I know is that the banquettes are wickedly comfortable and I want to go back. You may like some of the things I saw on the menu, such as calf's brains with black butter and capers, or curried spring lamb with Bombay rice, or the snails *chablisienne*, to which I succumbed. Better telephone for a reservation if you go at night; it's been packed up to now.

The other new one is the Champs-Elysées, at 25 East Fortieth Street, and I'd say it was overdue in a locality where there are too few places for a fairly leisurely and luxurious lunch. The color scheme may strike you at first as being on the dainty side, but I think you'll come around to finding it agreeable. I've never seen space better broken up to make things intimate—it's a maze of banquettes, all of them voluptuous. Everything's à la carte, and while I wouldn't call the food sensational, it's good. The service really serves, for a change, and the French waiters speak French to each other instead of Italian. Highly promising, for dinner as well as lunch.

THE uptown Lum Fong, which opened recently at 150 West Fifty-second Street, may not be as authentic as its ancestor in Chinatown, but it's authentic enough. On my first trip there, the waiter added what he evidently considered an uptown fillip by serving each person in my party some of everything everyone else had ordered. I like tasting my neighbor's food as well as anybody, but it is disconcerting to have it come at you like that—butterfly shrimps with bacon and a spicy onion sauce, roast duck Canton style (with pineapple), and lobster with Chinese green vegetables—all on one plate. You'll be happier, I think, if you ask them to put the entrées in the middle of the table, so that you can take your time and make your own arrangements. Lum Fong stays open until five in the morning, so there's really no hurry.

—SOUBISE

•

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

De Senectute

REALIZING, no doubt, that it is up to us all to do our bit these disconcerting days and that to doze by the fireside in slippers is unseemly now, even though one is to be seventy come August, Sir Harry Lauder has turned out a film. I am aware that this news will be no shock to many to whom the name means nothing. At least I suppose there are practically whole generations who have grown up and come to a fine critical appraisal of the entertainment world without ever having had a hint reach them of Harry Lauder and "I Love a Lassie" and "Stop Your Tickling, Jock." Or, if life doesn't pass so fast as that, there must be for these persons something spectral, anyhow, in the name of the once great comedian and the titles of his ditties.

Naturally, few of these younger pleasure-seekers ever think about being seventy at all, and most of them, I can imagine, foresee for themselves a picturesque demise in their late thirties. It is likely, however, that some of them—just a few, of course—will be forced to endure the indignity of advancing years, and for these it would be reassuring, could they only know their futures, to see anyone so spry as Sir Harry. Contemporaries of Sir Harry, trundled over to the Little Carnegie in their wheelchairs by their grandchildren and guarded by ushers who have been nicely tipped to see that the old gentlemen don't fall out of their seats into the aisles, may well envy the noble knight's agile tricks, endorse the spirit of "If Ever I Marry Again," a tune he renders with all the life in the world, and right there and then—the gaffers—make up their minds to resume their dancing lessons. "Song of the Road," as the picture is called, will seem to avid moviegoers of the modern era a mild English affair, with its innocent plot of itinerant musical people and their private problems and their public exhibitions, but the great vaudevillian may bestir the hearts of the oldsters in town and get the old boys all atwitter once again.

A COUPLE of mere lads in their fifties, Wallace Beery and Roland Young, are both in evidence this

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week. Mr. Beery, his insatiable public will be delighted to discover, reveals an occasional glimpse of his classic underwear (the famous Beery underwear that has lent such a distinctive note to the décor of so many of his films), disports himself gallantly in barroom scenes, and presents a notable silhouette in the vistas of Death Valley given in "20 Mule Team." The two most successful Westerns of the season have been dominated by women, the ladies West and Dietrich, but there is no such frilly folderol in "20 Mule Team," as indeed one may gather from the title. Marjorie Rambeau, to be sure, asserts her presence on occasion as she spins a handy cuspidor toward the Beery brow, and a young thing pretties up some love scenes (not with Beery), but only the mules—and it takes twenty of them to do it—really compete in any way with honest Wallace. There is no abatement in his energies, and there is no reason to believe that he, too, at seventy won't be as exuberant as ever, as gusty, and as spirited.

Mr. Young, a very different type from Mr. Beery, is wistful and gentle and solicitous in a trifle called "Star Dust." There's a pleasant possibility in this film, though it hasn't been particularly worked up into anything much. The problem of all these children who brood about Hollywood careers and the stories of what happens to many of those who make an active effort in that direction have been done before—you remember "A Star Is Born"—but they can still be discussed without seeming stale. As typical youngsters, typical except that at last they land a job, Linda Darnell and John Payne don't have much trouble going through for us what possibly they themselves have had to go through in real life. The film isn't sharpened up enough and drifts along in an inconsequential style. One of the liveliest people in it, I might note, is Charlotte Greenwood, who hasn't been on the screen for years. Miss Greenwood is no Shirley Temple either.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

Weighing 192 pounds, and standing 6½ inches tall, the 25-year-old Paychek has the physical attributes with which to acquit himself well against the champion.
—*The Times.*

It might be an advantage, at that.

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*William H. Kilpatrick in the New Republic*]

If the worst comes and civilization is destroyed, something will have to be done.

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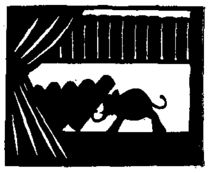
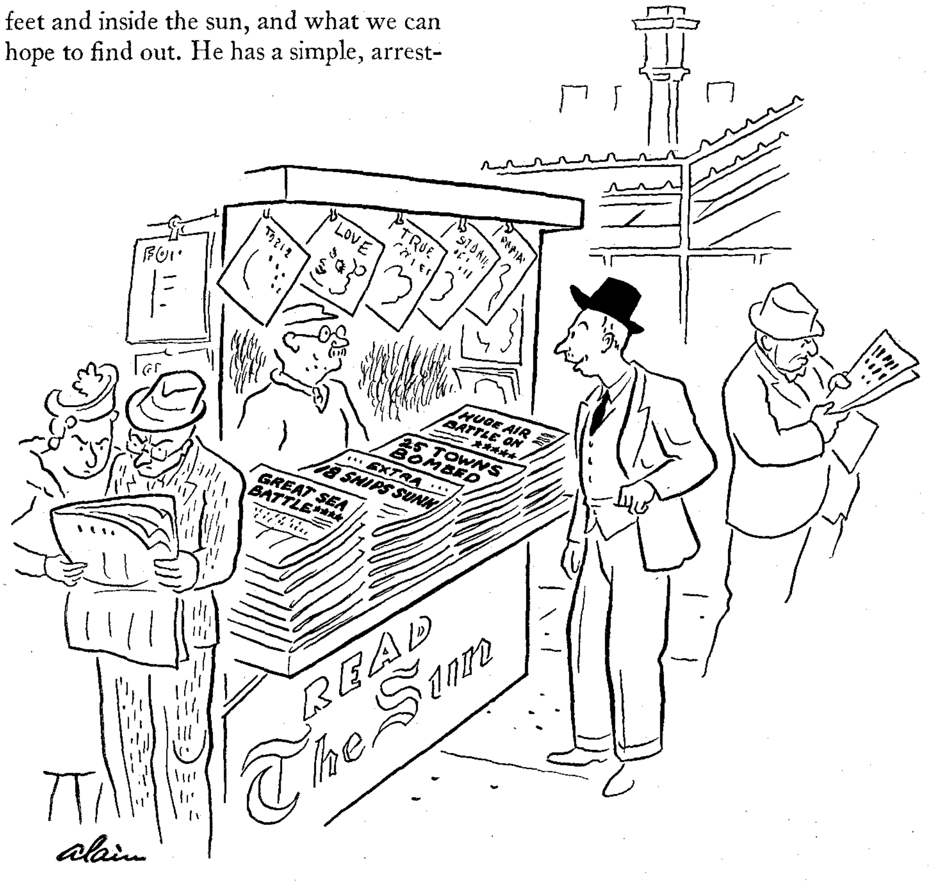


AT the age of three or four, J. B. S. Haldane, now a great biologist, was a mere guinea piglet. His father, oddest of collectors (he assembled specimens of bad air), used him as an experimental animal. The urchin Haldane would accompany his father down abandoned mine shafts or into coal mines in which there had recently been explosions. When he was thirteen, his father made him go down into forty feet of water in a compressed-air chamber just to demonstrate that the trick could be done by any schoolboy. During World War No. 1 the first gas masks were tested on Haldane and he inhaled enough chlorine to make him interested for life in gas protection. His own physiological experiments later on involved consuming fairish quantities of bicarbonate of soda, hydrochloric acid, and ammonium chloride; he believes he holds the record for the amounts of ammonium, calcium, and strontium chlorides he has taken. Using his own ever-handy self as a control, he lately re-created the situation in which the ill-fated crew of the submarine Thetis must have found themselves, and what he discovered could not have made pleasant reading for the British government. His Left views have also not enhanced his popularity; at the outset of the latest war he was told to quit University College, London, and today carries on research under conditions which he describes as those of a siege.

With all this as a background, J. B. S. Haldane is a remarkably cheerful fellow, as readers of his "Adventures of a Biologist" will agree. For one thing, he assures us that we don't have to worry about synthetic disease germs, death rays, or the invention of any gases much worse than mustard gas—for which relief much thanks. Even though he is at present, along with millions of other lesser Londoners, waiting to be bombed, he is optimistic about both Mankind and Science, believing that all we have to do is put the two together. What annoys him is simply that he and others like him just aren't allowed to do much toward effecting this merger. "My main personal complaint is that my work is not applied. I discover new biological facts, but no use is made of them, because although the community would benefit, no individuals would make profits from their application." He is also mildly incensed over the shortsightedness of those who donate money for scientific research: "It is far easier to get $500,000 for a telescope than $5,000 for a number of rather dull-looking glass vessels needed for chemical analysis of living tissues." This is obviously true; scientific projects which have large publicity value or which can be explained in terms the layman can grasp command large sums of money; sponsors of the others have to fight hard to get small ones.

A few of the twenty-seven essays in the book are devoted to Haldane's central theme—that really effective scientific progress is possible only in a sane world—and some (these are the weakest) to an exposition of his materialist-socialist faith. But most of them are straight popularization of a high order, succinct, dryly humorous, clear. Haldane considers such various and familiar matters as the weather, life, and death, accomplishing the miracle of saying something new, at least to me, about each of them. He speculates on the effect a new Ice Age (it's probably coming, folks; no use hiding your heads in the sand) would have on Europeans, some of whom would do their skiing among the ruins of London. He tells you what we know about what's under our feet and inside the sun, and what we can hope to find out. He has a simple, arresting way of putting revolutionary facts: "A proper diet is as necessary to public health as a proper water supply." There are essays on keeping cool, on getting along in a balloon or at the bottom of the ocean, on what's happened to the now somewhat dated concept of protoplasm (a fascinating discussion), on how Queen Victoria played a part in bringing about the Russian and Spanish revolutions (you guessed it; it's hemophilia), on eugenics and sterilization, on the face of England from the biologist's viewpoint. There's a piece in which the fantasist hidden in most great scientists lets himself go and Haldane muses on what the world will be like in 1966. Through all these essays, however, whether they deal with the life of Darwin or the life of the cockroach, he is preaching the same sermon. He puts it in a dozen ways, but perhaps never more vividly than when he says, "As, however, human beings hate one another but do not hate filterable viruses, probably less than a hundred men are engaged in work designed to prevent future epidemics of influenza, while many millions are engaged in 'defensive' preparations."

"Who prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days, my mind?" wrote the melancholy



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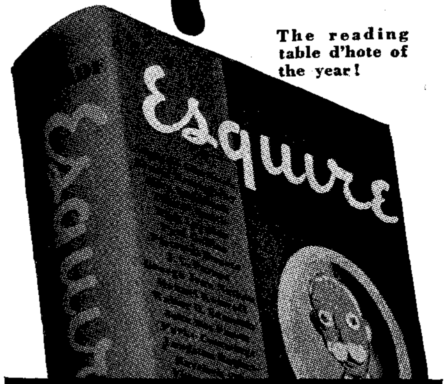
Edited by ARNOLD GINGRICH

The BEDSIDE Esquire

The reading table d'hote of the year!



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Matthew Arnold in one of the most violently unpronounceable lines of verse in English (it seems to be on people's tongues these days), and went on to answer: Sophocles, Epictetus, Homer. I often wonder whether, in our own bad days, writers like J. B. S. Haldane, Julian Huxley, Hyman Levy, and Lancelot Hogben don't in a way offer the same therapeutic value that the Greeks had for Arnold and his generation. The one omnipresent fact today is disorder, disorder so great as to look like insanity on a collective scale. If one wants to use reading as an imaginative escape from this obsessing disorder, the reasonably good fiction of the moment cannot help you; "The Grapes of Wrath" and "Native Son" are merely descriptions or explanations of some element of disorder. What can help one, it may be, is a sound book of popular science. For the moment, at least, it should select from the world about us a set of facts and ideas that make simple sense. An essay like Haldane's "Some Adventures of a Physiologist" is not merely "instructive;" it is exhilarating, it is the record of a human experience that seems to have point and direction amid a multitude of human experiences that have lost all control and meaning. For me, books like this are "inspirational" literature. This is not necessarily a statement of their permanent value; I mean only that the accident of our distraught times lends them an almost accidental extra worth, moral rather than literary.

Louis Bromfield's new novel, "Night in Bombay," all gloss and a yard wide, is as hugely readable as "The Rains Came" and even more pervious to sober analysis. It offers you a quick and easy way of learning nothing about India and a great deal about a collection of belated F. Scott Fitzgerald folk (some in turbans, but don't let that fool you) who hang around the Taj Mahal Hotel and the Bombay race track. All the characters are vigorously overdrawn and would be readily understood and recognized by any nine-year-old who had not led too sheltered a life. The contrasts of mood and locale are equally violent and so skillfully and vividly developed that you wonder why Hollywood should bother (as it will) to film this book—it's such a good movie already. The whole affair is enveloped in that atmosphere of earnestly wicked cosmopolitanism that Mr. Bromfield, who is really, I suspect, at heart a solidly Puritan boy from the farm, handles with such solemn dexterity. Withal, you cannot help admiring Mr. Brom-

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field; few American novelists put to such light uses such great powers of plain narrative ability, craft in construction, care in the use of words, and dynamic sense of plot-and-character balance.

"Night in Bombay" is about Bill Wainwright, a "damned lovable fool;" his best friend, Buck Merrill, who has a lean, strong jaw and is a saint who needs to relax; and the beauteous Carol Halma, who furnishes the relaxation. The idea is to fix things so that Carol and Buck duplicate the situation in "Rain" in such a way that you won't be too forcibly reminded of the parallel, and Mr. Bromfield puts it over slickly. For good measure he gives you a degenerate maharajah, a spidery brothel proprietress, a fading lady who attaches herself to Carol, various prop Indians, and plenty of drinking, high life, and noble self-sacrifice. I have rarely read a book that contained in harmonious solution so much first-rate craftsmanship and second-rate feeling.

—Clifton Fadiman

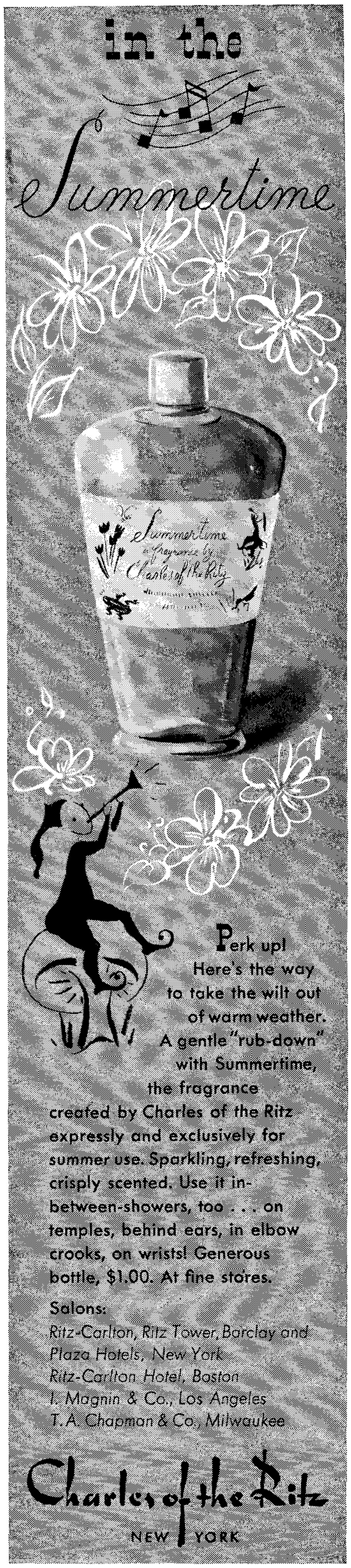
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Chin P'ing Mei: The Adventurous History of Hsi Men and His Six Wives, translated by Bernard Miall and Franz Kuhn. A two-volume translation of part of a sixteenth-century Chinese popular classic, supposed to have been forbidden at various periods because of the frankness of its erotic passages. No indication is given as to whether this version is expurgated or not. It cannot stand comparison with "All Men Are Brothers," and to the non-Oriental and not especially excitable reader may seem rather long-winded. The introduction by Arthur Waley is scholarly but not too helpful.

A Passion for Privacy, by Louis Paul. A hilarious and fairly rowdy farce about a very rich but not very bright young man who marries the beautiful but not very bright daughter of his mother's cook. The chief objector is the cook, who thinks her daughter could have done better and could hardly have done worse. Complications follow furiously and Mr. Paul has himself a rollicking time, a mood which will very likely communicate itself to you.

The Brave and the Blind, by Michael Blankfort. Novelized account of the late siege of the Alcazar. The entire action takes place inside the fortress from the third to the sixtieth day of the siege, a scene involving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violence, hunger, and death. Mr. Blankfort is, with this setting, able to intensify and telescope human weaknesses and passions, and make his book a symbol of the dilemmas the whole world is facing. A deeply felt book, written with considerable power.

SHADOWS ON THE VALLEY, by Barbara Webster. A novel of family life in a gilt-edged suburb of Philadelphia. The plot has to do partly with a boy born on the wrong side of the railroad tracks and partly with a poet and his wife who for a time make the Valley their home. There is too much family history and not quite enough direction; no hero or heroine, no beginning, middle, or end. But Miss Webster has her backgrounds well in hand and makes some of them very interesting. A good try.

MONKEY ON A STICK, by Henry W. Clune. The story of an insignificant little man with an extraordinary radio voice. A couple of builder-uppers take hold of him and are just about to get him the nomination for President of the United States when their scheme goes flooey. Entertaining satire.

A CASTLE IN CARINTHIA, by Johan Fabricius, translated from the Dutch by G. J. Renier and David Hallett. A novel about a lost world—Austria-Hungary before the first World War—and the changes the war brought. The main characters are a retired cavalryman, his wife, and his four children. It is a familiar story—the death of the young men, the disappearance of the old gentle and irresponsible way of life, the bewilderment of those who survive—but the author handles it with sympathy and firmness.

EGGS, BEANS AND CRUMPETS, by P. G. Wodehouse. The title and a slight acquaintance with Mr. Wodehouse's method—if it can be called a method—ought to give you an idea of the contents. They are short stories, thirteen of them, and Mr. W. and his pals are in things up to their necks.

GENERAL

THIS IS ON ME, by Katharine Brush. The author of "Red-Headed Woman" writes an autobiography-*cum*-short-stories-*cum*-articles, complete with anecdotes, divertissements, and funny sayings; in effect, a light social history of the American twenties and thirties, and an account of how a popular novelist works (hard). Dated in viewpoint and self-consciously flip, but honest and humorous. Part of the

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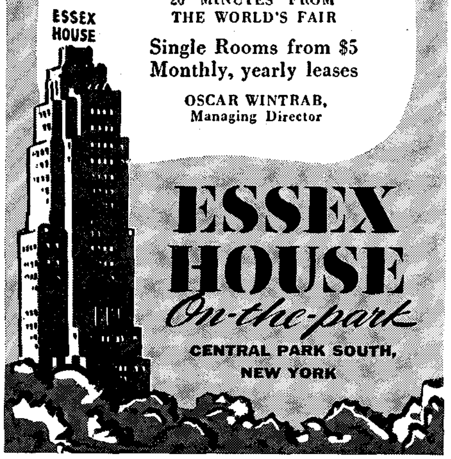

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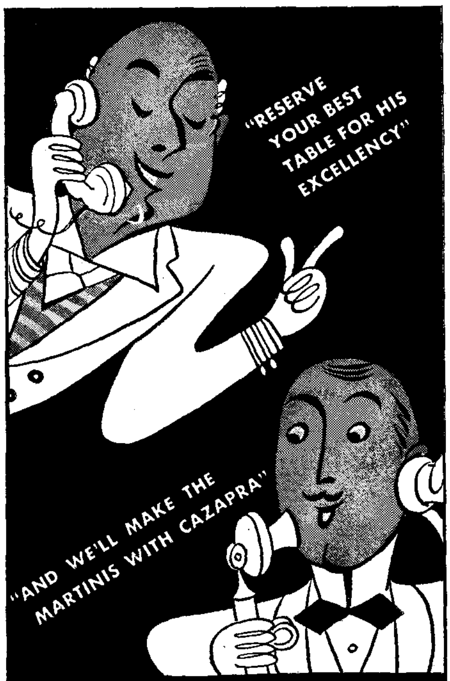
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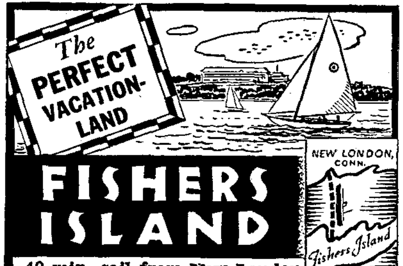
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contents has been published in various magazines. Neat decorations by Susanne Suba.

AMERICAN WHITE PAPER, by Joseph Alsop and Robert Kintner. A short, intimate record of America's semi-secret foreign policy since September, 1938, and the steps which have been taken to carry it out. The authors also do some prognosticating. Enlightening stuff, not official but fairly convincing.

ETHAN ALLEN, by Stewart H. Holbrook. A fellow-Vermonter writes a vigorous biography of General Ethan Allen, the "ring-tailed old peeler" of the American Revolution, conqueror of Ticonderoga, lion of the British prisons, and leader in Vermont's fight for statehood.

THE DISCOVERY OF MAN, by Stanley Casson. Absorbing, scholarly history of the inquiry into human origins as developed in the twin sciences of archeology and anthropology. The former is stressed. Readable and apparently sound popularization. Illustrated.

MY TEN YEARS IN THE STUDIOS, by George Arliss. Mr. Arliss carries on with the autobiography he began in "Up the Years from Bloomsbury," giving us a revealing, witty account of Hollywood and his picture-making from "Disraeli" to "Dr. Syn." Illustrated.

THE LIFE OF A PAINTER, by Sir John Lavery, R.A. Engaging autobiography of the Anglo-Irish portrait painter, including reminiscences of Pavlova, Bernhardt, Rodin, and Shaw. Sixty-nine halftones of the author's work.

RONSARD, by Morris Bishop. Life of Pierre de Ronsard, "Prince of Poets," against the background of the French Renaissance. Includes many new verse translations. An understanding biography.

ROMAN FOUNTAIN, by Hugh Walpole. In February a year ago the author went to Rome to report the funeral of Pope Pius XI and the coronation of his successor. He gives us an account of his experience, chatty, mystical, and more Walpole than Rome.

ALASKA HOLIDAY, by Barrett Willoughby. A native Alaskan describes the old Russian town at Kodiak, oil prospecting, seals, ghosts, Klondike Kate, and the Matanuska colony. A vivid job. Illustrated.

DIRECTIONS IN MODERN POETRY, by Elizabeth Drew, in collaboration with John L. Sweeney. Essays on "the substance of poetry" and "the poet-

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ic process" which cover the ground thoroughly, although in a rather prosy and non-intuitive way.

SO YOU'RE SEEING NEW ENGLAND!, by Clara E. Laughlin. In her familiar, informative, and slightly coy style, Miss Laughlin guides us through all six states. An appendix gives a list of recommended hotels and inns. Photographs, but no maps.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

WHILE SHE SLEEPS!, by Ethel Lina White. Death follows Miss Loveapple to London, to the Swiss Alps, and back again in a story of unbearable suspense by the author of "The Wheel Spins," a tale known to moviegoers as "The Lady Vanishes." Readers' hearts will break as they close the pages on David, the cat; Scottie, the Aberdeen terrier; and Elsie, the paragon. Recommended for its background of authentic terror and its delicate, sure humor.

AND SO TO MURDER, by Carter Dickson. Monica Stanton, vicar's daughter, writes a best-seller called "Desire" and is signed up by a British film company as a script-writer. There's love among the sets of the Albion Film Company, and there's sudden death, too. Very fine dish for mystery epicures, and one of Mr. Dickson's best.

GIVE THANKS TO DEATH, by Hilea Bailey. Deep, dark secrets in the Pelham family grow like mushrooms until they are exposed by Hilea Bailey (yes, the author), finishing-school detective. Hattie Pelham, beautiful and mad; Hans, the limping dog; and sinister Lavinia scare Miss Bailey more than they do the reader in this mystery of the little-did-I-know-then school.

•

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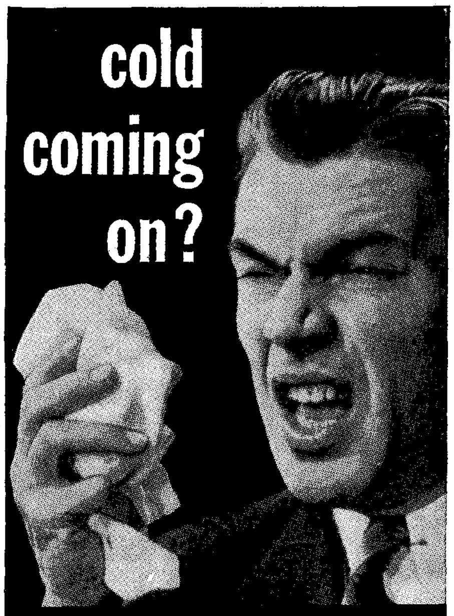

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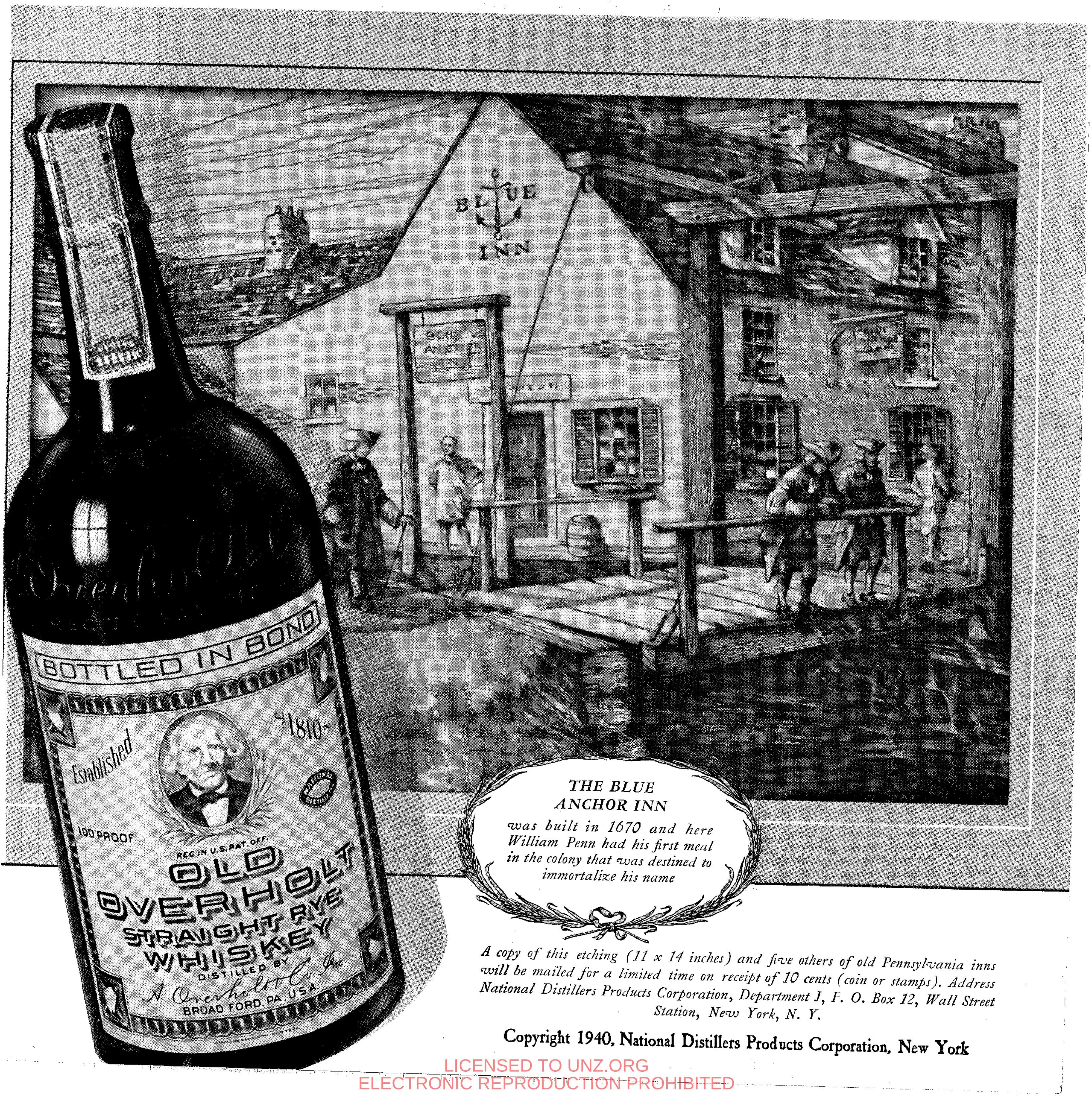
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